

The
Oxford Treasury of English
Literature

Vol II · Growth of the Drama

By

G. E. Hadow

Tutor in English Literature, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford
Late Tutor in English Literature, Somerville College, Oxford

and

W. H. Hadow

Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford

Second Edition

Oxford
At the Clarendon Press
1908

HENRY FROWDE, M A
PUBLISHER TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
LONDON, EDINBURGH
NEW YORK AND TORONTO

PREFACE

THE present volume is intended as a companion to the study of Shakespeare, and is therefore classified, on the conventional plan, into the three divisions of Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories, with each of which it is suggested that one or two of Shakespeare's plays should be read. The selection of these may be determined partly on chronological grounds, partly on those of comparison or contrast —e g *Richard II* with *Edward II*, *Henry IV* and *Henry V* with *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Philaster* with *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, or *The Winter's Tale*.

The principle adopted in the first volume, that the illustrations should be few and long rather than brief and numerous, is even more imperative here. To offer a single scene as an example of dramatic genius is to offer a single stone as an example of architecture. We have, therefore, restricted ourselves to eighteen plays in all, and have endeavoured to give enough of each to show its general plan and purport. Our choice, like any other within the same limits, must of necessity be open to criticism: there is no attempt at an exhaustive history of the English drama, but only an indication, by typical instances, of the main stages in its growth. Some plays which belong to a more advanced course of study have been here omitted as unsuitable to our present purpose —e g Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, and the two grim

masterpieces of Cyril Tourneur and for the same reason we have preferred *Tamburlaine* to *Faustus*, Dekker to Middleton, and *Perkin Warbeck* to *The Broken Heart*. In other cases—e.g. the choice of the two Miracle plays, or the preference of *Sejanus* to *Catiline* and of *Vittoria Corombona* to the *Duchess of Malfi*—we have been chiefly guided by standards of literary and artistic value. Sometimes, as in *Gorboduc* and *King John*, the decision was based on grounds of historical importance. The Mumming play was supplied to us by the actors themselves, from traditional parts orally transmitted.

To each play is prefixed a short critical note intended to show its *entourage* and to supply a standpoint for its consideration. For the opinions expressed we must, of course, take full responsibility for the materials on which those opinions are formed. We have been much indebted to the great critics, from Dryden to Johnson, and from Lamb and Hazlitt to J. A. Symonds and Mr. Swinburne, to the researches of scholars like Dr. Dyce, Dr. Furnivall, and Mr. Sidney Lee, and to three books which are indispensable to the historical study of the subject—Payne Collier's *History of the English Drama*, Dr. Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, and *The Mediæval Stage* by Mr. E. K. Chambers.

G. E. H.
W. H. H.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES I

SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS	SHAKESPEARE'S CONTEMPORARIES	SHAKESPEARE'S SUCCESSORS
Bale 1495-1563	Munday 1558-1633	Webster ? 1580-? 1625
Udall 1505-1556	Lodge 1558-1625	Massinger 1588-1640
Norton 1532-1584	Chapman 1559-1634	Ford 1586-? 1640
Sackville 1536-1608	Daniel 1562-1619	Shirley 1596-1666
Lyly 1554-1606	Drayton 1568-1681	
Kyd ? 1557-? 1595	Middleton 1574-1624	
Peele 1558-1597	DeKker 1570-1640	
Greene 1560-1592	Jonson 1578-1637	
Marlowe 1564-1593	T. Heywood ? 1575-? 1650	
Nashe 1567-1601	Marston ? 1575-1634	
	Fletcher 1579-1625	
	Beaumont 1584-1616	
	Tourneur fl. 1600-1613	

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLES II

SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

Love s Labour s Lost, 1591-2
 Two Gentlemen of Verona }
 Comedy of Errors } 1592
 Romeo and Juliet }
 Henry VI }
 Richard III }
 Richard II } 1593
 ? Titus Andronicus }
 Merchant of Venice } 1594
 King John }
 Midsummer Night's }
 Dream } 1595
 All s Well that Ends Well }
 Taming of the Shrew, 1596 }
 Henry IV }
 Merry Wives of Windsor } 1597
 Henry V, 1598 }
 Much Ado about Nothing } 1599
 As You Like It }
 Julius Caesar }

 Twelfth Night }
 Hamlet } 1602
 Troilus and Cressida, 1603 }
 Othello }
 Measure for Measure } 1604
 Macbeth, 1605 }
 King Lear }
 Timon of Athens } 1607
 Pericles }
 Antony and Cleopatra, 1608 }
 Coriolanus, 1609 }
 Cymbeline, 1610 }
 Winter's Tale } 1611
 Tempest }

PLAYS (1581-1634) GIVEN IN THIS VOLUME

Lyly Alexander and Campaspe,
 1581
 Marlowe Tamburlaine, 1587
 Peele Edward I, ? 1590
 Marlowe Edward II, ? 1591

Jonson Every Man in His
 Humour, 1598

{ Dekker Shoemaker's Holiday,
 1600, Munday Sir John Old
 castle, 1600

Jonson Sejanus, 1603

Webster Vittoria Corombona,
 ? 1607

Beaumont and Fletcher Phil
 aster, ? 1608

Ford Perkin Warbeck, 1634

CONTENTS

	PAGES
INTRODUCTION	1-12
PART I TRAGEDIES	
CHAPTER I	MIRACLE PLAYS . 15-21
	Abraham and Isaac 17
CHAPTER II	MORALITIES 22-33
	The Nice Wanton . 26
CHAPTER III	THE CLASSICAL REVIVAL 34-54
	Gorboduc 40
CHAPTER IV	THE DEVELOPMENT OF BLANK VERSE 55-85
	Tamburlaine, Part II 61
CHAPTER V	LEARNED TRAGEDY 86-116
	Sejanus 90
CHAPTER VI	ROMANTIC TRAGEDY 117-150
	Vittoria Corombona 123
PART II COMEDIES	
CHAPTER I	THE BEGINNINGS . 153-160
	The Second Shepherds' Play 155
CHAPTER II	SCHOLASTIC COMEDY 161-174
	Ralph Roister Doister 164
CHAPTER III	THE COMEDY OF WIT 175-198
	Alexander and Campaspe 177

	PAGES
CHAPTER IV THE COMEDY OF HUMOURS	199-228
Every Man in his Humour	202
CHAPTER V THE COMEDY OF MANNERS	229-252
The Shoemaker's Holiday	231
CHAPTER VI THE COMEDY OF IMAGINATION	253-284
Philaster .	259

PART III HISTORIES

CHAPTER I	FOLK LEGEND	287-294
	The Mumming Play of Robin Hood and the Tanner	290
CHAPTER II	A PROTESTANT MORALITY	295-301
	King John	298
CHAPTER III	DEVELOPMENT OF THE HIS- TORICAL DRAMA I	302-324
	Edward I	307
CHAPTER IV	DEVELOPMENT OF THE HIS- TORICAL DRAMA II	325-356
	Edward II	330
CHAPTER V	A COUNTERBLAST TO SHAKESPEARE	357-385
	Sir John Oldcastle	360
CHAPTER VI	AN AFTERPIECE	386-412
	Perkin Warbeck	388
INDEX		413-416

INTRODUCTION

THE Roman drama, which began to degenerate in the later times of the Republic, fell during the Empire on evil days. The actors were a degraded class, stamped with the branding-iron of successive legislators, they had no vote, they had no civic position, they could not defend themselves in the courts, they could not intermarry with the families of free citizens. Little by little they sank to the lowest grade of popular entertainment, the centres of riot and disturbance, sometimes inhibited from performing, sometimes banished by Imperial decree, never allowed for a moment to assume the rank and dignity of the artist. It is true that Nero and some of his baser nobles outraged public opinion by appearing on the stage: the exception is not less significant than are the bitter comments which it provoked.¹ It is true that individual actors occasionally won favour at a dissipated court, and were even rewarded with a disdainful grant of office that counted for nothing in a city which had seen Caligula bestow the consulate on his horse. Dramatic literature, ousted from the boards by dance and pantomime, took refuge in the prim laboured tragedies of Seneca, which were never even intended for representation. Comedy itself was too serious: the wit of Plautus had grown stale, the delicate humanity of Terence had become insipid, and Rome reserved its laughter for juggler's tricks and the postures of the mountebank. There could be no more salient contrast to the Attic Theatre, rich in competing masterpieces and public renown, where the players were freemen, where they followed an honourable profession, and where, if tradition be correct, Aeschylus and Sophocles had been of their company.

It is not, therefore, surprising that Christian

¹ 'Res haud mira tamen, citharoedo principe, mimus Nobilis,' says Juvenal (viii 193). See the whole passage.

Rome should have treated the actor with severity. His calling was denounced by the Fathers from Tertullian to Augustine, it was expressly condemned by more than one Church Council, the clergy were forbidden to visit the theatre at all, the laity were allowed there only on certain days, and that as an extreme concession to human weakness. Christian emperors tolerated the stage as an evil with which it was no longer possible to cope, Christian writers employed every device of eloquence and persuasion to warn the faithful against this haunt of iniquity. 'The devil,' says Tertullian, 'who entered into a woman at the theatre was proof against exorcism because he had found her in his own domain.' Then the cause of virtue was strengthened by unexpected allies. The Ostrogoths who conquered Italy in the fifth and sixth centuries treated the pleasures of the Roman populace with a contempt which they took no pains to conceal, the Lombards who followed them adopted a still more drastic policy, by the time of Gregory the Great there was no longer a theatre in Rome, before the middle of the seventh century Isidore of Seville¹ could find a theme for antiquarian learning in the forgotten annals of the playhouse.

This entire downfall of the debased Roman *spectacula* was a needful preliminary to any work of reconstruction. It was only when this tangle of weeds had been removed that there was any hope of a sounder and more wholesome growth, and indeed the land lay fallow for some hundreds of years before the new seed was ready for the sowing. The natural mimetic instinct inherent in man was, if not crushed, at any rate suppressed by the suspicions of ecclesiastical authority, and from the seventh century to the tenth the history of European

¹ Bishop, 600-636. See, on this subject, Chambers, *The Mediaeval Stage*, Vol I, ch. 1.

drama is virtually a blank. But in the tenth century there sprang up a tiny growth which, though it left no direct issue, is in itself sufficiently remarkable to arrest attention. The Germans had demolished the Roman Theatre, for years before its demolition the Church had discouraged even men from entering it, and yet in the revenges of time it came about that the earliest playwright of the new order was a nun in a German convent. Hrotswith of Gandersheim, born about 920, was a lady of noble birth and of much learning, who spent the greater part of her life under the Benedictine rule. Several of her poems are known¹—an unfinished epic on the exploits of Otho I, a history of her cloister, the lives of various saints, all written in smooth undistinguished verses, for the defects of which she modestly apologizes on the score of ‘feminea fragilitas’. But her principal work was a set of six prose dramas, intended, as she says, to supersede Terence as a school classbook. They can hardly have been written with an eye to actual performance, although in *Callimachus* a stage direction bids one of the actors address himself ‘ad spectatores’, they are mostly stories of martyrdom or of the conversion of sinners, and are as full of innocent horrors as a child’s fairy tale. Yet they are in many ways interesting to the student of dramatic literature. *Dulcitius* contains one episode of pure comedy—the amorous tyrant who, in the darkness, mistakes the kettle for his unwilling captive; there is genuine pathos in the story of the hermit Abraham, whose little niece is tempted back to the world, and who leaves his hermitage to go out and rescue her, in

¹ Her works were discovered by Conrad Celtes, and printed in 1501. The best modern edition is that of P. von Winterfeld, Berlin, 1902. There is also an edition of the plays with a French translation by Magnin, published in 1845. The names, assigned by the editors, are *Gallicanus* (Parts I and II), *Dulcitius*, *Callimachus*, *Abraham*, *Paphnutius*, and *Sapientia*.

more than one play there are touches of humour, and even strokes of characterization. Again, there are some curious anticipations of the morality plays which came later, and of which the *dramatis personae* were embodiments of abstract virtues and vices. Thus in *Sapientia* the three maidens who suffer martyrdom on the stage are called Fides, Spes, and Caritas, and Sapientia is their mother—the remaining characters being the Emperor Hadrian, who commands the tortures, and his urban prefect Antiochus who inflicts them. But a complete examination of these works would carry us too far from our present purpose. Enough has been said to indicate their historical importance, not as isolated phenomena—there are no isolated phenomena in history—but as the most vivid expression of a tendency which was once more beginning to assume shape and embodiment.

Meanwhile a more fruitful seed was being planted within the sanctuary of the Church itself. The beginnings of the liturgical drama cannot be dated, for the simple reason that it is impossible to fix the point at which they emerged from the ritual of divine service. The mysteries of the faith were expressed by symbolic acts and described by hymns and antiphons, in course of time the symbolism grew more elaborate, more picturesque, more dramatic, by the tenth century we have the Gospel story represented in dialogue,¹ by the early years of the twelfth the practice has been extended from Holy Writ to the lives and legends of the saints.² For some time these plays were kept strictly in ecclesiastical hands.³ The min-

¹ See Chambers, *op cit*, Vol II, ch xviii. See also Manly's examples from the Winchester troper, *Specimens of Pre-Shakespearian Drama*, I, xix.

² The *Ludus de Sancta Katerina* was produced at Dunstable before 1119.

³ Up to the Tudor period they were written, supervised, and often acted by the clergy. See Payne Collier, Vol II, p 141.

strels held aloof, the *histories* of country fair and village merrymaking were, by special ordinance, prohibited from taking part in them their essence was still the presentation of religious truth, and their dramatic form was but the readiest and most direct means of impressing the congregation But two influences, each in its way potent, began to disintegrate this close and concentrated scheme In the first place, the Church recognized that a strained bow is in danger of breaking, and attempted to secure the loyalty of its adherents by making occasional concessions to their appetite for sheer amusement The Feast of Fools, the Boy Bishop, the Messe de l'Âne, were permitted with the same politic acquiescence which allowed gargoyles on the cathedral walls and popular melodies in the cathedral service It was but a step further to introduce scenes of comic relief into the very mysteries themselves to represent the devil as grotesque, to portray Noah's wife as a scolding shrew, to make the shepherds abiding in the field victims of a humorous and roguish comrade Secondly, came the great commercial guilds with their wealth, their corporate life, and their sense of pageantry, tolerated and even supported by the Church, yet playing an important part in the secularization of the drama As early as 1290 the burghers of Cahors performed a 'ludus' in honour of St Martial, in the fourteenth century follow the guild-plays of Chester, Beverley, and York, in the fifteenth the Towneley Plays of Wakefield, the *Ludus Coventriae* given by a company of strolling actors, and many others The lead set by the guild was followed by parish after parish until there was hardly a village green in England where you might not have witnessed, on a Corpus Christi day, some rude representation of the Flood, or the story of Balaam, or the legend of Longinus or Veronica

These religious dramas appear to have been called

indifferently Mysteries or Miracle plays. An attempt has been made to discriminate the terms, by confining the name Mystery to Holy Writ, and Miracle play to the legends of the saints, but if such a distinction was ever made it was often traversed by the careless usage of the time¹. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the time of Gower and Lydgate and Occleve, there came into vogue another dramatic form called the Morality—a didactic play of which the dramatis personae were not historical characters, but embodiments of particular virtues and vices. We have already seen a primitive anticipation of this type in the *Sapientia* of Hrotswith, we can trace its influence in the twelfth-century Latin play of *Antichristus*, and in various works of edification written by Guillaume Herman, and by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury. The name Morality is first attached to a *jeu sur le fait de la danse macabre* played before Philip the Good at Bruges in 1449, in England the earliest were called 'Paternoster plays'², and it was only by an adoption of French usage that they took the title by which they are now currently known. With their appearance there came into dramatic literature a problem which is equally interesting in its statement and in its solution. Mysteries and Miracle plays had mainly relied on episode, on event, on pageantry, on those devices, in short, which could most directly appeal to an unlettered public. Moralities, by the very conditions of their existence, had to lay their special stress on the ethical side, on the presentation of abstract qualities, on the mechanism of speech and dialogue. And because the world was not yet ready to appreciate this subtler appeal they were obliged, in their earlier years, to borrow a coarser and more sensational

¹ See Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, Vol. I pp. 41, 42

² They are so designated by Wiclif about 1378

method from their rivals. Thus *Anima in Mind, Will, and Understanding* has 'little devils running in and out beneath her skirts', and in the *Castle of Perseverance* Belial is represented with 'gunpowder burning in pipes through his hands and ears'.¹ The requirements of comedy were usually met by a character distinctively called 'The Vice', who threw such plot as there was into imbroglio, who chastised the devil with a wooden sword, and who entertained the spectators with impromptu jests and farcical buffoonery.² Yet in spite of this concession the Moralities mark a distinct advance in dramatic method. The presentation of personified virtues and vices may not in itself be of much account at least it shifted the centre of gravity from the action of the play to the characters by whom that action was conducted, and so prepared the path for that delineation of humanity which has made the Elizabethan stage one of the chief glories of our literature.

Last in order, yet overlapping with the others, comes the purely secular drama, which takes its subject from profane history or romance. In 1395 appeared a French play on *Grisélidis*, in 1439 another on *Joan of Arc*, about 1450 a *mystere* on the favourite mediaeval subject of the destruction of Troy. Some three years later England entered the field with *King Robert of Sicily*, recorded in the *Lincoln Annales* under 1453, but, for reasons which may easily be divined, the secular drama was of slow growth in our country, and the next conspicuous instance is Bale's *King John* in 1539,³ which is really a compromise between the historical drama and the Morality. It is a remarkable testimony to the power of ecclesiastical influence that the numberless political changes of Western Europe should,

¹ Chambers, *op cit*, Vol II, p 156

² See the Clown's song in *Twelfth Night*, Act iv sc 2.

³ Chambers, *op cit*, Vol II, p 446

up to the sixteenth century, have afforded so little material to the dramatist

It is probable that the first liturgical plays were in Latin, like the service from which they were derived. But the need that they should be understood of the people wrought some modification of this practice. By the tenth century the Latin is interspersed with sentences of French, by the eleventh century the latter language is becoming predominant. In England our Norman and Angevin kings endeavoured to enforce their native speech upon the conquered race. Our earliest Mysteries (e.g. those of Hilarius) were written in a mixture of Latin and French, in those of the next century French again prevails, and it is recorded that Ranulph Higden, the Chester monk, who died in 1358, had to make three pilgrimages to Rome before he could obtain Papal permission that the Chester plays should be given in English.¹ With that permission, however, the turning-point was passed. There can be no doubt that the Guild plays were presented in the vernacular of their district, and it is a significant piece of evidence that the chief surviving monument of the Cornish language consists of three Miracle plays (*Creation*, *Passion*, and *Resurrection*), which date from the closing years of the fourteenth century. This confusion or alternation of tongues resulted in some curious anomalies. The titles and stage directions remained in Latin. The English translators were sometimes careless or indifferent, Herod in one of the Towneley plays is made to apologize because he 'can no French', Augustus, in the sixth Chester play, breaks into that language for a few incongruous phrases, most remarkable of all, the fourteenth Chester play forgets to which people it belongs, and offers up a fervent petition for 'the King of France in his realm and

¹ Maillott, *English Miracle Plays and Mysteries*, p. xl

barony' It may be worth remembering that the period under consideration was that which saw the climax of French influence on English literature, and the nationalist reaction which culminated in the work of Langland and Wiclif

Besides these regular and dignified forms of dramatic art, sanctioned by the Church, though gradually emancipating themselves from her control, there are three types of less respectable origin which remain to be discussed The Mummung plays were the poor relations of secular drama, acted in the village ale-house or the baronial kitchen by ancestors of Flute and Snug and Bottom rude and unlettered intermixtures of St George and the Turkish Knight, of Father Christmas and Beelzebub, of the comic doctor and the giant Turpin, the parts handed down by tradition, the plot sufficient if it afforded opportunity for a dance or a bout at quarter-staves Yet for all their rudeness they are as persistent as folk-songs they have outlasted all changes of literary fashion, and they may still be seen, practically unaltered, in many of our upland villages and hamlets The example given in this volume is one which has been frequently witnessed by the editors, and there are other variants which yet maintain the form in which they were celebrated by Scott and chronicled by 'sagacious Hone'¹ Secondly, came the Puppet-shows, or 'motions' as they were technically called, brought, perhaps, from Italy in the wake of commercial intercourse Bartholomew Fair was a famous place for them, and their vogue became so great that for many years they were serious rivals of the actors Ostensibly they presented Miracle plays or Moralities—Autolycus in the *Winter's Tale* mentions, among his shifts for a living, that he once 'compassed a motion

¹ See Hone's *Everyday Book*, Vol II, pp 1645-8, and Mariott's *English Miracle Plays*, p xxxv

of the Prodigal Son'—but the fact that they were played by marionettes allowed them a licence of which they appear sometimes to have taken too full an advantage, in any case authority looked askance at them, planted Master Constable at the street corner, and not infrequently brought the show to a summary conclusion. Thirdly, we find, from the days of Edward IV onward, entertainments called Interludes, given for the most part by companies of professional actors.¹ The meaning and etymology of the name are both in dispute. According to one view they were light and farcical pieces played between the acts of more serious drama, just as in the eighteenth century comic *intermezzi* were given between the acts of opera and oratorio. Another view maintains that, as the Persians invented games to allay hunger, so these interludes were performed in the banqueting-hall to distract the attention of the guests from the customary delays of the service. Mr Chambers will have neither of these explanations,² and holds that the name means no more than a drama in dialogue—that, in fact, there is nothing to differentiate it from any other theatrical form. It appears probable that in earlier days the name had a more distinctive significance than this in later days it certainly drifted into the loose and inaccurate nomenclature of the time, and was made to cover dramatic representations of almost any kind or purpose. Many of Lydgate's plays were called Interludes, so were many of the sixteenth-century Moralities, and our example of the *Nice Wanton* can hardly have been intended to amuse the dinner-table, or relieve the tension from a story of martyrdom.

We have here sketched, in brief summary, the formative conditions of the English drama. It

¹ Payne Collier, *History of the English Drama*, Vol I, p 27

² *Op cit*, Vol II, ch xxiv

remains to say a word as to the material conditions before we proceed to carry on the record through actual illustration and example. Among these one of the most remarkable is that, up to 1575, there was no such thing as a theatre in England. The early plays were performed in churches or in guild-halls, or on scaffolds in the open air, sometimes sheltered under the walls of an inn-yard, sometimes driven to the road-side or the village green. When the drama became an object of more regular patronage it was transferred to private houses, such as that of Wolsey, or to the Inns of Court, or to the buildings of schools and colleges. *Gorboduc*, 'the first regular English tragedy,' was played at White hall by members of the Inner Temple, in 1561, *Ralph Roister Doister* and *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, the first two English comedies, were produced, the one apparently at Westminster, the other certainly at Christ's College, Cambridge, Edwards' *Palamon and Arcite* was presented before Queen Elizabeth, to her Majesty's entire satisfaction, in the great hall at Christ Church, Oxford. For centuries all the respectable acting was done by amateurs, by the clergy and their choristers, by members of commercial guilds and learned professions, by boys at school and students at the universities. The professional players were but accepted rogues and vagabonds, constantly watched by the law, liable to arrest and pillory, leading a nomad and gipsy life, and only too thankful if they could eke out their scanty victuals with scraps from my lord's kitchen, or their wardrobes from the cast-off finery of my lord's serving-man. In France the ban lasted even longer than in England. It is notorious that Moliere, miscalled by Bossuet 'un infâme histrion', was, for all his Court favour, refused the rites of Christian burial, our country, though more tolerant, learned but slowly to separate toleration from dis-

dain, and the actors never emerged from obscurity until their ranks were ennobled by the accession of Burbage, and Shakespeare, and Edward Alleyn

Again, it may be noted that the earliest London playhouses were situated outside the precincts of the city, and that two at least resulted from an edict of banishment passed by the Corporation¹ The 'Theatre' (of which our first mention is dated 1576) was in Shoreditch, the 'Curtain' in Moorfields, the 'Blackfriars' on the site of the old monastery, a little later came the 'Globe' on Bankside, famous for its connexion with Shakespeare, and the 'Fortune' in Golden Lane built by Alleyn and Henslowe, indeed, by the turn of the century, a petition was presented at Court against the increasing number of these 'publique houses' But though many of them were erected in 'liberties', and though nearly all of them were under high patronage, they were nevertheless carefully supervised The Curtain, which bore a bad reputation, was publicly censured in 1601, and ten years later was disused except by amateur companies, the managers, one and all, held their place on a precarious tenure, and might at any moment be turned adrift for a riotous face or an indiscreet personality Dekker in his *Gull's Hornbook* has left a vivid picture of unmannerly audiences and quaking players, of the young bloods on the stage, and the 'prentices in the penny gallery, nearly two centuries later the greatest of English actors could stoop to the sycophancy of the line that 'those who live to please must please to live' Yet it was while the manager stood hat in hand bowing subservience to his patrons that the poets, whom he believed to be in his pay, were conferring on the art its lustre, its renown, and its immortality

¹ In 1575 See Payne Collier, *op cit*, Vol III, p 269.

I

TRAGEDIES

CHAPTER I

MIRACLE PLAYS

THE English Miracle plays are of far too wide variety and range to be comprised in a single formula or regarded from a single standpoint. The *Processus Prophetarum* is almost a masque, the *Conversion of Ser Jonathan* is a vivid representation of a miracle wrought 'in the forest of Aragon, in the famous city Eraclea', the *Temptation* is taken from 'the second of Genesis at letter c in the chapter', *Antichrist* is a fantastic legend which, in spite of the successive texts, has but little reference to Holy Writ. Even within the limits of the same drama there are wide divergences: the story of the *Flood* is interspersed with farcical scenes, the *Second Shepherds' Play*¹ begins with pure comedy, and ends with adoration of the Babe at Bethlehem. But amid all this range and variety there is one aspect which it is here of moment to consider. English Tragedy took its rise from the liturgical representation of the Passion from the resignation of Gethsemane and the infinite and mysterious agony of the Cross. Its earliest note, therefore, was struck by an appeal to our sympathy with innocent suffering first hallowed by the deepest religious associations, then extended to Old Testament narratives in which the religious aspect is still paramount then again widened to the martyrdom of saints then, as the drama became secularized,

¹ See later, pp 153-60

sinking into mere exhibitions of pain and cruelty As the glow of Faith faded from it into 'the light of common day' it lost the most potent of its ennobling influences, and as far as it proceeded in this direction degenerated step by step to the unveiled horrors of *Cambyses* and of the *Spanish Tragedy*

The manner in which this tendency was modified and diverted by other causes will be investigated later¹ at present we are concerned with an example of Pathetic Tragedy as still purified and restrained by a sacred theme The following scenes from *Abraham and Isaac* exhibit it in its most touching simplicity They have none of that conflict of wills, of that balance of competing motives which we have come to regard as the essential idea of tragedy the father, though his heart 'breaketh in twain', never falters from his purpose, the child, after his first moment of terror, never questions the judgement, but only asks that his mother may not be told, and that the manner of his death may be merciful The whole situation, in short, is determined by the spectacle of innocence in the face of pain, and of pain inflicted by a loving hand The entire episode centres round the event, and the two *dramatis personæ* are but the means through which it is brought about

This strength and concentration of feeling raises the tiny drama, despite its occasional rudeness, to the level of genuine poetry There is no display of literary artifice, no careful or elaborate phrase, 'from the heart it has come, to the heart it shall penetrate' Such lines as

My gentle barne that art so wise,
and

For if I be dead and from you go,
I shall be soon out of your mind,

¹ See p 84 et seq

hit where many more famous poems have aimed and missed, they have that pulse of immediate and vital significance which we associate with the name of genius. The whole poem is spontaneous and inevitable, it touches the springs of human character, it strikes to the bed-rock from whence we are hewn. Had the mediaeval drama produced nothing but this, it would still be worthy of our regard.

NOTE—The version here used is that of the Brome Play (between 1470 and 1480), edited by Miss L. Toulmin Smith from a MS. in Brome Hall, Suffolk. There is an earlier version in the fourth Chester Play which is less impressive, and seems to have been adapted more directly from a French original. The same is true of the Towneley and Coventry versions, on which see Payne Collier, Vol. II, pp. 165-168.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC

ABRAHAM receives the command to sacrifice ISAAC

Abraham Rise up my child, and fast come hither,

My gentle barne¹ that art so wise,
For we two, child, must go together
And unto my Lord make sacrifice

Isaac I am full ready, my father, lo!

Even at your hands I stand right here,
And whatsoever ye bid me do

It shall be done with glad cheer,
Full well and fine

Abraham Ah! Isaac, my own son so dear

10

God's blessing I give thee and mine
Hold this faggot upon thy back

And here myself fire shall bring

Isaac Father, all this here will I pack,
I am full fain to do thy bidding

¹ child

Abraham Ah ' Lord of Heaven my hands I wing,
This child's words all to wound my heart

Now, Isaac son, go we our way
Unto yon Mount, with all our main

Isaac Go we, my dear father as fast as I may, 20
To follow you I am full fain
Although I be slender.

Abraham Ah ' Lord my heart breaketh in twain
This child's words they be so tender

[*They arrive at the Mount*]

Abraham Ah ' Isaac son, anon lay it down
No longer upon thy back it hold,

For I must make ready bon¹
To honour my Lord God as I should

Isaac Lo ' my dear father where it is
To cheer you always I draw near 30

But father I marvel sore of this,
Why that ye make this heavy cheer

And also, father, evermore dread I
Where is your quick beast that ye should kill ?

Both fire and wood we have ready,
But quick beast have we none on this hill

A quick beast I wot well must be dead
Your sacrifice to make

Abraham Dread thee no wise my child, I thee reed,
Our Lord will send me unto this stead² 40

Some manner beast for to take
Through his sweet sond³

Isaac Yea father, but my heart beginneth to quake
To see that sharp sword in your hond

Why bear ye your sword drawn so ?
Of your countenance I have much wonder

¹ service

² place

³ messenger.

Abraham Ah ! Father of Heaven, so am I woe
 This child here breaks my heart asunder
Isaac Tell me, my dear father, or that ye cease,
 Bear ye your sword drawn for me ? 50
Abraham Ah ! Isaac, sweet son, peace, peace !
 For I wis thou break my heart in three
Isaac Now truly somewhat, father, ye think
 That ye mourn thus more and moie
Abraham Ah ! Lord of Heaven, thy grace let sink,
 For my heart was never half so sore
Isaac I pray you, father, that ye will let me that wit,
 Whether I shall have any harm or no
Abraham I wis, sweet son, I may not tell thee yet,
 My heart is now so full of woe 60
Isaac Dear father, I pray you hide it not from me
 But some of your thought that ye tell me
Abraham Ah ! Isaac, Isaac, I must kill thee
Isaac Kill me, father ? Alas ! what evil have I done ?
 If I have trespassed against you aught,
 With a yard¹ ye may make me full mild,
 And with your sharp sword kill me not,
 For I wis father, I am but a child
Abraham I am full sorry son, thy blood for to spill,
 But truly, my child, I may not chese² 70
Isaac Now I would to God my mother were here on
 this hill .
 She would kneel for me on both her knees
 To save my life
 And since my mother is not here,
 I pray you father schonge³ your cheer,
 And kill me not with your knife
Abraham Forsooth, son, but if I⁴ thee kill,
 I should grieve God right sore, I dread ,

¹ stick² choose³ change⁴ i e if I do not

It is his commandment and also his will
 That I should do this same deed 80
 He commanded me, son, for certain,
 To make my sacrifice with thy blood
Isaac And is it God's will that I should be slain ?
Abraham Yea truly Isaac, my son so good,
 And therefore my hands I wring
Isaac Now father, against my Lord's will
 I will never grudge, loud nor still
 He might a sent me a better destiny
 If it had a been his pleasure
Abraham Forsooth, son, but if I did this deed, 90
 Grievedly displeased our Lord will be
Isaac Nay, nay, father, God forbede
 That ever ye should grieve him for me
 Ye have other children one or two
 The which ye should love well by kind ¹
 I pray you father, make ye no woe
 For be I once dead and from you go
 I shall be soon out of your mind
 Therefore do our Lord's bidding
 And when I am dead, then pray for me , 100
 But good father, tell my mother nothing,
 Say that I am in another country dwelling
Abraham Ah ! Isaac, Isaac, blessed may thou be
 My heart beginneth strongly to rise
 To see the blood of thy blessed body
Isaac Father since it may be no other wise,
 Let it pass over as well as I
 But father, or I go unto my death,
 I pray you bless me with your hand
Abraham Now Isaac with all my breath 110
 My blessing I give thee upon this land

¹ because of their kinship to you

And God's also thereto 1 wis
 Isaac, Isaac, son up thou stand
 Thy fair sweet mouth that I may kiss
Isaac Now farewell my own father so fine
 And greet well my mother in eide ¹
 But I pray you father to hide my eyne
 That I see not the stroke of your sharp sword
 That my flesh shall defile
Abraham Son, thy words make me to weep full
 sore 120
 Now my dear son Isaac, speak no more
Isaac Ah ! my own dear father, wherefore ?
 We shall speak together here but a while
 And since I must needs be dead,
 Yet, my dear father, to you I pray
 Smite but few strokes at my head
 And make an end as soon as ye may,
 And tarry not too long
Abraham Thy meek words, child, make me afay,
 So 'welawey', may be my song, 120
 Except only God's will
 Ah ! Isaac, my own sweet child,
 Yet kiss me again upon this hill
 In all this world is none so mild

Abraham Now farewell my child so full of grace
Isaac Ah ! father, father, turn downward my face,
 For of your sharp sword I am ever a-dread.
Abraham To do this deed I am full sorry
 But Lord thine hest I will not withstand
Isaac Ah ! Father of Heaven to thee I cry, 140
 Lord receive me into thy hand

The Angel appears with the ram

¹ at home

CHAPTER II

MORALITIES

AFTER the Miracle plays come the Moralities, and for a time the poetry of the English drama declines to a lower level. The reason of this is not far to seek. Literature, which is ostensibly didactic, is from the outset confronted with a double problem: it cannot concentrate itself wholly on the presentation of its subject, but is obliged in addition to consider the moral effect on its audience. Thus, except in cases of rare genius, it shows open signs of a divided attention: it writes with one eye on its theme and the other on its hearer, it becomes self-conscious and professorial, it tends to an academic selection of theses and arguments rather than the entire and whole-hearted expression of essential truth. This does not mean that the truth of art is in any way opposed to the truth of morality,—there is no masterpiece from which we may not learn a hundred lessons if we will,—but nevertheless the standpoint and outlook of the two are inherently different. The artist lays before us an interpretation of life or nature, idealized no doubt and heightened by the touch of beauty, but complete and many-sided as it stands in reality. 'That is what happened,' he says, 'and that is how it happened.' The moralist turns his eye to one aspect, one facet of the event, he lays his whole emphasis on its immediate relation to the moral law. 'this,' he says, 'is good and that is evil, this leads to human happiness and that to misery and downfall.' Shake-

speare did not draw Iago that he might teach us to hate treachery he drew him because he saw him

No man can serve two masters, and from the moment that the dramatist's allegiance is thus divided he must of necessity determine his preference. If his aim be didactic, as it was in the Morality plays, he will determine it on the side of moralization he will pay less attention to his form, he will care less for rounding and completing his characters, his chief aim is the direct contrast of virtues and vices, and to this the whole of his effort will be subordinate. In most of the Moralities the characters are not human beings at all, but personified abstractions—Pity and Contemplation, Perseverance and Idleness,—each marked from the beginning of the play with a uniform rôle which must be sustained throughout. And in the examples here given, though some of the dramatic personae bear human names, they are just as bloodless and unreal as the rest. Xantippe, who has drifted into the list from some odd reminiscence of the class-room, is simply the bad wife, Barnabas is the consoler, and his name is carefully explained in the prologue lest the audience should miss its purport. Eulalia (she who speaks well) is but the embodiment of good counsel, Dalila and Ishmael are incarnate wickedness, Daniel is incarnate judgement. Indeed there is so little depiction of human nature that the two roisterers who come to misery by ill-living are, at the very climax of their riot, represented as school-children, the villain of the piece is plainly entitled Iniquity, and the exulting avenger is called Worldly Shame.

The same indifference to artistic, as distinct from ethical claims, is apparent in the form and composition of this drama. There is, doubtless, a tiny semblance of a plot, but neither in it nor in the scenes through which it is developed, do we find

more than a dim and shadowy reflection of life. The verse, compared with that of the preceding Miracle play, is clumsy and wooden, without music, without colour, with nothing that can satisfy our sense of beauty. And it must be remembered that this is typical of the whole class. Now and again we may find an exception, like the Dutch version of *Everyman*¹, which appeals to us by stately pageant or dignified phrase for the most part the Moralities are but dramatized sermons which lack the full measure of the preacher's eloquence. The lessons that they inculcate are admirable, the sentences are often halting and ill-expressed. Yet it is no paradox to say that both in form and in characterization they added an important chapter to the history of the English Theatre. Their very carelessness of style tended to disintegrate the lyric metres of the Miracle plays, to familiarize men's ears with a looser system, and so to prepare for the long swinging lines of Udall, the unrhymed heroics of Sackville, and the prose of Gascoigne², as these in their turn marked that period of revolution which led to the dynasty of Peele and Marlowe and Shakespeare. Again, though they never set a complete character on the stage, they nevertheless made genuine attempts to present single facets, and the value of this, even when wrought in so primitive a manner, should not be underestimated. The characterization of the great dramatists is an adjustment between the prominent aspect which is needed for the requirements of a three-hours' plot, and the subordinate aspects which are needed to convince us that the person depicted is a human being. On the one hand every character is a strand in the web, and must bear his

¹ This is the version recently performed in England

² For Udall and Sackville see later, pp 161-74 and 84-84. Gascoigne's play, called *The Supposes* (1566), was the first English drama in prose. See Payne Collier, Vol III, p 6

part in the general texture and design, on the other hand, if the play is to give us any impression of reality, it must not be a counterchange of isolated qualities, but an intercourse of possible men and women. Shylock, for example, stands in the *Merchant of Venice* for the implacable creditor that is the side of his nature on the prominence of which the whole intrigue depends, yet with a hundred subtle touches Shakespeare paints his other qualities into the background his loyalty to his religion, his love of his daughter, and, we may even add, his personal dignity. But before the drama can arrive at Shylock it must have passed through the period of Ishmael and Dalila. The 'separate single forms', as Cleon calls them, the 'portions of mankind', must be first represented in crude isolation before they can be fused and unified by the hand of genius.

We may go a step further. All through our literature there is a recurrent tendency to falsify the perspective of character, even beyond dramatic needs, in order to throw the high light on some special point which it is desired to emphasize. Even Jonson, great dramatist as he was, occasionally gives us 'humours' instead of people. Wycherley can see nothing in Manly but a brutal candour, Sheridan can see little in Joseph Surface but a smooth hypocrisy. In lesser men this tendency is often underlined by the use of catch-words, in almost all it is pointed by the application of significant names. And here again we may trace a legacy from the Morality plays. 'Iniquity' and 'Worldly Shame' are the direct ancestors of Jonson's 'Downright' and Middleton's 'Folly-wit', of 'Millamant' and 'Lord Foppington' and 'Sir Lucius O'Trigger', in a word, of all that long course of nomenclature in which the central characteristic is designated by the actual word. Even the greatest name-givers occasionally slip into this practice. Shakespeare himself has

'Goodman Dull' and 'Justice Shallow' but they keep the obvious device for their minor characters, and call their protagonists by names either of historic note or of a subtler and more recondite suggestion.

Enough has been said to show that the Moralities hold a sufficient place in the development of our drama it remains to add a word on the remarkably short space of time within which this development proceeded. The *Nice Wanton*, written apparently in the reign of Edward VI, was licensed in 1560. Shakespeare's earliest play was produced in 1592. The growth of the modern theatre has usually been rapid. Lessing overlapped with Klopstock and Corneille with Hardy, but there is probably no parallel, in the history of dramatic literature, to so swift a change between the childhood of art and its full maturity.

NICE WANTON¹

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE MESSENGER

BARNABAS	INIQUITY
ISHMAEL	BAILY ERRAND
DALILA	XANTIPPE
EULALIA	WORLDLY SHAME

DANIEL, the Judge

PROLOGUE

Enter MESSENGER

The prudent Prince Solomon doth say

'He that spareth the rod, the child doth hate',

He would youth should be kept in awe alway

By correction in time, at reasonable rate,

¹ 'Nice' here is used to imply misconduct, and 'wanton' absence of restraint. See 1 58, and compare Rastell, *Pastyme Hist Brit*, 153, 'He put out of his Court all nyce and wanton people'.

To be taught to fear God, and then parents obey,
 To get learning and qualities thereby to maintain
 An honest quiet life, correspondent alway
 To God's law and the King's, for it is certain
 If children be noseled ¹ in idleness and ill
 And brought up therein, it is hard to restrain 10
 And draw them from natural wont evil,
 As here in this Interlude ye shall see plain
 By two children brought up wantonly in play,
 Whom the mother doth excuse when she should
 chastise
 They delight in dalliance and mischief alway,
 At last they end their lives in miserable wise
 The mother, persuaded by Worldly Shame
 That she was the cause of their wretched life,
 So pensive, so sorrowful for their death she became
 That in despair she would slay herself with a knife 20
 Then her son Barnabas—by interpretation
 'The son of comfort'—her ill purpose to stay,
 By the Scriptures he giveth her godly consolation,
 And so concludeth All these parts will we play

BARNABAS cometh ²

Barn My master in my lesson yesterday
 Did recite this text of Ecclesiasticus
 'Man is prone to evil from his youth,' did he say,
 Which sentence may be well verified in us,—
 Myself, my brother, and sister Dalila,
 Whom our parents to their cost to school do find, 30
 I tarry for them here, time passeth away
 I lose my learning, they ever loiter behind

¹ brought up, lit 'nursed'² There is no division into acts or scenes

If I go before, they do me threat
 To complain to my mother, she for their sake
 Being her tender tidlings¹, will me beat
 Lord, in this perplexity what way shall I take ?

What will become of them ? Grace God them send
 To apply their learning, and their manneis amend

[*ISHMAEL and DALILA come in singing*]

Barnabas reproves them, but they jeei at him and drive him away

Dal Oh good brother, let us go ,
 I will never more to school 40
 Shall I never know
 What pastime meaneth ?
 Yes, I will not be such a fool

Ishm Have with thee, Dalila !

[*They sing*]

Farewell our school
 Away with book and all, [*They cast away their books*]
 I will set my heart
 On a merry pin
 Whatever shall befall

[*They go out singing Enter EULALIA*]

Eul Lord, what folly is in youth , 50
 How unhappy be children nowadays '
 And more the pity, to say the truth,
 Their parents maintain them in evil ways,
 Which is great cause that the world decays
 For childien brought up in idleness and play
 Unthrifty and disobedient continue away

¹ darlings

A neighbour of mine hath children hereby,
 Idle, disobedient, proud, wanton and nice¹
 As they come by they do shrewd turns² daily,
 Their parents so to suffer them surely be not wise, 60
 They laugh me to scorn when I tell them mine advice,
 I will speak to their elders and warn them neighbourly
 Never in better time—their mother is hereby

[Enter XANTIPPE]

Eul God save you, gossip! I am very fain
 That you chance now to come this way,
 I long to talk with you a word or twain
 I pray you take it friendly that I shall say
 Ishmael, your son, and your daughter Dalila
 Do me shrewd turns daily more and more,
 Chide and beat my children—it grieveth me sore 70

They swear, curse, and scold as they go by the way,
 Giving others ill example to do the same,
 To God's displeasure, and their hurt another day
 Chastise them for it, or else ye be to blame

Xant Tush, tush! If ye have no more than that to say
 Ye may hold your tongue and get ye away.
 Alas! poor souls, they sit a' school all day
 In fear of a churl, and if a little they play
 He beateth them like a devil When they come home
 Your mistressship would have me lay on 80
 If I should beat them so oft as men complain,
 By the mass! within this month I should make them
 lame

Eul Be not offended, I pray you, I must say more
 Your son is suspect light fingered to be,
 Your daughter hath nice tricks three or four;

¹ See note on title

² malicious tricks

See to it in time, lest worse ye do see
 He that spareth the rod, hateth the child truly,
 Yet Solomon sober correction doth mean,
 Not to beat and bounce them to make them lame

Xant God thank you, mistress, I am well at ease 90

[*Aside*] Such a fool to teach me, preaching as she please !

Dame, ye belie them deadly, I know plain

Because they go handsomely ye disdain

Eul Then on the other as well would I complain,

But your other son is good, and no thank to you !

These will ye make naught, by sweet Jesu !

Xant Eulalia, my children naught ? Ye lie

By your malice they shall not set a fly ¹

I have but one mome ² in comparison of his brother,—

Him the fool praiseth, and despiseth the other 100

Eul Well, Xantippe, better in time than too late !

Seeing ye take it so, here my leave I take [*Exit*

INIQUITY, ISHMAEL, and DALILA come in together [*singing*]

Imq Lo ! lo ! here I bring her

Ishm What is she, now ye have her ?

Dal I, lusty minion lover ?

Imq For no gold will I give her

All together Welcome my honey, ay

In a little while Iniquity and Dalila quarrel, and he beats her. They become reconciled however, on the ground that 'kinsfolk must be friends', and all three play dice.

Ishmael loses, and goes out vowing that he will make up for his losses by robbing the next person that he meets, though it should be his own father.

¹ i.e. They will think nothing of your malice

² Simpleton referring to Barnabas. A Cotswold Gotham used to be known as 'Yabberton where the momes do live'.

Dahila and Iniquity quarrel again, over their winnings He
strikes her, and she threatens to be revenged on him

[*A long interval*]

DALILA *cometh in ragged, her face hid or disfigured,
halting on a staff*

Dal Alas, wretched wretch that I am !

Most miserable caitiff that ever was born !

Full of pain and sorrow, crooked and lame, 110

Stuffed with diseases, in this world forlorn

My parents did tittle¹ me,—they were to blame,—

Instead of correction, in ill did me maintain

I fell to naught and shall die with shame

Yet all this is not half of my grief and pain

The worm of my conscience, that shall never die

Accuseth me daily more and more

So oft have I sinned wilfully

That I fear to be damned for evermore

[*Enter BARNABAS*]

Barn What woful wight art thou, tell me, 120

That here most grievously doth lament ?

Confess the truth, and I will comfort thee

By the word of God Omnipotent

Although your time you have misspent

Repent and amend while ye have space,

And God will restore you to health and grace

Dahila tells him that she is his sister, and Barnabas, after
pointing out the folly of evil ways, promises to help her.

¹ indulge

Barn But so repent that ye sin no more,
 And then believe with steadfast faith
 That God will forgive you for evermore
 For Christ's sake as the Scripture saith 130

As for your body, if it be curable
 I will cause to be healed, or during your life
 I will clothe you and feed you as I am able
 Come, sister, go with me, ye have need of relief
[*They go*]

In the next scene Ishmael is being tried for 'felony, burglary, and murder' He declares that it is Iniquity who has led him into wrongdoing Iniquity protests his innocence, but the Judge condemns them both to be hanged After they have been led to execution, Worldly Shame and Xantippe enter Worldly Shame tells the wretched mother of the miserable death of both Dalila and Ishmael Xantippe is about to kill herself, when Barnabas enters

Barn Beware what ye do Fie, mother, fie!
 Will ye spill¹ yourself for your own offence,
 And seem forever to exclude God's mercy?
 God doth punish you for your negligence,
 Wherefore take His correction with patience,
 And thank Him heartily of His goodness, 140
 He bringeth you in knowledge of your trespass

Yet in this we may all take comfort
 They took great repentance, I heard say
 And as for my sister, I am able to report
 She lamented for her sins to her dying day
 To repent and believe I exhorted her alway
 Before her death she believed that God, of His mercy,
 For Christ's sake would save her eternally

¹ destroy

If you do even so you need not despair,
For God will freely remit your sins all 150
Christ hath paid the ransom, why should ye fear?
To believe this and do well, to God for grace call,
All worldly cares let pass and fall,
And thus comfort my father, I pray you heartily
I have a little to say, I will come by and by
[XANTIPPE *goeth out*

Barnabas then addresses the audience, bidding all parents take warning by 'this interlude' The whole concludes with a prayer for 'the Queen's Royal Majesty' and for the kingdom in general

CHAPTER III

THE CLASSICAL REVIVAL

THE wave of Classical learning which spread during the fifteenth century from Florence touched our shores about the beginning of the Tudor period. Before that time our current erudition had been restricted to a close and intimate knowledge of French and a kind of colloquial Latin,¹ which at its highest could read Boethius, and at its lowest sank to a debased and almost unrecognizable jargon. The early plays, for instance, are interspersed with passages and texts from the Vulgate, and with occasional transcriptions from their French originals, but they show no further acquaintance with letters, and we have some reason for doubting whether it was only opportunity that failed them. In the Morality play of *Mankind*, written during the reign of Edward IV, the Vice celebrates the blessings of the harvest-field in a verse which runs—

Corn servit bredibus, chaff horsibus, straw firibusque
This is significant, even for burlesque, and that it is not extravagant burlesque may be shown by many illustrations from the time of Roger Bacon to that of Erasmus. However, the new learning, when once established, was of rapid and continuous growth. Linacre and Colet reorganized the teaching at

¹ In 1375 the library of Oriel College, Oxford, then one of the best in England, contained not a single classical text. A century later, Caxton translated the *Aeneid* 'out of French', and he is severely criticized by Gavin Douglas for showing no knowledge of the original.

Oxford, More carried their tradition into the world of affairs, the Classics were collected, reprinted, disseminated, grammars were re-edited and revised, every schoolboy was set to his Priscian, every gentleman of condition was expected to show some familiarity with Tully and Terence, until by the middle of the sixteenth century scholarship had become a fashionable accomplishment

The first effect of this upon the English drama was the production of Classical plays at our schools and universities. The *Menaechmi* and the *Phormio* were given by the boys of St Paul's in 1527 and 1528 in 1536 the *Plutus* of Aristophanes was performed at St John's College, Cambridge, the *Pax* at Trinity College a few years later. It should be observed that these early examples are all Comedies¹ about the middle of the century a body of scholars under Jasper Heywood began to translate the Tragedies of Seneca, and from thence for about twenty years the severer form was in vogue. In many ways Seneca was an unfortunate choice, but Roman Tragedy offered no alternative, and the knowledge of Greek was still in its infancy. At any rate, he became the model of our English playwrights, and his academic tirades, of which even the rhetoric fails to impress, were held to be compensated by his unquestionable morals, and by the sagacity of his political maxims —

The sage and witty Seneca his words thereto did frame
 'The honest exercise of kings men will ensue the same,
 But contrariwise, if that a king abuse his kingly seat,
 His ignominy and bitter shame in price shall be more
 great'

This is undeniably profitable, but it does not take high rank as dramatic literature

The influence of Classical learning, for good and

¹ See later, p 175 et seq

ill, may be well illustrated by two extreme cases which, though not actually contemporary, fall within the same decade. Preston's *Cambyzes*, published in 1569, is probably the worst piece of work ever produced by a man of culture and education. Its author was a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who, we are told, exhibited such prowess as actor and public disputant that Queen Elizabeth presented him with a pension of £20 a year. If so, he must have forgotten both his logic and his experience of stagecraft when he wrote this rambling disconnected play. The main plot, derived from a story in Herodotus, is so broken in sequence and so unaccountable in motive that it wearies the reader's attention, the tragic episodes are mere bloodshed, the pathos is borrowed, and marred in the borrowing¹, the style, from which the four lines given above are fairly quoted, has turned 'Cambyzes' vein' into a byword², the characters are gathered incongruously from every corner under heaven — Smerdis and Sisamnes, Diligence and Small Hability, Proof and Trial, Cruelty and Murder, Huf, Ruf, and Snuf, the 'three ruffins', Ambidexter the Vice, who takes his only jest from the *Thersites* of Ravisius, and whose villainous informations are accepted without question even when he admits that they are untrue. Historically the play is of interest as combining the Moralities of an earlier age with the Tragedies of a later³ apart from this it has very little claim to our consideration.

Its failure is the more noteworthy because it was preceded, at some eight years' distance, by a play in which the new learning is turned to incomparably

¹ Compare the death of Prexaspes' child (II 540-55) with *Abraham and Isaac*.

² 'I must speak in passion,' says Falstaff, 'and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein.' See *Henry IV*, Part I, Act II sc 4.

³ Even of this a better and earlier example may be found in Balcan's *King John*. See Part III, ch. 11, of this volume.

better account *Gorboduc*, by Norton and Sackville, is not only 'the first regular English Tragedy', it is also a striking example of that still and sculpturesque ideal which is often called by the name of Classical. In form it follows the plan of Seneca: it is divided into five acts, of which the first four are closed by a chorus, and the fifth, superfluous to the plot, with an epilogue, as a further development it begins each act with a pageant in dumb show, indicating, by allegory or suggestion, the principal episode which is to follow. The fable is taken from a legend in Geoffrey of Monmouth (II xvi), which narrates how Gorboduc, king of Britain, proposed to divide the kingdom between his two sons, Ferrex and Porrex, how Ferrex, who should have succeeded to all, rose at his mother's instigation in revolt, and how there followed an internecine strife which cost the lives of both princes, and which plunged the entire realm in the miseries of civil war. The treatment is throughout that of a Classical Tragedy. The plot moves onward in slow and deliberate course, weighted with disputation and dialogue and long declamatory speeches: the whole tragic action takes place off the stage, and the audience learns it indirectly by report. In the spectacle presented there is not a blow struck or a sword drawn: its most vivid moment is when Gorboduc breaks in, with a fierce retort, upon the penitence of his younger son. Yet within the narrow limits there is some real characterization. Ferrex and Porrex are well contrasted: the one tardy and unstable, loath to believe that he has been wronged, hesitating, when he learns the truth, between revenge and affection, brooding on his wrath till he stoops to a treacherous reprisal, the other quick, hot-headed and impulsive, killing in self-defence and bitterly repenting afterwards. Videna, too, though she is tuned too much in one key, is clearly

and consistently set forth Grant that such a plot were possible, and her part in it is as inevitable as fate And through the whole grim story there is a consistent dignity and nobility of tone It has no rant, no fustian, no sensationalism, it is as far removed from 'Cambyse's vein' as from the crude horrors of Sisamnes' execution, if it never excites, it equally never repels in an age when men were trying to reach the sublime by piling Pelion on Ossa, torture on assassination, it stands aside from the press and will use no device but that of a restrained, sober eloquence

It has a further point of interest as being the first English drama written in blank verse Some twenty years had elapsed since the new form was introduced by Surrey's translations from the *Aeneid*, but during that time it had been seldom or never employed, and we may well give Norton and Sackville the credit of its revival Throughout the work we can see evidences of the experimenter's hand In some places the heroic measure seems to have instinctively suggested a rhyme, or at least an assonance in many places the rhythm is stiff and unyielding, not yet made tractable by the skill of the artificer Yet it has some stateliness of movement, it never sinks below its level, it is like the organ-music of the first German composers in comparison with Bach, and it is far nearer to the great melodists who followed it than to the dull and lifeless diction of the Moralities which it superseded

Beside *Gorboduc* and *Cambyse* there were produced, between 1560 and 1580, many tragedies which show Classical influence in topic or treatment Among them may be mentioned *King Darius* and *Appius and Virginia*, which belong rather to the later Moralities, Gascoigne's *Jocasta* (1566), Pickering's *Orestes* (about 1567), anonymous plays on *Iphigenia*, *Ajax*, *Narcissus*, and *Paris* (about 1570-1),

and, on subjects from Roman history, *Quintus Fabius* (1573), *Tullia* and *Mucius Scaevola* (1576), and *Scipio Africanus* (1579) Stephen Gosson, who in 1579 came forward as an opponent of the drama, is at some pains to exclude from his censure a tragedy of his own on *Catiline*

THOMAS NORTON (1532-84) was the son of a wealthy citizen of London. In early life he entered the household of the Protector Somerset as amanuensis, and soon distinguished himself by his learning and his enthusiasm for the Protestant Reformation. In 1555 he became a student of the Inner Temple, shortly afterwards he married Margery, the daughter of Archbishop Cranmer, and in 1558 he became Member of Parliament for Gatton. His early writings consisted partly of theological tracts, partly of songs and sonnets (some of which were commended by Jasper Heywood), and this double allegiance was curiously illustrated in 1561 when he simultaneously translated the *Institutes* of Calvin and produced the tragedy of *Gorboduc* in collaboration with Sackville. A note to the pirated edition of 1565 informs us that Norton wrote the first three acts and Sackville the last two, a division which perhaps accounts for the more chivalrous tone of the later part. In 1562 he sat for Berwick, in 1570 he was made Remembrancer of the City of London, and next year he was elected one of the members for the City. The rest of his life was spent in religious controversy. An aggressive and Calvinistic Protestant, he employed his terms of office in rigorous persecution of the Roman Catholics, he was twice imprisoned for attacking the English Bishops, and on the second occasion, when he was sent to the Tower, owed his liberation entirely to the influence of his friend Walsingham. He died at the age of fifty two, leaving behind him the reputation of a good debater, a capable man of letters, and a vehement and untiring partisan.

For THOMAS SACKVILLE, first Earl of Dorset and Baron Buckhurst, see Vol I, p. 224

GORBODUC ,
OR FERREX AND PORREX

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

GORBODUC, King of Great Britain	by the King to his eldest son Ferrex
VIDENA, Queen, and wife to King Gorboduc	PHILANDER, a Counsellor as signed by the King to his youngest son Poirex
FERREX, elder son to King Gorboduc	Both being of the old king's council before
PORREX, younger son to King Gorboduc	HERMON, a parasite remaining with Ferrex
CLOTYN, Duke of Cornwall	TYNDAR, a parasite remaining with Porrex
FERGUS, Duke of Albany	NUNTIUS, a messenger of the elder brother's death
MANDUD, Duke of Leogris	NUNTIUS, a messenger of Duke Fergus rising in arms
GWENARD, Duke of Cumberland	MARCELLA, a lady of the Queen's privy chamber
EUBULUS, Secretary to the King	CHORUS, four ancient and sage men of Britain
AROSTUS, a Counsellor to the King	
DORDAN, a Counsellor assigned	

[Scene Britain]

THE ORDER OF THE DUMB SHOW BEFORE THE FIRST
ACT, AND THE SIGNIFICATION THEREOF

First the music of violins began to play, during which came in upon the stage six wild men clothed in leaves, of whom the first bore in his neck a faggot of small sticks which they all, both severally and together, assayed with all their strengths to break, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticks and brake it, and the rest plucking out all the other sticks one after another did easily break

them, the same being severed, which, being conjoined, they had before attempted in vain After they had this done they departed the stage, and the music ceased Hereby was signified that a state knit in unity doth continue strong against all force, but being divided is easily destroyed, as befell upon Duke Gorboduc dividing his land to his two sons, which he before held in monarchy, and upon the dissension of the brethien to whom it was divided

17

ACTUS PRIMUS SCENA PRIMA

[*A room in Gorboduc's Palace*]

VIDENA, FERREX

Vid The silent night that brings the quiet pause
 From painful travail of the weary day,
 Prolongs my careful thoughts, and makes me blame
 The slow Aurore, that so for love or shame
 Doth long delay to show her blushing face,
 And now the day renews my griefful plaint

Ferr My gracious lady and my mother dear,
 Pardon my grief for your so grieved mind,
 To ask what cause tormenteth so your heart

Vid So great a wrong, and so unjust despite 10
 Without all cause, against all course of kind¹

Ferr Such causeless wrong, and so unjust despite
 May have redress, or at the least revenge

Vid Neither, my son, such is the froward will,
 The person such, such my mishap and thine

Ferr Mine know I none but grief for your distress

Vid Yes, mine for thine, my son A father? No.
 In kind a father, not in kindness

¹ kinship

Ferr My father? Why I know nothing at all
Wherein I have misdone unto his Grace 20

Vid Therefore the more unkind to thee and me!
For knowing well, my son, the tender love
That I have ever borne, and bear to thee,
He, grieved thereat, is not content alone
To spoil thee of my sight, my chiefest joy,
But thee of thy birthright and heritage,
Causeless, unkindly, and in wrongful wise,
Against all law and right he will bereave
Half of his kingdom he will give away

Ferr To whom?

Vid Even to Porrex, his younger son, 30
Whose growing pride I do so sore suspect
That, being raised to equal rule with thee,
Methinks I see his envious heart to swell,
Filled with disdain and with ambitious hope
The end the gods do know, whose altars I
Full oft have made in vain of cattle slain
To send the sacred smoke to Heaven's throne
For thee, my son, if things do so succeed¹
As now my jealous mind misdeemeth sore

Ferrex refuses to believe that his father can be so unjust, or that he could ever win the consent of his Council to the division of the kingdom. But Goboduc has his way, and the act ends with the lamentation of the Chorus, who foresee the ruin of the country.

After a dumbshow in which 'a grave and aged gentleman' offers a glass of wine to the king, which he refuses, and a 'brave and lusty young gentleman' offers a golden cup of poison, which the king drinks, the second act opens at the court of Ferrex who is much incensed at being deprived of half the kingdom. Hermon urges him to make war on his brother

¹ follow

The next scene is at the court of Pollex, where news has just been received that Ferrex is making preparation for war Pollex determines to be first in the field

The Chorus utter a lament over the results of evil counsel

THE ORDER AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE DUMB SHOW
BEFORE THE THIRD ACT

First the music of flutes began to play, during which came in upon the stage a company of mourners all clad in black, betokening death and sorrow to ensue upon the ill-advised misgovernment and dissension of biethien as befell upon the murder of Ferrex by his younger brother After the mourners had passed thrice about the stage, they departed, and then the music ceased 7

ACTUS TERTIUS SCENA PRIMA

[*The Court of Gorboduc*]

GORBODUC, EUBULUS, AROSTUS [*are present at the opening of the scene*], PHILANDER, NUNTIVS [*enter later*]

Gorb O cruel Fates, O mindful wrath of gods¹
Whose vengeance neither Simois¹ stained streams
Flowing with blood of Trojan princes slain,
Nor Phrygian fields made rank with corpses dead
Of Asian kings and lords, can yet appease,
Ne slaughter of unhappy Priam's race
Nor Ilion's fall, made level with the soil,
Can yet suffice, but still continued rage
Pursues our lives, and from the farthest seas
Doth chase the issues of destroyed Troy. 10
Oh, no man happy till his end be seen
If any flowing wealth and seeming joy

¹ A river near Troy All the allusions in this speech are to the story of the Trojan war

In present years might make a happy wight,
 Happy was Hecuba, the wofullest wietch
 That ever lived to make a mirror of,
 And happy Priam with his noble sons,
 And happy I, till now, alas, I see
 And feel my most unhappy wretchedness
 Behold, my lords, read ye this letter here
 Lo, it contains the ruin of our realm, 20
 If timely speed provide not hasty help
 Yet, O ye gods, if ever woful king
 Might move ye, kings of kings, wreak it on me
 And on my sons, not on this guiltless realm
 Send down your wasting flames from wrathful skies
 To 'reave me and my sons the hateful breath
 Read, read, my lords This is the matter why
 I called ye now, to have your good advice

The letter from Dordan, the Counsellor of the elder prince

EUBULUS readeth the letter

' My sovereign Lord, what I am loath to write,
 But loathest am to see, that I am forced 30
 By letters now to make you understand
 My lord Ferrex, your eldest son, misled
 By traitorous fraud of young, untempered wits
 Assembleth force against your younger son,
 Ne can my counsel yet withdraw the heat
 And furious pangs of his inflamed head
 Disdain, saith he, of his disheritance
 Arms him to wreak the great pretended wrong
 With civil sword upon his brother's life
 If present help do not restrain this rage 40
 This flame will waste your sons, your land, and you
 Your Majesty's faithful and most humble subject
 DORDAN '

Aros O king, appease your grief and stay your plaint
 Great is the matter, and a woful case ,
 But timely knowledge may bring timely help
 Send for them both unto your presence here
 The reverence of your honour, age, and state,
 Your grave advice, the awe of father's name,
 Shall quickly knit again this broken peace
 And if in either of my lords your sons 50
 Be such untamed and unyielding pride
 As will not bend unto your noble hests,—
 If Ferrex, the elder son can bear no peer,
 Or Porrex, not content, aspires to more
 Than you him gave above his native right,—
 Join with the juster side , so shall you force
 Them to agree, and hold the land in stay
Eub What meaneth this ? Lo, yonder comes in haste
 Philander from my lord your younger son

[*Enter PHILANDER*]

Gorb The gods send joyful news !

Phil The mighty Jove 60

Preserve your Majesty, O noble king

Gorb Philander, welcome But how doth my son ?

Phil Your son, sir, lives, and healthy I him left

But yet, O king, the want of lustful health

Could not be half so grievous to your Grace

As the most wretched tidings that I bring

Gorb O Heavens, yet more ? Not end of woes to me ?

Phil Tyndar, O king, came lately from the court

Of Ferrex to my lord your younger son,

And made report of great prepared store 70

For war, and saith that it is wholly meant

Against Porrex, for high disdain that he

Lives now a king, and equal in degree

With him that claimeth to succeed the whole
 As by due title and descending right
 Porrex is now so set on flaming fire,
 Partly with kindled rage of cruel wrath,
 Partly with hope to gain a realm thereby,
 That he in haste preparerh to invade
 His brother's land, and with unkindly war
 Threatens the murder of your elder son
 Ne could I him persuade that first he should
 Send to his brother to demand the cause,
 Nor yet to you, to stay this hateful strife
 Wherefore sith there no more I can be heard
 I come myself now to inform you Grace
 And to beseech you, as you love the life
 And safety of your children and your realm
 Now to employ your wisdom and your force
 To stay this mischief ere it be too late 90

Gorb Are they in arms ? Would he not send to me ?
 Is this the honour of a father's name ?
 In vain we travail to assuage their minds,
 As if their hearts, whom neither brother's love
 Nor father's awe, nor kingdom's cares can move,
 Our counsels could withdraw from raging heat
 Jove slay them both, and end the cursed line
 For though perhaps fear of such mighty force
 As I, my lords, joined with your noble aids,
 May yet raise, shall repress their present heat, 100
 The secret grudge and malice will remain
 The fire not quenched, but kept in close restiant
 Fed still within, breaks forth with double flame
 Their death and mine must 'pease the angry gods

Phil Yield not, O king, to so much weak despair
 Your sons yet live, and long, I trust, they shall
 If Fates had taken you from earthly life

Before beginning of this civil strife,
Perhaps your sons in their unmastered youth,
Loose from regard of any living wight, 110
Would run on headlong, with unbidled race,
To their own death, and ruin of this realm,
But sith the gods that have the care for kings,
Of things and times dispose the order so
That in your life this kindled flame breaks forth
While yet your life, your wisdom, and your power
May stay the growing mischief, and repress
The fiery blaze of their enkindled heat,
It seems—and so ye ought to deem thereof—
That loving Jove hath tempered so the time 120
Of this debate to happen in your days
That you yet living may the same appease
And add it to the glory of your latter age,
And they, your sons, may learn to live in peace
Beware, O king, the greatest harm of all
Lest by your wailful plaints your hastened death
Yield larger room unto their growing rage
Preserve your life, the only hope of stay
And if your Highness list herein to use
Wisdom or force, counsel or knightly aid, 130
Lo, we, our persons, powers, and lives are yours
Use us till death, O king, we are your own
Eub Lo, here the peril that was erst foreseen,
When you, O king, did first divide your land
And yield your present reign unto your sons
But now, O noble prince, now is no time
To wail and plain, and waste your woful life
Now is the time for present good advice
Sorrow doth dark the judgement of the wit
The heart unbroken and the courage free 140
From feeble faintness of bootless despair

Doth either rise to safety or renown
 By noble valure of vanquished mind,
 Or yet doth perish in more happy sort
 Your Grace may send to either of your sons
 Some one both wise and noble personage
 Which with good counsel and with weighty name
 Of father shall present before their eyes
 Your hest, your life, your safety and their own,
 The present mischief of their deadly strife 150
 And in the while, assemble you the force
 Which your commandment and the speedy haste
 Of all my lords here present can prepare
 The terror of your mighty power shall stay
 The rage of both, or yet of one at least

[*Enter NUNTIVS*]

Nunt O king, the greatest grief that ever prince did hear,
 That ever woful messenger did tell,
 That ever wretched land hath seen before,
 I bring to you Porrex, your younger son,
 With sudden force invaded hath the land 160
 That you to Ferrex did allot to rule,
 And with his own most bloody hand he hath
 His brother slain, and doth possess his realm

Gorb O Heavens, send down the flames of your
 revenge !

Destroy, I say, with flash of wreakful fire
 The traitor son, and then the wretched sire
 But let us go, that yet perhaps I may
 Die with revenge, and 'pease the hateful ¹ gods [*Exeunt*

Chorus

The lust of kingdom knows no sacred faith,
 No rule of reason, no regard of right, 170

¹ i e full of hate towards us

No kindly love, no feal of heaven's wrath ,
 But with contempt of gods, and man's despite,
 Through bloody slaughter doth prepare the ways
 To fatal sceptre and accursed reign
 The son so loathes the father's lingering days,
 Ne deads his hand in brother's blood to stain
 O wretched prince, ne dost thou yet record
 The yet fresh murders done within the land
 Of thy forefathers, when the cruel sword
 Bereft Morgan¹ his life with cousin's hand ? 180
 Thus fatal plagues pursue the guilty race
 Whose murd'rous hand, imbued with guiltless blood,
 Asks vengeance still before the heaven's face
 With endless mischief on the cursed brood
 The wicked child thus brings to woful sue
 The mournful plaints to waste his very life
 Thus do the cruel flames of civil fire
 Destroy the parted reign with hateful strife,
 And hence doth spring the well from which doth flow
 The dead black streams of mourning and of woe 190

END OF THIRD ACT

ACTUS QUARTUS SCENA SECUNDA

The first scene is a soliloquy of Videna, planning the death of Porrex in revenge for his brother's murder. In the second scene Porrex is summoned to the Court to answer for himself. He speaks as follows —

Porr Neither, O king, I can or will deny
 But that this hand from Ferrex life hath reft

¹ Morgan, prince of Cumberland, was killed by his cousin (or brother) Cunedagius in a quarrel about the kingdom. See Geoffrey of Monmouth, II xv

Which fact ¹ how much my doleful heart doth wail
 Oh ' would it might as full appear to sight
 As inward grief would pour it forth to me
 So yet, perhaps, if ever ruthless heart
 Melting in tears within a manly breast
 Through deep repentance of his bloody past,
 If ever grief, if ever woful man
 Might move regret with sorrow of his fault, 10
 I think the torment of my mournful case,
 Known to your Grace, as I do feel the same,
 Would force e'en wrath heiself to pity me

Not that I rest in hope with plaint and tears
 To purchase life for to the gods I clepe ²
 For true record of this my faithful speech
 Never this heart shall have the thoughtful ³ dread
 To die the death that by your Grace's doom
 By just desert shall be pronounced to me ,
 Nor never shall this tongue once spend the speech 20
 Pardon to crave, or seek by suit to live
 I mean not this as though I were not touched
 With care of dreadful death or that I held
 Life in contempt but that I know the mind
 Stoops to no dread, although the flesh be frail ,
 And for my guilt I yield ⁴ the same so great
 As in myself I feel a fear to sue
 For grant of life

Gor In vain, O wretch, thou shewest
 A woful heart Ferrex now lies in 's grave
 Slain by thy hand

Porr Yet this, O father, hear , 30
 And then I end Your Majesty well knows
 That when my brother Ferrex and myself

¹ deed ² call, ³ apprehensive ⁴ confess

By your own hest were joined in governance
Of this your Grace's realm of Brittain's land,
I never sought nor travailed for the same
Nor by myself, nor by no friend I wrought,
But from your Highness' will alone it sprung,
Of your most gracious goodness bent to me
But how my brother's heart even then repined
With swoll'n disdain against mine equal rule, 40
Seeing that realm which by descent should grow
Wholly to him allotted half to me

Yet I that judged it my part to seek
His favour and goodwill, and loath to make
Your Highness know the thing that should have brought
Grief, to your Grace, and your offence to him,
Hoping my earnest suit should soon have won
A loving heart within a brother's breast,
Wrought in that sort that for a pledge of love
And faithful heart he gave to me his hand 50

But after we had left your Grace's court,
And from your Highness' presence lived apart,
This equal rule still, still did grudge him so
That now those envious sparks, which erst lay raked
In living cinders of dissembling breast,
Kindled so far within his heart disdain
That longer he could not refrain from proof
Of secret practice to deprive me life
By poison's force, and had bereft me so,
If mine own servant, hired to this fact, 60
In time had not bewrayed it unto me
When thus I saw the knot of love unknit,
All honest league and faithful promise broke,
The law of kind and truth thus rent in twain,

His heart on mischief set, and in his breast
 Black treason hid, then, then I did despair
 That ever time could win him friend to me
 Then saw I how he smiled with slaying knife
 Wrapped under cloak, then saw I deep deceit
 Lurk in his face and death prepared for me 70
 Even nature moved me then to hold my life
 More dear to me than his, and bade this hand
 (Since by his life my death must need ensue,
 And by his death my life might be preserved)
 To shed his blood, and seek my safety so
 And wisdom willed me without protract¹

In speedy win to put the same in use²
 Thus have I told the cause that moved me
 To work my brother's death, and so I yield
 My life, my death, to judgement of your Grace 80

Gor O cruel wight, should any cause prevail
 To make thee stain thy hands with brother's blood?
 But what of thee we will resolve to do
 Shall still remain unknown Thou, in the mean,
 Shalt from our royal presence banished be
 Until our princely pleasure further shall
 To thee be shown Depart therefore our sight
 Accused child What cruel destiny,
 What froward fate, hath sorted us this chance,
 That even in those where we should comfort find, 90
 Where our delight now in our aged days
 Should rest and be, even these our only grief
 And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
 Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow?

Porrex departs from the presence chamber, and Allostus
 attempts in vain to console the king Enter Marcella

¹ delay² practise

Mar Oh, where is ruth ? or where is pity now ?
 Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled ?
 Are they exiled out of our stony breasts
 Never to make return ? Is all the world
 Drowned in blood and sunk in cruelty ?
 If not in women mercy may be found, 100
 If not (alas) within the mother's breast
 To her own child, to her own flesh and blood,
 If ruth be banished thence, if pity there
 May have no place, if there no gentle heart
 Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then ?

She then narrates that Porrex has been stabbed in his sleep
 by Videna, and continues

But hear his ruthful end
 The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound,
 Out of his wretched slumber hast'ly start,
 Whose strength now failing straight he overthrew,
 When in his fall, his eyes even now unclosed 110
 Beheld the Queen and cried to her for help
 We then, alas ! the ladies which, that time,
 Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed
 And hearing him oft call the wretched name
 Of mother, and to cry to her for aid
 Whose duteful hand gave him the mortal wound,
 Pitying, alas (for nought else could we do),
 His ruthful end, ran to the woful bed
 Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might
 Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand 120
 The sudden streams of blood that flushed fast
 Out of the gaping wound Oh ! what a look,
 Oh ! what a ruthful steadfast eye methought
 He fixed upon my face, which to my death
 Will never part from me, when with a braid¹

¹ Motion of the head

A deep set sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight
And, straight, pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook

Ah ' noble prince, how oft have I beheld 130
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
That bowed the head piece of thy friendly foe
How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
Which never now these eyes may see again

ACTUS QUINTUS

The people rise in rebellion, put Gorboduc and Videna to death, and distract the country with civil war. The play ends with the lament of Eubulus over the destruction of the royal line and the misery that has been brought upon the kingdom

CHAPTER IV

THE DEVELOPMENT OF BLANK VERSE

THE plain and straightforward measure of *Gorboduc* is almost wholly wanting in charm it marches with a firm step but it has no wings to soar Part of the reason, no doubt, is its lack of imagination, a still larger part is its indifference to vocal melody, to the cunning workmanship of sounds, to the flow of syllables as the notes flow in a tune And even after its production men grew but slowly to an understanding of the need of musical speech for twenty years our blank verse remained on the pedestrian level, speaking of weighty matters but caring little for the artistry of its form The earliest signs of a change may perhaps be detected in George Peele, whose *Arraignement of Paris* (1581) earned for him Nashe's compliment that he was 'a chief craftsman of words' Yet both in Peele and in his contemporary Thomas Kyd there is more of indication than of achievement the one possessed a delicate ear, the other a gift of loose and flexible rhythm, but neither had the strength for a sustained flight For the first supreme and consummate masterpiece of unrhymed versification we must come down to the year 1587 and the appearance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*

The general tone of the play is vehement and tempestuous Mr Swinburne, in characteristic phrase, describes 'the stormy monotony of Titanic truculence which blusters like a simoom through

the noisy course of its ten fierce acts' Yet it has its moment of tenderness the scene in which Tamburlaine watches beside his wife's dying bed, and bows his untameable strength into a city of love and compassion¹ And whether the speech be truculent or tender, Marlowe is equally intent on expressing it in gorgeous and glowing phrase He takes the purest and frankest delight in his own melody sometimes when he has been inspired with a magical line he turns it over and over and repeats it as though it haunted him There is a famous example in Part I² where Tamburlaine is apprised of his coming conquest —

Meander Your majesty shall shortly have your wish
And ride in triumph through Persepolis
Tamburlaine 'And ride in triumph through Peisepolis'
Is it not brave to be a king, Techelles,
Usumcasane and Theridamas?
Is it not passing brave to be a king
'And ride in triumph through Persepolis',
nor less wonderful is the speech over his dying
wife³ where the burden —

To entertain divine Zenocrate
floats and poises and returns like some recurrent
melody of Mozart or Schubert, so confident of its
welcome that it cannot bear to depart

He appeals almost as much to the eye He enjoys the splendour of jewels, the flashing light upon steel, the magnificence of contrasting colours His imagination is all full of procession and pageant, of rich tapestries and robes of state, of crowns and sceptres and golden chariots And through all this opulence and display there marches one mighty figure, gigantic, heroic, irresistible, trampling on

¹ Part II, Act II sc 4 See pp 71-6 Contrast the manner in which he confronts his own death, pp 79-83

² Act II sc 5.

³ Part II, Act II sc 4

power and wealth, taking kings into captivity, carrying his blood-red banner from city to conquered city, and, when his end comes, hurling defiance at the 'envious gods' who have dared to abridge his life

No doubt the phrase is often extravagant but to be extravagant is youth's prerogative, and when Marlowe wrote *Tamburlaine* he was a boy of twenty-three. Again, having no applicable standard of taste or restraint, the verse occasionally sinks to mere rant and bombast, but such instances are rare, and the worst of them is obviously intended to express a kind of thrasonical banter¹. At his best, and his best comes very often, he is a superb artist, he found our blank verse a harpsichord and he left it an orchestra, he enriched it with varied tone and with splendour of movement, with notes that rise and swell and intertwine in full and harmonious complexity.

Not less momentous is the influence which he exercised upon those who came after him. Jonson, it is true, speaks of 'Marlowe's mighty line' as 'fitter for admiration than for parallel', but two men greater than Jonson did not disdain to learn in his school and to follow in his steps. Shakespeare, though he smiled at the extravagances, touched his own verse with their impulse and inspiration, chastened and purified in the fire of a greater genius, yet glowing with the ore of the mine whence they were dug. Milton took from him many a noble rhythm and cadence, and particularly that love of

¹ In Part II, Act iv sc 4, Tamburlaine enters in a car drawn by two captive kings, and (it must be confessed) urges them on with the words —

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia,

What! Can ye draw but twenty miles a day?

Shakespeare, for all his affection to Marlowe, could not resist this couplet, and transferred it to Ancient Pistol (*Henry IV*, Part II, Act II sc 4). 'By my troth, Captain,' says Mistress Quickly, 'these are very bitter words'

filling a stately line with the melody of resounding names When we read in *Paradise Lost* of

All who since, Baptised or Infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Marocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia,

our thoughts go back to such lines as

And I as many bring from Trebizond,
Chio, Famastio and Amasia,

or

From Sonia with seventy thousand strong,
Ta'en from Aleppo, Soldino, Tripoli,
And so on to my city of Damasco

And here, indeed, the matter can be brought to a simple issue Take any twenty lines of Marlowe and compare them first with the work of his predecessors, then with that of Shakespeare and Milton it cannot be doubted to which he bears the closer affinity

He is said to be deficient in characterization, and it is true that he takes the static, not the dynamic view of character Each of the *dramatis personae* is painted from the beginning in a few firm strokes, and such as he is at the outset such he remains until the end¹ Marlowe, in short, has not attained to the conception of a personality developing and modifying under the reaction of circumstance his dramas are stage epics, as predetermined as the stories of Hector and Aeneas This is further emphasized by the uniformly heightened and poetic style In English drama, complains George Whetstone, 'they use one order of speech for all persons',² and under this censure Marlowe may be admitted

¹ Isabella in *Edward II* is an exception, see later, Part III, ch. iv
Preface to *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578

to fall Tamburlaine and Zenocrate, Celebinus and Calyphas, Theridamas and Orcanes, all speak in the same idiom, in the same cadence, they are differentiated by the parts assigned to them, but not by the phrase in which they find expression. The distinctions of human nature are there, but each is covered with a like rich and brocaded mantle.

There is in *Tamburlaine* little opportunity for humour, in the other dramas there is little display of it. The comic scenes in *Faustus*, e.g. the scene at the Papal court, appear to our taste somewhat childish and rudimentary, Ithamore in the *Jew of Malta* is no more than a pale monochrome. But over the whole gamut of pity and terror Marlowe's hand never faltered. The death of Edward II¹ is intensely moving and pathetic, the scene in which Faustus attends his doom is one of the most overwhelming in all dramatic literature, and it owes almost none of its effect to its use of the supernatural. Were it a prisoner awaiting execution or a victim awaiting the sacrificial knife we should still catch our breath as we listened, we should still echo the despairing outcry 'Tarry, O tarry, horses of the night', the beating of the clock would still reverberate through our dreams. Too much has been made of Marlowe's inclination to occult or forbidden topics: it is not by these that he stirs us but by the impending sense of sheer and inevitable catastrophe.

Yet, after all, it is to his 'mighty line' that we return to the surge and thunder of the verse, to the large and elemental imagery that paints with sun and stars, with levin and hurricane. His work was closely contemporary with that of Spenser, and it expresses in forcible and masculine utterance that joy in the beauty of pure sound which breathes more softly and delicately through the cantos of

¹ See later, Part III, ch. 17

the *Faery Queene* Britomart, not Zenocrate, is the true mate of Tamburlaine, to his strength her purity is fitly married, and from their union has sprung the long line of romantic feeling and of sweet and sonorous music which have ennobled English poetry to the present day

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593), the son of John Marlowe, a shoemaker, was born at Canterbury, and educated at the King's School and at Benet College (now Corpus Christi), Cambridge. In 1583 he graduated, and for the next four years led a wandering life, of which the details are still matters of conjecture. It is said that he served as a soldier in the Low Countries, and that for part of the time he was an actor in one of the recently erected London theatres, but of this period nothing is known for certain. In 1587 he wrote *Tamburlaine*, which was acted in 1588, then at short intervals appeared *Faustus*, the *Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*. Among his lesser works may be mentioned some translations from Ovid, written when he was at college, an unfinished tragedy on *Dido*, a paraphrase of Musaeus' *Hero and Leander*, and a few epigrams and songs, of which the famous 'Come live with me and be my love' was first printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, and was for a long time ascribed to Shakespeare. He was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford on June 1, 1593, only twenty nine years of age.

His tragedies, as might be expected, were received with a good deal of controversy. They were bitterly attacked by Nashe and Greene, but, what is more to the purpose, they were praised by Jonson and loved by Shakespeare. In 1608 an English company, touring through Central Europe, performed *Faustus* and the *Jew of Malta* first at Glatz and then at Vienna. The two plays were immediately successful, were frequently repeated during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in this way *Faustus* came into the hands of Goethe, and so had its share of influence on the greatest masterpiece of German dramatic literature.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT

PART II

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

TAMBURLAINE, King of Persia	CALLAPINE, Son of Bajazeth
CALYPHAS, }	ALMEDA, his Keeper
AMYRAS, } His sons	PERDICAS, Seivant to Caly-
CELEBINUS, }	phas
TECHELLES, King of Fez	GOVERNOR OF BABYLON
THERIDAMAS, King of Algier	MAXIMUS
USUMCASANE, King of Mo-	CAPTAIN OF BALSERA
1occo	His son
ORCANES, King of Natolia	Physicians
KING OF JERUSALEM	Another Captain
KING OF TREBIZOND	Lords, Citizens, Soldiers, &c
KING OF SORIA	
KING OF AMASIA	ZENOGRATE, wife of Tambu-
GAZELLUS, Viceroy of Bylon	laine
URIBASSA	OLYMPIA, wife of the Captain
SIGISMUND, King of Hungary	of Balsera
FREDERICK, } Lords of Buda	Turkish Concubines
BALDWIN, } and Bohemia	

In Part I Tamburlaine, the Scythian shepherd, collects a body of men, first for plunder, then for conquest, and overruns all countries from Samarcand to Morocco. His chief victory is over the Turkish Emperor Bajazeth, who commits suicide under captivity, and whose son Callapine is still a prisoner when Part II begins. At the outset of his fortunes Tamburlaine has captured Zenocrate, daughter of the Soldan of Egypt, whom he takes with him on his campaigns, and whom at the end of Part I he marries with great pomp and circumstance. By the beginning of Part II he has assumed the title of Emperor of Persia, and has bestowed the kingdoms of Fez, Argier, and Morocco upon three of his captains.

ACT I

Sigismund, King of Hungary, aided by his two lords Frederick and Baldwin, determines to make war upon Tamburlaine, and

for this purpose forms a league with the three Mahommedan princes, Orcanes, Gazellus, and Urbassa. Meanwhile Callapine wearies of his captivity, and bribes his gaoler Almada to let him escape. Tamburlaine prepares to meet his enemies in the field.

ACT I SCENE II

Enter CALLAPINE with ALMEDA, his Keeper

Call Sweet Almada, pity the ruthless plight
Of Callapine, the son of Bajazeth,
Born to be monarch of the western world,
Yet here detained by cruel Tamburlaine

Alm My lord, I pity it, and with all my heart
Wish you release, but he whose wrath is death,
My sovereign lord, renowned Tamburlaine,
Forbids you farther liberty than this

Call Ah, were I now but half so eloquent
To paint in words what I'll perform in deeds, 10
I know thou would'st depart from hence with me

Alm Not for all Afric therefore move me not

Call Yet hear me speak, my gentle Almada

Alm No speech to that end, by your favour, sir

Call By Cairo runs——

Alm No talk of running, I tell you, sir

Call A little farther, gentle Almada

Alm Well, sir, what of this?

Call By Cairo runs to Alexandria bay
Darote's streams, wherein at anchor lies 20
A Turkish galley of my royal fleet,
Waiting my coming to the river side,
Hoping by some means I shall be released,
Which, when I come aboard, will hoist up sail,
And soon put forth into the Terrene sea,
Where, 'twixt the isles of Cyprus and of Crete,
We quickly may in Turkish seas arrive

Then shalt thou see a hundred kings and moie,
Upon their knees, all bid me welcome home,
Amongst so many crowns of burnished gold, 30
Choose which thou wilt, all are at thy command ,
A thousand galleys, manned with Christian slaves,
I freely give thee, which shall cut the Straits,
And bring armados from the coasts of Spain
Fraughted with gold of rich America ,
The Grecian virgins shall attend on thee,
Skilful in music and in amorous lays,
As fair as was Pygmalion's ivory girl
Or lovely Io metamorphosèd

With naked negroes shall thy coach be drawn, 40
And as thou rid'st in triumph through the streets
The pavement underneath thy chariot wheels
With Turkey carpets shall be covered,
And cloth of Arras hung about the walls,
Fit objects for thy princely eye to pierce
A hundred bassoes, clothed in crimson silk,
Shall ride before thee on Barbarian steeds ,
And when thou goest, a golden canopy
Enchased with precious stones, which shine as bright
As that fair veil that covers all the world, 50
When Phoebus, leaping from the hemisphere,
Descendeth downward to the Antipodes,
And more than this—for all I cannot tell

Alm How far hence lies the galley, say you ?

Call Sweet Almeda, scarce half a league from hence

Alm But need we not be spied going aboard ?

Call Betwixt the hollow hanging of a hill,

And crookèd bending of a craggy rock,

The sails wrapt up, the mast and tacklings down,

She lies so close that none can find her out 60

Alm. I like that well but tell me, my lord, if I should

let you go, would you be as good as your word ? shall I
be made a king for my labour !

Call As I am Callapine the Emperor,
And by the hand of Mahomet I swear
Thou shalt be crowned a king, and be my mate

Alm Then here I swear, as I am Almeda
Your keeper under Tamburlaine the Great
(For that's the style and title I have yet),
Although he sent a thousand armed men 70
To intercept this haughty enterprise,
Yet would I venture to conduct your grace,
And die before I brought you back again

Call Thanks, gentle Almeda, then let us haste,
Lest time be past, and lingering let us both

Alm When you will, my lord, I am ready

Call Even straight, and farewell, curs'd Tamburlaine
Now go I to revenge my father's death. [*Exeunt*]

ACT I SCENE III

*Enter TAMBURLAINE, ZENOCRATE, and their three Sons,
CALYPHAS, AMYRAS, and CELEBINUS, with drums and
trumpets*

Tamb Now, bright Zenocrate, the world's fair eye,
Whose beams illuminate the lamps of Heaven,
Whose cheerful looks do clear the cloudy air,
And clothe it in a crystal livery,
Now rest thee here on fair Larissa plains,
Where Egypt and the Turkish empire part
Between thy sons, that shall be emperors,
And every one commander of a world

Zeno Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these
arms,
And save thy sacred person free from scathe, 10
And dangerous chances of the wrathful war ?

Tamb When Heaven shall cease to move on both the
poles,
And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
Shall rise aloft and touch the horned moon,
And not before, my sweet Zenocrate
Sit up, and rest thee like a lovely queen ,
So, now she sits in pomp and majesty,
When these, my sons, more precious in mine eyes,
Than all the wealthy kingdoms I subdued,
Placed by her side, look on their mother's face 20
But yet methinks their looks are amorous,
Not martial as the sons of Tamburlaine
Water and air, being symbolized in one,
Aigue their want of courage and of wit ,
Their hair as white as milk and soft as down
(Which should be like the gulls of porcupines
As black as jet and hard as iron or steel),
Bewrays they are too dainty for the wars ,
Their fingers made to quaver on a lute,
Their arms to hang about a lady's neck, 20
Their legs to dance and caper in the air,
Would make me think them bastards not my sons,
But that I know they issued from thy womb
That never looked on man but Tamburlaine

Zeno My gracious lord, they have then mother's looks,
But when they list their conquering father's heart
This lovely boy, the youngest of the three,
Not long ago bestrid a Scythian steed,
Trotting the ring, and tilting at a glove,
Which when he tainted with his slender rod, 40
He reined him straight and made him so curvet,
As I cried out for fear he should have fallen

Tamb. Well done, my boy, thou shalt have shield and
lance,

Armour of proof, horse, helm, and curtle axe,
 And I will teach thee how to charge thy foe,
 And harmless run among the deadly pikes
 If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
 Thou shalt be made a king and reign with me,
 Keeping in iron cages emperors
 If thou exceed thy elder brothers' worth 50
 And shine in complete virtue more than they,
 Thou shalt be king before them, and thy seed
 Shall issue crowned from their mother's womb

Cal Yes, father you shall see me, if I live,
 Have under me as many kings as you,
 And march with such a multitude of men,
 As all the world shall tremble at their view.

Tamb These words assure me, boy, thou art my son
 When I am old and cannot manage arms,
 Be thou the scourge and terror of the world 60

Amy Why may not I, my lord, as well as he,
 Be termed the scourge and terror of the world?

Tamb Be all a scourge and terror to the world,
 Or else you are not sons of Tamburlaine

Cal But while my brothers follow arms, my lord,
 Let me accompany my gracious mother,
 They are enough to conquer all the world,
 And you have won enough for me to keep.

Tamb Bastardly boy, sprung from some coward's loins,
 And not the issue of great Tamburlaine, 70
 Of all the provinces I have subdued,
 Thou shalt not have a foot unless thou bear
 A mind courageous and invincible.
 For he shall wear the crown of Persia
 Whose head hath deepest scars, whose breast most
 wounds,

Which being wroth sends lightning from his eyes,

And in the furrows of his frowning brows
Harbours revenge, war, death, and cruelty ,
For in a field, whose superficies
Is covered with a liquid purple veil 80
And sprinkled with the brains of slaughtered men,
My royal chair of state shall be advanced ,
And he that means to place himself therein,
Must armed wade up to the chin in blood

Zeno My lord, such speeches to our princely sons
Dismay their minds before they come to prove
The wounding troubles angry war affords

Cel No, madam, these are speeches fit for us,
For if his chair were in a sea of blood
I would prepare a ship and sail to it, 90
Ere I would lose the title of a king

Amy And I would strive to swim through pools of
blood,
Or make a bridge of murdered carcasses,
Whose arches should be framed with bones of Turks,
Ere I would lose the title of a king

Tamb Well, lovely boys, ye shall be emperors both,
Stretching your conquering arms from East to West ,
And, sirrah, if you mean to wear a crown,
When we shall meet the Turkish deputy
And all his viceroys, snatch it from his head, 100
And cleave his pericranium with thy sword

Cal If any man will hold him, I will strike
And cleave him to the channel with my sword

Tamb Hold him, and cleave him too, or I'll cleave
thee,

For we will march against them presently
Theridamas, Techelles, and Casane
Promised to meet me on Larissa plains
With hosts apiece against this Turkish crew ,

For I have sworn by sacred Mahomet
 To make it parcel of my empery , 110
 The trumpets sound, Zenocrate , they come

*Enter THERIDAMAS and his Train, with drums and
 trumpets*

Tamb Welcome, Theridamas, King of Algier
The My lord, the great and mighty Tamburlaine,—
 Arch monarch of the world, I offer here
 My crown, myself, and all the power I have,
 In all affection at thy kingly feet

Tamb Thanks, good Theridamas

The Under my colours march ten thousand Greeks ,
 And of Argier's and Afric's frontier towns
 Twice twenty thousand valiant men at arms, 120
 All which have sworn to sack Natolia
 Five hundred bugandines are under sail,
 Meet for your service on the sea, my lord,
 That launching from Algier to Tripoli,
 Will quickly ride before Natolia,
 And batter down the castles on the shore

Tamb Well said, Argier , receive thy crown again.

Enter TECHELLES and USUMCASANE together

Tamb Kings of Morocco and of Fez, welcome

Usur Magnificent and peerless Tamburlaine !
 I and my neighbour King of Fez have brought 130
 To aid thee in this Turkish expedition,
 A hundred thousand expert soldiers
 From Azamor to Tunis near the sea
 Is Barbary unpeopled for thy sake,
 And all the men in armour under me,
 Which with my crown I gladly offer thee.

Tamb Thanks, King of Morocco, take your crown
 again

Tech And, mighty Tamburlaine, our earthly god,
Whose looks make this inferior world to quake,
I here present thee with the crown of Fez, 140
And with an host of Moois trained to the war,
Whose coal black faces make their foes retire,
And quake for fear, as if infernal Jove
Meaning to aid thee in these Turkish arms,
Should pierce the black circumference of hell
With ugly Furies bearing fiery flags,
And millions of his strong tormenting spirits
From strong Tesella unto Biledull
All Barbary is unpeopled for thy sake

Tamb Thanks, King of Fez, take here thy crown again
Your presence, loving friends, and fellow kings, 151
Makes me to surfeit in conceiving joy
If all the crystal gates of Jove's high court
Were opened wide, and I might enter in
To see the state and majesty of Heaven,
It could not more delight me than your sight
Now will we banquet on these plains awhile,
And after march to Turkey with our camp,
In number more than are the drops that fall,
When Boreas rents a thousand swelling clouds, 160
And proud Orcanes of Natolia
With all his viceroys shall be so afraid,
That though the stones, as at Deucalion's flood,
Were turned to men, he should be overcome
Such lavish will I make of Turkish blood,
That Jove shall send his winged messenger
To bid me sheathe my sword and leave the field,
The sun unable to sustain the sight,
Shall hide his head in Thetis' watery lap,
And leave his steeds to fall Bootes' charge, 170
For half the world shall perish in this fight

But now, my friends, let me examine ye ,
How have ye spent your absent time from me ?

Usum My lord, our men of Barbary have marched
Four hundred miles with armour on their backs,
And lain in leagues fifteen months and more ,
For, since we left you at the Soldan's court,
We have subdued the southern Guallatia,
And all the land unto the coast of Spain ,
We kept the narrow Strait of Jubaltèr, 180
And made Canaria call us kings and lords ,
Yet never did they recreate themselves,
On cease one day from war and hot alarms,
And therefore let them rest awhile, my lord

Tamb They shall, Casane, and 'tis time I' faith

Tech And I have marched along the river Nile
To Machda, where the mighty Christian priest,
Called John the Great, sits in a milk white robe,
Whose triple mitre I did take by force,
And made him swear obedience to my crown , 190
From thence unto Cazates did I march,
Where Amazonians met me in the field,
With whom, being women, I vouchsafed a league,
And with my power did march to Zanzibar,
The eastern part of Afic, where I viewed
The Ethiopian sea, rivers and lakes,
But neither man nor child in all the land ,
Therefore I took my course to Manico,
Where unresisted, I removed my camp ,
And by the coast of Byather, at last 200
I came to Cubar, where the negroes dwell,
And conquering that, made haste to Nubia
There, having sacked Borno the kingly seat,
I took the king and led him bound in chains
Unto Damasco, where I stayed before

Tamb Well done, Techelles What saith Theridamas ?

Ther I left the confines and bounds of Afric

And thence I made a voyage into Europe,

Where by the river Tyras I subdued

Stoka, Podolia, and Codemia ,

210

Thence crossed the sea and came to Oblia

And Nigra Sylva, where the devils dance,

Which in despite of them I set on fire

From thence I crossed the gulf called by the name

Mare Majore of the inhabitants

Yet shall my soldiers make no period,

Until Natolia kneel before your feet

Tamb Then will we triumph, banquet and carouse ,

Cooks shall have pensions to provide us cates,

And glut us with the dainties of the world ,

220

Lachryma Christi and Calabrian wines

Shall common soldiers drink in quaffing bowls,

Aye, liquid gold (when we have conquered him)

Mingled with coral and with orient pearl

Come, let us banquet and carouse the whiles [*Exeunt*

ACT II

Sigismund, Friederick, and Baldwin conspire to break tith and march upon their Mahommedan allies A battle ensues in which Sigismund is slain and the Christian army put to flight Tamburlaine, setting out to meet Orcanes, is delayed by the illness of Zenocrate

ACT II SCENE IV

ZENOCRATE *is discovered lying in her bed of state, with*

TAMBURLAINE *sitting by her About her bed are three*

PHYSICIANS *tempering potions Around are THERI*

DAMAS, TECHELLES, USUMCASANE, *and her three Sons*

Tamb Black is the beauty of the brightest day ,

The golden ball of Heaven's eternal fire,

That danced with glory on the silver waves,
 Now wants the fuel that inflamed his beams,
 And all with faintness, and for foul disgrace,
 He binds his temples with a frowning cloud,
 Ready to darken earth with endless night
 Zenocrate, that gave him light and life,
 Whose eyes shot fire from their ivory bowers
 And tempered every soul with lively heat, 10
 Now by the malice of the angry skies,
 Whose jealousy admits no second mate,
 Draws in the comfort of her latest breath,
 All dazzled with the hellish mists of death
 Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven,
 As sentinels to wain the immortal souls
 To entertain divine Zenocrate
 Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
 That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,
 Shine downward now no more, but deck the Heavens,
 To entertain divine Zenocrate 21
 The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
 Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
 Like tined silver, run through Paradise,
 To entertain divine Zenocrate
 The cherubins and holy seraphins,
 That sing and play before the King of kings,
 Use all their voices and their instruments
 To entertain divine Zenocrate
 And in this sweet and curious harmony, 30
 The God that tunes this music to our souls,
 Holds out his hand in highest majesty
 To entertain divine Zenocrate
 Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
 Up to the palace of th' empyreal Heaven,
 That this my life may be as short to me

As are the days of sweet Zenociate —

Physicians, will no physic do her good ?

Phys My lord, your majesty shall soon perceive
And if she pass this fit, the worst is past 40

Tamb Tell me, how fares my fair Zenociate

Zeno I fare, my lord, as other empresses,
That, when this frail and transitory flesh
Hath sucked the measure of that vital air
That feeds the body with his dated health,
Wade with enforced and necessary change

Tamb May never such a change transform my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified with health,
Gives light to Phoebus and the fixed stars ! 50
Whose absence makes the sun and moon as dark
As when, opposed in one diameter,
Their spheres are mounted on the serpent's head,
Or else descended to his winding train
Live still, my love, and so conserve my life,
Or, dying, be the author of my death !

Zeno Live still, my lord ! Oh, let my sovereign live,
And sooner let the fiery element
Dissolve and make your kingdom in the sky,
Than this base earth should shroud your majesty 60
For should I but suspect your death by mine
The comfort of my future happiness,
And hope to meet your highness in the Heavens,
Turned to despair, would break my wretched breast,
And fury would confound my present rest
But let me die, my love, yet let me die,
With love and patience let your true love die !
Your grief and fury hurts my second life —
Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,
And let me die with kissing of my lord 70

But since my life is lengthened yet a while,
 Let me take leave of these my loving sons,
 And of my lords, whose true nobility
 Have merited my latest memory
 Sweet sons, farewell ! In death resemble me,
 And in your lives your father's excellence
 Some music, and my fit will cease, my lord

[*They call for music*

Tamb Proud fury, and intolerable fit,
 That dares torment the body of my love,
 And scourge the scourge of the immortal God 80
 Now are those spheres, where Cupid used to sit,
 Wounding the world with wonder and with love,
 Sadly supplied with pale and ghastly death,
 Whose darts do pierce the centre of my soul
 Her sacred beauty hath enchanted Heaven ,
 And had she lived before the siege of Troy,
 Helen (whose beauty summoned Greece to arms,
 And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos)
 Had not been named in Homer's Iliad ,
 Her name had been in every line he wrote 90
 Or had those wanton poets, for whose birth
 Old Rome was proud, but gazed a while on her,
 Nor Lesbia nor Corinna had been named ,
 Zenocrate had been the argument
 Of every epigram or elegy

[*The music sounds —ZENOCRATE dies*

What ! is she dead ? Techelles, draw thy sword
 And wound the earth, that it may cleave in twain,
 And we descend into the infernal vaults,
 To hale the Fatal Sisters by the hair,
 And throw them in the triple moat of hell, 100
 For taking hence my fair Zenocrate
 Casane and Theridamas, to arms !

Raise cavaleros higher than the clouds,
 And with the cannon break the frame of Heaven ,
 Batter the shining palace of the sun,
 And shiver all the starry firmament,
 For amorous Jove hath snatched my love from hence,
 Meaning to make her stately queen of Heaven
 What God soever holds thee in his aims,
 Giving thee nectar and ambrosia, 110
 Behold me here, divine Zenocrate,
 Raving, impatient, desperate, and mad,
 Breaking my steeled lance, with which I buist
 The rusty beams of Janus' temple doors,
 Letting out Death and tyrannizing War,
 To march with me under this bloody flag '
 And if thou pitiest Tamburlaine the Great,
 Come down from Heaven, and live with me again '

Ther Ah, good my lord, be patient , she is dead,
 And all this raging cannot make her live 120
 If words might serve, our voice hath rent the air ,
 If tears, our eyes have watered all the earth ,
 If grief, our murdered hearts have strained forth blood ,
 Nothing prevails, for she is dead, my lord

Tamb 'For she is dead !' Thy words do pierce my
 soul !

Ah, sweet Theridamas ' say so no more ,
 Though she be dead, yet let me think she lives,
 And feed my mind that dies for want of her
 Where'er her soul be, thou [*To the body*] shalt stay with
 me,

Embalmed with cassia, ambergris, and myrrh, 130
 Not lapt in lead, but in a sheet of gold,
 And till I die thou shalt not be interred
 Then in as rich a tomb as Mausolus
 We both will rest and have one epitaph

Wilt in as many several languages
 As I have conquered kingdoms with my sword
 This cursed town will I consume with fire,
 Because this place bereaved me of my love
 The houses, burnt, will look as if they mourned
 And here will I set up her statua, 140
 And march about it with my mourning camp
 Drooping and pining for Zenocrate [The scene closes]

ACT III

Callapine, having effected his escape, returns to his own people and is crowned Emperor of Turkey by Oicanes and the allied kings of Jerusalem, Tiebizond, and Soria. Techelles and Therdamas invade Soria, take its capital Balseia by storm, and capture Olympia. Tamburlaine himself marches against Oicanes and Callapine. Act IV begins on the battlefield.

ACT IV SCENE I

Alarums within — AMYRAS and CELEBINUS issue from the tent where CALYPHAS sits asleep

Amy Now in their glories shine the golden crowns
 Of these proud Turks, much like so many suns
 That half dismay the majesty of Heaven
 Now, brother, follow we our father's sword,
 That flies with fury swifter than our thoughts,
 And cuts down armies with his conquering wings
Cel Call forth our lazy brother from the tent,
 For if my father miss him in the field,
 Wrath, kindled in the furnace of his breast,
 Will send a deadly lightning to his heart 10

Amy Brother, ho ! what given so much to sleep !
 You cannot leave it, when our enemies' drums
 And rattling cannons thunder in our ears
 Our proper ruin and our father's foil ?

Cal Away, ye fools ! my father needs not me,

Nor you in faith, but that you will be thought
More childish valorous than manly-wise
If half our camp should sit and sleep with me
My father were enough to scare the foe
You do dishonour to his majesty, 20
To think our helps will do him any good

Amy What, dar'st thou then be absent from the field,
Knowing my father hates thy cowardice,
And oft hath warned thee to be still in field,
When he himself amidst the thickest troops
Beats down our foes, to flesh our taintless swords?

Cal I know, sir, what it is to kill a man,
It works remorse of conscience in me,
I take no pleasure to be murderous,
Nor care for blood when wine will quench my thirst 30

Cel O cowardly boy! Fie! for shame come forth!
Thou dost dishonour manhood and thy house

Cal Go, go, tall stripling, fight you for us both,
And take my other toward brother here,
For person like to prove a second Mais
'Twill please my mind as well to hear you both
Have won a heap of honour in the field
And left your slender carcasses behind,
As if I lay with you for company

Amy You will not go then? 40

Cal You say true

Amy Were all the lofty mounts of Zona Mundi
That fill the midst of farthest Tartary
Turned into pearl and proffered for my stay,
I would not bide the fury of my father,
When, made a victor in these haughty arms,
He comes and finds his sons have had no shares
In all the honours he proposed for us

Cal Take you the honour, I will take my ease,

My wisdom shall excuse my cowardice, 50
I go into the field before I need !

[*Alarums — AMYRAS and CELEBINUS run out*

The bullets fly at random where they list ,
And should I go and kill a thousand men,
I were as soon rewarded with a shot,
And sooner far than he that never fights
And should I go and do no harm nor good,
I might have harm which all the good I have,
Joined with my father's crown, would never cure
I'll to cards.

Tamburlaine returns triumphant, and in a fit of rage stabs his laggard son Calyphas for skulking from the battle. Having divided the spoil, and compelled the kings of Jerusalem and Soria to draw his chariot, he announces to Techelles that his next expedition is to be against Babylon.

ACT IV SCENE IV

Tech Let us not be idle then, my lord,
But presently be prest to conquer it

Tamb We will, Techelles Forward then, ye jades.
Now crouch, ye kings of greatest Asia,
And tremble when ye hear this scourge will come
That whips down cities and controlleth crowns,
Adding their wealth and treasure to my store
The Euxine sea, north to Natolia ,
The Terrene, west , the Caspian, north north east ,
And on the south, Sinus Arabicus , 10
Shall all be loaden with the martial spoils
We will convey with us to Persia.
Then shall my native city, Samarcanda,
And crystal waves of fresh Jaertis' stream,
The pride and beauty of her princely seat,
Be famous through the furthest continents,

For there my palace royal shall be placed,
 Whose shining turrets shall dismay the Heavens,
 And cast the fame of Ilion's tower to hell.
 Thorough the streets with troops of conquered kings, 20
 I'll ride in golden armour like the sun,
 And in my helm a triple plume shall spring,
 Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air,
 To note me emperor of the threefold world,
 Like to an almond tree y mounted high
 Upon the lofty and celestial mount
 Of ever green Selinus quaintly decked
 With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
 Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
 At every little breath through Heaven is blown 30
 Then in my coach, like Saturn's royal son
 Mounted, his shining chariot gilt with fire,
 And drawn with princely eagles through the path
 Paved with bright crystal and enchased with stars,
 When all the gods stand gazing at his pomp,
 So will I ride through Samarcanda streets,
 Until my soul, dissevered from this flesh,
 Shall mount the milk-white way, and meet him there,
 To Babylon, my lords, to Babylon ' [Exeunt

ACT V

Tamburlaine sacks Babylon, hangs the Governor on the walls,
 and massacres the inhabitants He then marches to meet Calla-
 pine, when he is suddenly struck down by sickness

ACT V SCENE III.

*Enter TAMBURLAINE drawn in his chariot by the captive
 Kings as before, AMYRAS, CELEBINUS, and Physicians*

Tamb What daring god torments my body thus,
 And seeks to conquer mighty Tamburlaine?

Shall sickness prove me now to be a man,
 That have been termed the terror of the world ?
 Techelles and the rest, come, take your swords,
 And threaten him whose hand afflicts my soul
 Come, let us march against the powers of Heaven,
 And set black streamers in the firmament,
 To signify the slaughter of the gods
 Ah, friends, what shall I do ? I cannot stand 10
 Come carry me to war against the gods
 That thus envy the health of Tamburlaine

Ther Ah, good my lord, leave these impatient words,
 Which add much danger to your malady

Tamb Why, shall I sit and languish in this pain ?
 No, strike the drums, and in revenge of this,
 Come, let us charge our spears and pierce his breast,
 Whose shoulders bear the axis of the world,
 That, if I perish, Heaven and earth may fade
 Theridamas, haste to the court of Jove, 20
 Will him to send Apollo hither straight,
 To cure me, or I'll fetch him down myself

Tech Sit still, my gracious lord, this grief will cease,
 And cannot last, it is so violent

Tamb Not last, Techelles ?—No ! for I shall die
 See, where my slave, the ugly monster, Death,
 Shaking and quivering, pale and wan for fear,
 Stands aiming at me with his murdering dart,
 Who flies away at every glance I give,
 And, when I look away, comes stealing on 30
 Villain, away, and hie thee to the field !
 I and mine army come to load thy back
 With souls of thousand mangled carcasses
 Look, where he goes, but see, he comes again,
 Because I stay Techelles, let us march
 And weary Death with bearing souls to hell

Enter Messenger

Mes My lord, young Callapine, that lately fled from your majesty, hath now gathered a fresh army, and hearing your absence in the field, offers to set upon us presently 40

Tamb See, my physicians now, how Jove hath sent A present medicine to recure my pain.
My looks shall make them fly, and might I follow,
There should not one of all the villain's power
Live to give offer of another fight

Usum I joy, my lord, your highness is so strong,
That can endure so well your royal presence,
Which only will dismay the enemy

Tamb I know it will, Casane Draw, you slaves ,
In spite of death, I will go show my face 50

*[Alarums — Exit TAMBURLAINE and the rest,
with the exception of the Physicians They
all presently re enter*

Tamb Thus are the villain cowards fled for fear,
Like summer's vapours vanished by the sun ,
And could I but awhile pursue the field,
That Callapine should be my slave again
But I perceive my martial strength is spent
In vain I strive and rail against those powers,
That mean to invest me in a higher throne,
As much too high for this disdainful earth
Give me a map , then let me see how much
Is left for me to conquer all the world, 60
That these, my boys, may finish all my wants

[One brings a map

Here I began to march towards Persia,
Along Armenia and the Caspian Sea,
And thence unto Bithynia, where I took
The Turk and his great Empress prisoners

Thence marched I into Egypt and Arabia,
 And here, not far from Alexandria,
 Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet,
 Being distant less than full a hundred leagues,
 I meant to cut a channel to them both, 70
 That men might quickly sail to India
 From thence to Nubia near Borno lake,
 And so along the Aethiopian sea,
 Cutting the Tropic line of Capricorn,
 I conquered all as far as Zanzibar
 Then, by the northern part of Africa,
 I came at last to Graecia, and from thence
 To Asia, where I stay against my will,
 Which is from Scythia, where I first began,
 Backwards and forwards near five thousand leagues 80
 Look here, my boys, see what a world of ground
 Lies westward from the midst of Cancer's line,
 Unto the rising of this earthly globe,
 Whereas the sun, declining from our sight,
 Begins the day with our Antipodes '
 And shall I die, and this unconquered ?
 Lo, here, my sons, are all the golden mines,
 Inestimable drugs and precious stones,
 More worth than Asia and the world beside,
 And from the Antarctic Pole eastward behold 90
 As much more land, which never was descried,
 Wherein are rocks of pearl that shine as bright
 As all the lamps that beautify the sky '
 And shall I die, and this unconquered ?
 Here, lovely boys, what death forbids my life,
 That let your lives command in spite of death
Amy Alas, my lord, how should our bleeding hearts,
 Wounded and broken with your highness' grief,
 Retain a thought of joy or spark of life ?

Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects, 100
Whose matter is incorporate in your flesh

Cel Your pains do pierce our souls, no hope survives,
For by your life we entertain our lives

Tamb But, sons, this subject, not of force enough
To hold the fiery spirit it contains,
Must part, imparting his impressions
By equal portions into both your breasts,
My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
Shall still retain my spirit, though I die,
And live in all your seeds immortally 110
Then now remove me, that I may resign
My place and proper title to my son
First, take my scourge and my imperial crown,
And mount my royal chariot of estate,
That I may see thee crowned before I die
Help me, my lords, to make my last remove

[They lift him from the chariot]

Ther A woful change, my lord, that daunts our
thoughts,
More than the ruin of our proper souls !

Tamb Sit up, my son, and let me see how well
Thou wilt become thy father's majesty 120

Amy With what a flinty bosom should I joy
The breath of life and burthen of my soul,
If not resolved into resolved pains,
My body's mortified lineaments
Should exercise the motions of my heart,
Pierced with the joy of any dignity !
O father ! if the unrelenting ears
Of death and hell be shut against my prayers,
And that the spiteful influence of Heaven,
Deny my soul fruition of her joy, 130
How should I step, or stir my hateful feet

Against the inward powers of my heart,
 Leading a life that only strives to die,
 And plead in vain displeasing sovereignty ?

Tamb Let not thy love exceed thine honour, son,
 Nor bar thy mind that magnanimity
 That nobly must admit necessity
 Sit up, my boy, and with those silken reins
 Bridle the steeled stomachs of those jades

The My lord, you must obey his majesty, 140
 Since fate commands and proud necessity

Amy Heavens witness me with what a broken heart
 And damned spirit I ascend this seat,
 And send my soul, before my father die,
 His anguish and his burning agony !

[*They crown* AMYRAS

Tamb Now fetch the hearse of fair Zenocrate ,
 Let it be placed by this my fatal chair,
 And serve as parcel of my funeral

Usum Then feels your majesty no sovereign ease,
 Nor may our hearts, all drowned in tears of blood, 150
 Joy any hope of your recovery ?

Tamb Casane, no , the monarch of the earth,
 And eyeless monster that torments my soul,
 Cannot behold the tears ye shed for me,
 And therefore still augments his cruelty

Tech Then let some God oppose his holy power
 Against the wrath and tyranny of Death,
 That his tear-thirsty and unquenched hate
 May be upon himself reverberate !

[*They bring in the hearse of* ZENOCRATT

Tamb Now eyes enjoy your latest benefit, 160
 And when my soul hath virtue of your sight,
 Pierce through the coffin and the sheet of gold,
 And glut your longings with a heaven of joy

So reign, my son , scourge and control those slaves,
Guiding thy chariot with thy father's hand
As precious is the charge thou undertakest
As that which Clymene's brain sick son did guide,
When wandering Phoebe's ivory cheeks were scorched,
And all the earth, like Aetna, breathing fire ,
Be warned by him, then , learn with awful eye 170
To sway a throne as dangerous as his ,
For if thy body thrive not full of thoughts
As pure and fiery as Phyteus' beams,
The nature of these proud rebelling jades
Will take occasion by the slenderest han,
And draw thee piecemeal like Hippolytus,
Through rocks more steep and sharp than Caspian cliffs
The nature of thy chariot will not bear
A guide of baser temper than myself,
More than Heaven's coach the pride of Phaeton 180
Farewell, my boys , my dearest friends farewell '
My body feels, my soul doth weep to see
Your sweet desires deprived my company,
For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die

[*He dies*

Amy Meet Heaven and Earth, and here let all things
end,

For Earth hath spent the pride of all her fruit,
And Heaven consumed his choicest living fire
Let Earth and Heaven his timeless death deplore,
For both their worths will equal him no more

CHAPTER V

LEARNED TRAGEDY

WE have seen that, from 1560 onwards, there arose in England a fashion of writing tragedies upon Classical subjects, now derived through Seneca or other intermediaries from the Greek drama, now founded directly on some episode or event in Ancient History. Towards the turn of the century this wave receded before the gradual progress and advance of Romantic feeling, and though in 1601 Shakespeare brought it to a flood-tide with *Julius Caesar*, it spread but narrowly among his contemporaries and successors. Yet it is from the greatest of his contemporaries that we may take the most salient example of 'Classical' tragedy which is to be found outside his own work. Jonson, indeed, was well fitted to set a Roman story upon the stage. He had a considerable knowledge of Latin literature, he had a considerable sense of proportion and stagecraft, it is not fantastic to trace in his actual career something of sympathy and kinship with the Roman spirit. Solid and self-reliant he planted himself four-square in the polity of letters, a fearless critic he could admire 'on this side idolatry', if he was stern to his enemies he was in equal measure loyal to his friends. In one of his conversations with Drummond¹ he narrates how he collaborated with Marston and Chapman over a play, how a passage,

¹ *Conversations*, xiii. The play was *Lastward Ho*, and appeared in 1605.

in which he had no hand, gave umbrage to the Court and led to the arrest of his two comrades, how he voluntarily shared their imprisonment, and how his old mother, the minister's widow who had married the bricklayer, hearing that he was like to have his nose slit for the offence, compounded a 'lustie strong poison' for him (and for herself) that he might so escape from bringing public shame upon the family. It is more like an anecdote from the reign of Nero than from that of James I.

Sejanus is closely modelled on the *Annals* of Tacitus. Some of the speeches are paraphrases, many of the passages are almost verbatim translations, the plot is sometimes enlarged, sometimes concentrated from the historical record. To compare it with *Julius Caesar*, which preceded it by two years, is to recall the famous wit-combats between Jonson and Shakespeare, the one 'like a Spanish galleon', towering deck above deck and weighted over the load-line with erudition, the other such an English vessel as helped to defeat the Armada, outsailing its tall antagonist by sheer genius of seamanship. Yet, if the galleon were slow to tack, it was irresistible on a straight course. There is, for instance, nothing in Jonson's play so brilliant as the flash of dialogue, 'Did Cicero speak?' 'Aye, he spoke Greek,' which gives the whole character of Cicero in four words, but there is real insight in the line which sums up *Sejanus'* opinion of his most rhetorical opponent —

And there's Arruntius, too, he only talks

Up to that point we have regarded Arruntius as an embodiment of republican fervour, in a moment we see that this new estimate of him is right, and from thenceforward he sinks to the level of mere humorous commentary.

In the character of Tiberius, Jonson unquestion-

ably improves on his original. It is one of the commonplaces of history that Tacitus attempted the portrait of a vindictive and bloodthirsty despot, and succeeded in depicting a suspicious, hesitating, and not unkindly pedant anxious for justice, anxious for the welfare of Rome, and especially anxious to avoid all semblance of responsibility. He has given us two Emperors, one in his narrative and the other in his comments, Jonson cuts through the incongruity and presents us with a single coherent picture which is probably much nearer to life. Sejanus, too, is an admirable study, and the irony of his fate, skilfully prefaced by an alternation of good news and evil omens, brings the whole play to a forcible and dramatic climax.

As is the content so is the form. We can see Jonson himself in these sturdy forthright verses which, though they have neither the glamour of Shakespeare nor the resonant voice of Marlowe, maintain their tenour with a strong and masculine eloquence. There is something of the Roman *gravitas* in his speech, it is weighty and senatorial, seldom impassioned, but almost invariably wise and illuminating. It is, moreover, of remarkably even workmanship: if there are few jewels, yet the metal is pure and the curve shapely. We are told that Shakespeare, who took part in the first performance, added 'a good share' to the acting version, and that Jonson, when he published the play, refused to accept gifts even at the hand of the gods. 'I have rather chosen,' he says, 'to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing, of mine own, than defraud so happy a genius of his right by my loathed usurpation.'¹ In the whole history of our literature there is no figure more consistent.

¹ Preface to *Sejanus*. Jonson does not mention the name of his collaborator. Opinions are divided between Shakespeare and Chapman.

BEN JONSON (1573-1637) came of a Cumberland family. His father lost his estate during the religious persecutions of Queen Mary's reign, took Holy Orders, and died, apparently in London, a month before the boy was born. His mother, left in extreme poverty, married a bricklayer of 'Hart's horn lane, near Chaining Cross', with whose assistance she brought up her son as well as her meagre circumstances would allow. He was educated at Westminster, perhaps by the charity of William Camden, and proceeded from thence to Cambridge, but for want of money was obliged to leave the University after a residence of a few weeks. On returning to London he was taken into his step-father's trade, but finding this intolerable he enlisted in the English forces which were then fighting in the Low Countries under Maurice of Nassau. About 1595 he came back to England, and joined one of Henslowe's companies, probably that which was playing at the Swan Garden theatre. In 1598 *Every Man in his Humour* was, at the instance of Shakespeare, accepted for representation, and played by 'The Lord Chamberlain's Servants'. *Every Man out of his Humour* followed during the next year, in 1600 came *Cynthia's Revels*, in 1601 the *Poetaster*, which attacked Marston and Dekker, and provoked their retort in *Satirastix*, in 1603 came *Sejanus*, which (possibly as a result of the controversy) was driven from the theatre. On the accession of James I Jonson wrote a masque called the *Satyr*, which was so successful that he received many commissions for work of a like character, in 1604 the *Penates* was played before the king at Highgate, and in 1605 the *Masque of Blackness* was given at the Court on Twelfth Night, the queen taking part in the performance. He composed in all between thirty and forty of these entertainments, the most notable of which are the *Masque of Queens* (1609), called by Mr Swinburne 'one of the most splendid trophies of English literature', the *Golden Age Restored* (1616), in which Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate, and Spenser are introduced as characters, and the *Sad Shepherd*, an exquisite fragment which was left unfinished at his death. Of his plays *Volpone* appeared in 1605, the *Silent Woman* in 1609, the *Alchemist* in 1610, *Catiline*, which like *Sejanus* was ill-received, in 1611, and *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614. After this, except for one slight and unimportant comedy, Jonson withdrew from the public

stage till 1626, when he returned with the *Staple of News*, and followed it with the *New Inn* (1629), the *Magnetic Lady* (1632), and the *Tale of a Tub* (1633). In these later plays, though the details are as carefully elaborated, the hand has lost somewhat of its cunning. Besides his dramatic works, he wrote many miscellaneous poems and prose essays, which were collected in the volumes entitled *The Forest Underwoods* and *Timber or Discoveries*.

His life was a turbulent counterchange of extreme fortunes. He was born poor and died poor, yet for some years he stood high in Court favour, and he held the office of Poet Laureate. Thrice he was imprisoned, once for duelling and twice for suspected libel, throughout his career there were few intervals free from dispute or conflict. But he fought boldly and conquered generously, he struck no coward's blow, he took no unfair advantage, he maintained his weapons unbroken, and left behind him a name which even his antagonists held in reverence.

SEJANUS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

TIBERIUS	HATERIUS
DRUSUS senior	SANQUINIUS
NERO	POMPONIUS
DRUSUS junior	POSTHUMUS
CALIGULA	TRIO
ARRUNTIUS	MINUTIUS
SILIUS	SATRIUS
SABINUS	NATTA
LEPIDUS	OPSIUS
CORDUS	TRIBUNI
GALLUS	AGRIPPINA
REGULUS	LIVIA
TERENTIUS	SOSIA
LACO	
EUDEMUS	PRÆCONES
RUFUS	FLAMEN
SEJANUS	TUBICINES
LATIARIS	NUNTIUS
VARRO	LICTORES
MACRO	MINISTRI
COTTA	TIBICINES
AGER	SERVUS

ACT I SCENE I

The scene is laid at Rome, towards the latter part of the reign of Tiberius. Germanicus, the popular prince, is dead, and his widow Agrippina is living with her children at Rome in retirement. Drusus, the son of Tiberius, has been virtually nominated to the succession. But the whole political outlook is darkened by the figure of Sejanus, an adventurer of mean birth but of great ambition and capacity, who has obtained such influence with the emperor that he is now first minister of State, and it is feared that the succession may be set aside in his favour. All Rome is full of his spies—Satrius, Natta, and others—his power is unlimited, and he uses it for a close and grinding tyranny. At the opening of the scene a few patriotic citizens—Sabinus, Silius, and Latianus—are discussing the present evils. They are joined by Cordus the historian and Aruntius the senator, both men of republican sympathies. The scene then proceeds as follows —

Sab But these our times
Are not the same, Aruntius

Ar Times? the men,
The men are not the same 'tis we are base,
Poor, and degenerate from th' exalted strain
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
Of god like Cato? he, that durst be good,
When Caesar durst be evil, and had power,
As not to live his slave, to die his master
Or where's the constant Brutus? that (being proof 10
Against all charm of benefits) did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart
That fought unkindly to captive his country
Oh, they are fled the light. Those mighty spirits
Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire

Glow's in a present bosom All's but blaze,
 Flashes, and smoke, wheiewith we labour so,
 There's nothing Roman in us, nothing good,
 Gallant, or great 'tis true that Cordus says, 20
 'Brave Cassius was the last of all that race'

[*DRUSUS passes by*]

Sab Stand by, Lord Drusus

Hat Th' empeior's son, give place

Sil I like the pince well

Air A riotous youth

There's little hope of him

Sab That fault his age

Will, as it grows, correct Methinks he bears

Himself each day, more nobly than other

And wins no less on men's affections, 30

Than doth his father lose Believe me, I love him,

And chiefly for opposing to Sejanus

Sil And I, for gracing his young kinsmen so,

The sons of Prince Germanicus it shows

A gallant clearness in him, a straight mind,

That envies not, in them, their father's name

Air His name was, while he lived, above all envy

And being dead, without it Oh, that man!

If there were seeds of the old virtue left,

They lived in him 40

Sil He had the fruits, Airuntius,

More than the seeds Sabinus and myself

Had means to know him, within, and can report him

We were his followers, (he would call us friends)

He was a man most like to virtue, in all

And every action nearer to the gods

Than men in nature, of a body as fair

As was his mind, and no less reverend

In face than fame he could so use his state,

Temp'ring his greatness with his giavity, 50
 As it avoided all self love in him,
 And spite in others What his funerals lacked
 In images, and pomp, they had supplied
 With honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
 A kind of silent mourning, such as men
 (Who know no tears, but from their captives) use
 To show in so great losses

Cor I thought once
 Considering their foims, age, mannei of deaths,
 The nearness of the places where they fell, 60
 T' have paralleled him with great Alexander
 For both were of best feature, of high race,
 Yeared but to thirty, and, in foreign lands,
 By then own people, alike made away

Sab I know not, for his death, how you might wrest
 it
 But, for his life, it did as much disdain
 Comparison with that voluptuous, rash,
 Giddy, and drunken Macedon's, as mine
 Doth with my bond man's. All the good in him
 (His valour and his fortune) he made his, 70
 But he had other touches of late Romans
 That more did speak him Pompey's dignity,
 The innocence of Cato, Caesar's spirit,
 Wise Brutus' temperance, and every virtue,
 Which parted unto others, gave them name,
 Flowed mixed in him He was the soul of goodness
 And all our praises of him are like streams ^{poetry}
 Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave
 The part remaining greatest

Arr I am sure 80
 He was too great for us, and that they knew
 Who did remove him hence

Sab When men grow fast
Honoured and loved, there is a tick in state
(Which jealous princes never fail to use)
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honourable colours of employment,
Either by embassy, the way, or such,
To shift them forth into another all,
Where they may purge, and lessen, so was he 90
And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
And his more subtle dam, to discontent him,
To breed and cherish mutinies, detract
His greatest actions, give audacious check
To his commands, and work to put him out
In open act of treason All which snares
When his wise cares prevented, a fine poison
Was thought on, to mature their practices

Cor Here comes Sejanus

Sil Now observe the stoops, 100
The bendings, and the falls

Air Most creeping base! [*They pass over the stage*]

Sej I note em well no more Say you

Sat My lord,
There is a gentleman of Rome would buy——

Sej How do you call him you talked with?

Sat 'Please your lordship,
It is Eudemus, the physician
To Livia, Drusus' wife

Sej On with your suit 110
Would buy, you said——

Sat A tribune's place, my lord

Sej What will he give?

Sat Fifty sestertia

Sej Livia's physician, say you, is that fellow?

Sat It is, my lord, your lordship's answer

Sej To what ?

Sat The place, my lord 'Tis for a gentleman
You lordship will well like of when you see him ,
And one that you may make yours by the grant 130

Sej Well, let him bring his money, and his name

Sat 'Thank you lordship He shall, my lord

Sej Come hither

Know you this same Eudemus ? is he learned ?

Sat Reputed so, my lord, and of deep practice

Sej Bring him in to me in the gallery ,
And take you cause to leave us there together
I would confer with him, about a grief—— On

Al So, yet another ? yet ? Oh, desperate state
Of grov'ling honour ' seest thou this, O sun, 130
And do we see thee after ? Methinks, day
Should lose his light when men do lose their shames,
And for the empty circumstance of life
Betray their cause of living

ACT I SCENE II

Sejanus intrigues with Eudemus to gain for him the love of
Livia His real motive is, by her complicity, to remove Drusus
from his path Eudemus promises obedience

Sej Let me adore my Aesculapius
Why, this indeed is physic ' and outspeaks
The knowledge of cheap drugs, or any use
Can be made out of it ! more comforting
Than all your opiates, juleps, apozems,
Magistral syrups, or—— Begone, my friend,
Not barely styled, but created so ,
Expect things greater than thy largest hopes
To overtake thee fortune shall be taught

To know how ill she hath deserved thus long, 10
 To come behind thy wishes Go, and speed
 'Ambition makes more trusty slaves than need'
 These fellows, by the favour of their art,
 Have still the means to tempt, oft times the power
 If Livia will be now corrupted, then
 Thou hast the way, Sejanus, to work out
 His secrets, who (thou know'st) endures thee not,
 Her husband Drius and to work against them
 Prosper it, Pallas, thou that better'st wit,
 For Venus hath the smallest share in it 20

[*Enter TIBERIUS with Senators One kneels to him.*

Tib We not endure these flatteries, let him stand,
 Our empire, ensigns, axes, rods and state
 Take not away our human nature from us,
 Look up, on us, and fall before the gods,

Sej How like a god speaks Caesar!

Arr There observe!

He can endure that second, that's no flattery
 Oh, what is it proud slime will not believe
 Of his own worth, to hear it equal praised
 Thus with the gods? 30

Cor He did not hear it, sir

Arr. He did not? Tut, he must not, we think meanly
 'Tis your most countly known confederacy
 To have your private parasite redeem
 What he in public subtilly will lose
 To making him a name

Hat Right mighty lord——

Tib We must make up our ears 'gainst these assaults
 Of charming tongues, we pray you use no more
 These contumelies to us, style not us 40
 Or lord, or mighty, who profess our self
 The servant of the senate, and are proud

T' enjoy them our good, just, and favouring lords

Cor. Rarely dissembled

Arr Prince like to the life

Sab 'When power that may command so much descends,
Their bondage, when it stoops to, it intends'

Tib Whence are these letters?

Hat From the senate

Tib So

50

Whence these?

Lat From thence too

Tib Are they sitting now?

Lat They stay thy answer, Caesar

Sil If this man

Had but a mind allied unto his words,

How blest a fate were it to us, and Rome?

We could not think that state for which to change,

Although the aim were our old liberty

The ghosts of those that fell for that would grieve

60

Their bodies lived not, now, again to serve

'Men are deceived who think there can be thiall

Beneath a virtuous prince Wish'd liberty

Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown'

But, when his grace is merely but lip good,

And that no longer than he airs himself

Abroad in public, there to seem to shun

The strokes and stripes of flatterers, which within

Are lechery unto him, and so feed

His brutish sense with their afflicting sound,

70

As (dead to virtue) he permits himself

Be carried like a pitcher by the ears

To every act of vice this is a case

Deserves our fear, and doth presage the nigh

And close approach of blood and tyranny

'Flattery is midwife unto princes' rage

And nothing sooner doth help forth a tyiant
 Than that, and whisperers' grace, who have the time,
 The place, the pow'r, to make all men offenders '

Arr He should be told this , and be bid dissemble 80
 With fools and blind men we that know the evil
 Should hunt the palace rats, or give them bane ,
 Fright hence these worse than ravens, that devour
 The quick where they but prey upon the dead
 He shall be told it

Sab Stay, Arruntius,
 We must abide our opportunity ,
 And practice what is fit, as what is needful
 'It is not safe t' enforce a sovereign's ear
 Princes hear well, if they at all will hear ' 90

Arr Ha ! say you so ? well In the meantime, Jove
 (Say not, but I do call upon thee now)
 Of all wild beasts preserve me from a tyrant ,
 And of all tame, a flatterer

Sil 'Tis well pray'd

Tib Return the lords this voice, we are then creature
 And it is fit a good and honest prince,
 Whom they out of their bounty have instructed
 With so dilate and absolute a power,
 Should owe the office of it to their service, 100
 And good of all and every citizen
 Nor shall it e'er repent us to have wished
 The senate just, and fav'ring lords unto us,
 ' Since their free loves do yield no less defence
 T' a prince's state than his own innocence.'
 Say then, there can be nothing in their thought
 Shall want to please us that hath pleased them ,
 Our suffrage rather shall prevent than stay
 Behind their wills , 'tis empire to obey
 Where such, so great, so grave, so good determine. 110

Yet, for the suit of Spain, t' erect a temple
In honour of our mother and our self,
We must (with pardon of the senate) not
Assent thereto Their lordships may object
Our not denying the same late request
Unto the Asian cities we desire
That our defence for suffering that be known
In these brief reasons, with our after purpose
Since deified Augustus hindered not
A temple to be built at Pergamum, 120
In honour of himself and sacred Rome ,
We, that have all his deeds and words observed
Ever, in place of laws, the rather followed
That pleasing precedent, because with ours,
The senate's reverence also, there, was joined
But as, t' have once received it, may deserve
The gain of pardon , so, to be adored
With the continued style, and note of gods,
Through all the provinces, were wild ambition,
And no less pride yea, even Augustus' name 130
Would early vanish, should it be profaned
With such promiscuous flatteries For our part,
We here protest it, and are covetous
Posterity should know it, we are mortal,
And can but deeds of men 'twere glory enough,
Could we be truly a prince And, they shall add
Abounding grace unto our memory,
That shall report us worthy our forefathers,
Careful of your affairs, constant in dangers,
And not afraid of any private frown 140
For public good These things shall be to us
Temples and statues, reared in your minds,
The fairest, and most during imag'ry
For those of stone or brass, if they become

Odious in judgement of posterity,
 Are more contemned as dying sepulchres
 Than ta'en for living monuments We then
 Make here our suit, alike to gods and men ,
 The one, until the period of our race,
 T' inspire us with a free and quiet mind, 150
 Discerning both divine and human laws ,
 The other, to vouchsafe us after death,
 An honourable mention, and fair praise,
 T' accompany our actions and our name
 The rest of greatness princes may command,
 And (therefore) may neglect , only, a long,
 A lasting, high, and happy memory
 They should, without being satisfied, pursue
 Contempt of fame, begets contempt of virtue

Nat Rare !

160

Sat. Most divine !

Sej The oracles are ceased,

That only Caesar, with their tongue, might speak

Arr Let me be gone most felt and open this !

Cor Stay.

Arr What, to hear more cunning, and fine words,
 With their sound flattered, e'er their sense be meant ?

Tib Their choice of Antium¹, there to place the gift
 Vow'd to the goddess for our mother's health,

We will the senate know, we fairly like , 170

As also of their grant to Lepidus,

For his repairing the Aemilian place,

And restoration of those monuments

Their grace too in confining of Silanus

To th' other isle Cithæra, at the suit

Of his religious sister, much commends

Their policy, so tempered with their mercy

¹ For the allusions in this speech see Tacitus, *Annals*, 111 69 72

But for the honours which they have decreed
 To our Sejanus, to advance his statue
 In Pompey's theatre (whose ruining fire 180
 His vigilance, and labour kept restrained
 In that one loss) they have therein out gone
 Their own great wisdoms, by their skilful choice,
 And placing of their bounties on a man,
 Whose merit more adorns the dignity,
 Than that can him and gives a benefit,
 In taking, greater than it can receive
 Blush not, Sejanus, thou great aid of Rome,
 Associate of our labours, our chief helper,
 Let us not force thy simple modesty 190
 With offering at thy praise, for more we cannot,
 Since there's no voice can take it No man here
 Receive our speeches as hyperboles
 For we are far from flattering our friend
 (Let envy know) as from the need to flatter
 Nor let them ask the causes of our praise,
 Princes have still their grounds reared with themselves,
 Above the poor low flats of common men,
 And who will search the reasons of their acts,
 Must stand on equal bases Lead away 200
 Our loves unto the senate [*Exeunt TIBERIUS and SEJANUS*
Arr Caesar
Sab Peace
Cor Great Pompey's theatre was never ruined
 Till now, that proud Sejanus hath a statue
 Rear'd on his ashes
Arr Place the shame of soldiers,
 Above the best of generals? crack the world!
 And bruise the name of Romans into dust,
 E're we behold it! 210
Sil Check your passion,

Lord Drusus tarries

Dru Is my father mad ?

Weary of life, and rule, lords ? thus to heave
An idol up with praise ! make him his mate !
His rival in the empire !

Arr Oh, good prince

Dru Allow him statues, titles, honours, such
As he himself refuseth ?

Arr Brave, brave Drusus !

220

Dru The first ascents to sovereignty are hard ,
But, entered once, there never wants or means,
Or ministers, to help th' aspirer on

Arr True, gallant Drusus

Dru We must shortly pray

To Modesty, that he will rest contented—

Arr Aye, where he is, and not write emperor

[*SEJANUS enters followed with clients*

Sej There is your bill, and yours, bring you your
man

I have mov'd for you, too, Latianus

Dru What ?

230

Is your vast greatness grown so blindly bold,
That you will over us ?

Sej Why then give way

Dru Give way, Colossus ? do you lift ? advance you ?

Take that

[*DRUSUS strikes him*

Arr Good ! brave ! excellent, brave prince !

Dru Nay, come, approach What, stand you off ? at
gaze ?

It looks too full of death for thy cold spirits

Avoid mine eye, dull camel, or my sword

Shall make thy brav'ry fitter for a grave,

240

Than for a triumph I'll advance a statue

O' your own bulk, but 't shall be on the cross

With patience, and an even mind, knows how
To turn it back Wrath covered carries fate 250
Revenge is lost, if I profess my hate
What was my practice late, I'll now pursue,
As my fell justice This hath styled it new. [*Exit*

Sejanus, with the help of Livia, secretly poisons Drusus, and then proceeds to plot against his other antagonists

Tib No

¹ Brother of Pollux deified and worshipped at Rome

Sej The rest of poor respects, then, let go by ,
State is enough to make th' act just, them guilty

Tib Long hate pursues such acts

Sej Whom hatred frights,
Let him not dream of sov'ieignty

Tib Aie rites

Of faith, love, piety, to be trod down, 20
Forgotten, and made vain ?

Sej All for a crown

The prince who shames a tyrant's name to bear,
Shall never dare do anything, but fear ,
All the command of sceptres quite doth perish,
If it begin religious thoughts to cherish
Whole empires fall, swayed by those nice respects ,
It is the licence of dark deeds protects
Ev'n states most hated, when no laws resist
The sword, but that it acteth what it list 30

Tib Yet so, we may do all things cruelly,
Not safely

Sej Yes, and do them thoroughly

Tib Knows yet Sejanus whom we point at ?

Sej Aye,

Or else my thought, my sense, or both do err
'Tis Agrippina

Tib She, and her proud race

Sej Proud ! dangerous, Caesar For in them apace 40
The father's spirit shoots up Germanicus
Lives in their looks, their gait, their form, t' upbraid us
With his close death, if not revenge the same

Tib The act's not known

Sej Not proved but whispering fame
Knowledge and proof doth to the jealous give,
Who, than to fail, would their own thought believe
It is not safe, the children draw long breath,

That are provoked by a parent's death

Tib It is as dangerous to make them hence,
If nothing but their birth be their offence 50

Sej Stay, till they strike at Caesar, then their crime
Will be enough, but late and out of time
For him to punish

Tib Do they purpose it?

Sej You know, sir, thunder speaks not till it hit
Be not secure, none swifter are oppressed
Than they whom confidence betrays to rest
Let not your daring make you danger such
All power's to be feared, where 'tis too much
The youths are of themselves hot, violent, 60
Full of great thought, and that male spirited dame,
Their mother, slacks no means to put them on
By large allowance, popular presentings,
Increase of train, and state, sung for titles,
Hath them commended with like prayers, like vows,
To the same gods, with Caesar days and nights
She spends in banquets and ambitious feasts
For the nobility, where Caius Silius,
Titus Sabinus, old Arruntius,
Asinius Gallus, Furnius, Regulus, 70
And others of that discontented list,
Are the prime guests There, and to these, she tells
Whose niece she was, whose daughter, and whose wife
And then must they compare her with Augusta,
Aye, and prefer her too, commend her form,
Extol her fruitfulness, at which a shower
Falls for the memory of Germanicus,
Which they blow over straight with windy praise,
And puffing hopes of her aspiring sons,
Who, with these hourly ticklings, grow so pleased, 80
And wantonly conceited of themselves,

As now they stick not to believe they're such
 As these do give them out, and would be thought
 (More than competitors) immediate heirs
 Whilst to their thirst of rule they win the rout
 (That's still the friend of novelty) with hope
 Of future freedom, which on every change
 That greedily, though empty expects
 Caesar, 'tis age in all things breeds neglects,
 And princes that will keep old dignity 90
 Must not admit too youthful heirs stand by,
 Not their own issue, but so darkly set
 As shadows are in picture, to give height
 And lustre to themselves

Tib We will command

Their rank thoughts down, and with a stricter hand
 Than we have yet put forth, their trains must bate,
 Their titles, feasts and factions

Sej O! your state

But how, sir, will you work? 100

Tib Confine 'em

Sej No

They are too great, and that too faint a blow
 To give them now, it would have served at first,
 When with the weakest touch their knot had burst,
 But now your care must be not to detect
 The smallest cord or line of your suspect,
 For such, who know the weight of princes' fear,
 Will, when they find themselves discovered, rear
 Their forces, like seen snakes that else would lie 110
 Rolled in their circles, close nought is more high,
 Daring, or desperate, than offenders found,
 Where guilt is, rage and courage both abound
 The course must be to let them still swell up,
 Riot, and suffer on blind fortune's cup,

Give 'em more place, more dignities, more style,
Call 'em to court, to senate, in the while,
Take from their strength some one or twain, or more,
Of the main fautors, (it will fright the store)
And, by some by occasion Thus, with sleight 120
You shall disarm them first, and they (in night
Of their ambition) not perceive the train,
Till in the engine they are caught and slain

Tib We would not kill, if we knew how to save,
Yet, than a throne, 'tis cheaper give a grave
Is there no way to bind by deserts?

Sej Sir, wolves do change their han, but not their
hearts

While thus your thought unto a mean is tied,
You neither dare enough, nor do provide
All modesty is fond, and chiefly where 130
The subject is no less compelled to bear
Than praise his sov'reign's acts

Tib We can no longer
Keep on our mask to thee, our dear Sejanus,
Thy thoughts are ours in all, and we but proved
Their voice, in our designs, which by assenting
Hath more confirmed us than if heart'ning Jove
Had, from his hundred statues, bid us strike,
And at the stroke clickt all his marble thumbs
But who shall first be struck? 140

Sej First, Caius Silius,
He is the most of mark, and most of danger
In power and reputation equal strong,
Having commanded an imperial army
Seven years together, vanquished Sacrovir
In Germany, and thence obtained to wear
The ornaments triumphal His steep fall,
By how much it doth give the weightier crack,

Will send more wounding terror to the rest,
 Command them stand aloof, and give more way 150
 To our surprising of the principal

Tib But what, Sabinus?

Sej Let him grow a while,
 His fate is not yet ripe we must not pluck
 At all together, lest we catch ourselves
 And there's Arruntius too, he only talks
 But Sosia, Silus' wife, would be wound in
 Now, for she hath a fury in her breast,
 More than Hell ever knew, and would be sent
 Thither in time Then is there one Cremutius 160
 Cordus, a writing fellow, they have got
 To gather notes of the precedent times,
 And make them into annals, a most tart
 And bitter spirit (I hear) who under colour
 Of praising those, doth tax the present state,
 Censures the men, the actions, leaves no trick,
 No practice unexamined, parallels
 The times, the governments, a professed champion
 For the old liberty——

Tib A perishing wretch 170
 As if there were that chaos bred in things,
 That laws and liberty would not rather choose
 To be quite broken, and ta'en hence by us,
 Than have the stain to be preserved by such
 Have we the means to make these guilty first?

Sej Trust that to me let Caesar, by his power,
 But cause a formal meeting of the senate,
 I will have matter and accusers ready

ACT III

Silus and Cordus are accused of treason Silus, at the end
 of his defence, stabs himself in the Senate Cordus is con-

demned, and led away for sentence Sejanus then asks Tiberius' leave to marry Livia Tiberius reminds him of his humble rank, and Sejanus, apparently satisfied but really indignant, withdraws his request In order, however, to gain a more ostensible control over public affairs he advises Tiberius to withdraw to Capreae and leave the Empire in his hands Tiberius appears to consent, but the proposed marriage with Livia has aroused his suspicions, and before leaving Rome he privately commissions Macro to keep watch upon Sejanus

ACT IV SCENE IV

MACRO, CALIGULA

Mac Sir, but observe how thick your dangers meet
In his clear drifts ' your mother and your brothers,
Now cited to the senate ' then friend Gallus,
Feasted to day by Caesar, since committed '
Sabinus here we met, hurried to fetters '
The senators all struck with fear and silence,
Save those whose hopes depend not on good means,
But force their private prey from public spoil '
And you must know, if here you stay, your state
Is sure to be the subject of his hate, 10
As now the object

Cal What would you advise me ?

Mac To go for Capreae presently and there
Give up yourself entirely to your uncle
Tell Caesar (since your mother is accused
To fly for succours to Augustus' statue,
And to the army with your brethren) you
Have rather chose to place your aids in him
Than live suspected, or in hourly fear
To be thrust out by bold Sejanus' plots 20
Which you shall confidently urge to be
Most full of peril to the state, and Caesar,
As being laid to his peculiar ends,
And not to be let run with common safety

All which (upon the second) I'll make plain,
So both shall love and trust with Caesar gain
Cal Away then, let's prepare us for our journey

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V SCENE I

SEJANUS

Sej Swell, swell, my joys, and faint not to declare
Yourselves as ample as your causes are
I did not live till now, this my first hour
Wherein I see my thoughts reached by my power
But this, and gripe my wishes Great and high,
The world knows only two, that's Rome and I,
My roof receives me not, 'tis air I tread
And, at each step, I feel my advanced head
Knock out a star in heav'n ! reared to this height,
All my desires seem modest, poor, and slight, 10
That did before sound impudent, 'tis place,
Not blood, discerns the noble and the base
Is there not something more than to be Caesar ?
Must we rest there ? it irks t' have come so far,
To be so near a stay Caligula,
Would thou stood'st stiff, and many in our way
Winds lose their strength when they do empty fly,
Unmet of woods or buildings, great fires die,
That want their matter to withstand them so,
It is our grief, and will be our loss, to know 20
Our power shall want opposites, unless
The gods, by mixing in the cause, would bless
Our fortune with their conquest That were worth
Sejanus' strife, durst fates but bring it forth

[*Enter* TERENCE, SATIRIUS, NATTA

Ter Safety to great Sejanus

Sej Now, Terentius ?

Ter Heals not my lord the wonder ?

Sej Speak it, no

Ter I meet it violent in the people's mouths,
Who run in routs to Pompey's theatre 30
To view your statue which, they say, sends forth
A smoke, as from a furnace, black and dreadful

Sej Some traitor hath put fire in you, go see,
And let the head be taken off, to look
What 'tis——Some slave hath practised an imposture
To stir the people How now ? why return you ?

Sat The head, my lord, already is ta'en off,
I saw it and, at op'ning, there leapt out
A great and monstrous serpent !

Sej Monstrous ! why ? 40
Had it a beard, and horns ? no heart ? a tongue
Forked as flattery ? looked it of the hue
To such as live in great men's bosoms ? was
The spirit of it Macio's ?

Nat May it please
The most divine Sejanus, in my days
(And by his sacred fortune, I affirm it)
I have not seen a more extended, grown,
Foul, spotted, venomous, ugly——

Sej Oh, the fates ! 50
What a wild muster 's here of attributes,
T' express a worm, a snake ?

Ter But how that should
Come there, my lord !

Sej What ! and you too, Teientius ?
I think you mean to make 't a prodigy
In your reporting ?

Ter Can the wise Sejanus
Think heav'n hath meant it less ?

Sej Oh superstition ! 60

Why, then the falling of our bed, that brake
 This morning, burd'ned with the populous weight
 Of our expecting clients to salute us,
 Or running of the cat betwixt our legs,
 As we set forth unto the Capitol,
 Were prodigies

Ter I think them ominous !
 And would they had not hap'ned As to day,
 The fate of some your servants ! who, declining
 Their way, not able, for the throng, to follow, 70
 Slpt down the Gemonies, and brake their necks !
 Besides, in taking your last augury,
 No prosperous bird appeared, but croaking ravens
 Flagged up and down and from the sacrifice
 Flew to the prison where they sat all night,
 Beating the air with their obstreperous beaks !
 I dare not counsel, but I could entreat,
 That great Sejanus would attempt the gods
 Once more with sacrifice

Sej What excellent fools 80
 Religion makes of men ? Believes Terentius
 (If these were dangers, as I shame to think them)
 The gods could change the certain course of fate ?
 Or, if they could they would (now in a moment)
 For a beeve's fat, or less, be bribed t' invert
 Those long decrees ? then think the gods, like flies,
 Are to be taken with the steam of flesh,
 Or blood diffused about their altars think
 Their power as cheap as I esteem it small
 Of all the throng that fill th' Olympian hall, 90
 And (without pity) lade poor Atlas' back,
 I know not that one deity but Fortune,
 To whom I would throw up in begging smoke
 One grain of incense, or whose ear I'd buy

With thus much oil Her I, indeed, adore ,
 And keep her grateful image in my house,
 Sometime belonging to a Roman king,
 But now called mine, as by the better style
 To her I care not if (for satisfying
 Your scrupulous phant'sies) I go offer Bid 100
 Our priest prepare us honey, milk, and poppy,
 His masculine odours, and night vestments say,
 Our rites are instant, which performed, you'll see
 How vain and worthy laughter your fears be [*Exeunt*

MACIO goes to Capreae and returns with a sealed letter which, he tells Sejanus, is a recommendation to the Senate to confer upon him the Tribunician Power, which is equivalent to a nomination as Tiberius' successor. Sejanus, full of triumph, comes down to the Senate house to receive his honours. But, to the amazement of the Senators, the letter after many long preliminaries ends by casting doubt on Sejanus' loyalty and ordering his arrest. Macio enters to carry the order into effect.

ACT V SCENE X

Mac Hail to the consuls, and this noble senate
Sej Is Macro here ? Oh, thou art lost, Sejanus
Mac Sit still, and unaffrighted, reverend Fathers,
 Macro, by Caesar's grace, the new made provost,
 And now possessed of the praetorian bands,
 An honour late belonged to that proud man,
 Bids you be safe and to your constant doom
 Of his deservings offers you the surety
 Of all the soldiers, tribunes, and centurions,
 Received in our command. 10

Reg Sejanus, Sejanus,
 Stand forth, Sejanus.

Sej Am I called ?

Mac Aye, thou,
 Thou insolent monster, art bid stand

Sej Why, Macro,
 It hath been otherwise between you and I,
 This court that knows us both hath been a difference,
 And can, if it be pleased to speak, confirm
 Whose insolence is most 20

Mac Come down, Typhoeus¹,
 If mine be most, lo ' thus I make it more,
 Kick up thy heels in air, tear off thy robe,
 Play with thy beard and nostrils Thus tis fit
 (And no man take compassion of thy state)
 To use th' ingrateful viper, tread his brains
 Into the earth

Reg Forbear

Mac If I could lose
 All my humanity now, 'twere well to torture 30
 So meriting a traitor Wherefore, Fathers,
 Sit you amazed and silent? and not censure
 This wretch, who, in the hour he first rebelled
 'Gainst Caesar's bounty, did condemn himself?
 Phlegra, the field where all the sons of earth
 Mustered against the gods, did ne'er acknowledge
 So proud and huge a monster

Reg Take him hence

And all the gods guard Caesar!

Tri Take him hence 40

Hat Hence.

Cot To the dungeon with him

San He deserves it

Sen Crown all our doors with bays

San And let an ox,

With gilded horns and garlands, straight be led
 Unto the Capitol

¹ A Titan, struck by the lightning of Jupiter

Hat And sacrificed
 To Jove for Caesar's safety
Tri All our gods 50
 Be present still to Caesar
Sen Diana, Pallas, Juno, Mercury
 All guard him
Mac Foith, thou prodigy of men
Cot Let all the traitor's titles be defaced
Tri His images and statues be pulled down
Hat His chariot wheels be broken
Arr And the legs
 Of the poor horses, that deserved nought,
 Let them be broken too 60
Lep Oh, violent change,
 And whirl of men's affections !
Arr Like, as both
 Their bulks and souls were bound on Fortune's wheel,
 And must act only with her motion
Lep Who would depend upon the popular air,
 Or voice of men, that have to day beheld
 (That, which if all the gods had fore declared,
 Would not have been believed) Sejanus' fall ?
 ' He, that this morn rose proudly, as the sun, 70
 And breaking through a mist of clients' breath,
 Came on, as gazed at and admired as he,
 When superstitious Moors salute his light '
 That had our servile nobles waiting him
 As common grooms , and hanging on his look,
 No less than human life on destiny '
 That had men's knees as frequent as the gods ,
 And sacrifices more than Rome had altars
 And this man fall ! fall ! Aye, without a look,
 That durst appear his friend, or lend so much 80
 Of vain relief to his changed state as pity ! '

Arr They that before, like gnats, played in his beams,
 And thronged to circumscribe him, now not seen,
 Nor deign to hold a common seat with him '
 Others that waited him unto the senate
 Now inhumanely lavish him to prison '
 Whom, but this morn, they followed as their lord
 Guard through the streets, bound like a fugitive '
 Instead of wreaths give fetters, strokes for stoops
 Blind shames for honours, and black taunts for titles ' 90
 Who would trust slippery chance ?

Lep They that would make
 Themselves her spoil, and foolishly forget,
 When she doth flatter, that she comes to prey
 Fortune, thou hadst no deity if men
 Had wisdom we have placed thee so high
 By fond belief in thy felicity

Sen The gods guard Caesar All the gods guard Caesar
[Shout within]

Mac Now, great Sejanus, you that awed the state,
 And sought to bring the nobles to your whip, 100
 That would be Caesar's tutor, and dispose
 Of dignities and offices ' that had
 The public head still bare to your designs,
 And made the general voice to echo yours '
 That looked for salutations twelve score off,
 And would have pyramids, yea temples, reared
 To your huge greatness ' Now you lie as flat
 As was your pride advanced

Reg Thanks to the gods

Sen And praise to Macro, that hath saved Rome 110
 Liberty, liberty, liberty Lead on,
 And praise to Macro that hath saved Rome

Sejanus is led away guarded, but the people storm the guard
 and tear him in pieces

CHAPTER VI

ROMANTIC TRAGEDY

IN *Sejanus* we saw the action of event upon character in *Vittoria Corombona* we are confronted with the far more difficult problem of character as determining event. The whole issue is evolved from the force and initiative of human personality, there is not a line or an episode but bears its part in the work of delineation. Vittoria is one of the most wonderful figures in all tragedy, she ranks with Clytemnestra and with Lady Macbeth, she belongs not to the theatre but to life itself. The persons who surround her and who follow her sinister course are so vivid that they startle us, it is not the player's voice that we hear, but the actual cry of sinning and suffering humanity. The light which Shakespeare throws upon the dark places of the soul is of a purer and more divine radiance, but not even Shakespeare has presented them in more essential truth.

Fully to illustrate this opinion would involve a citation of the entire play, and this for many reasons is here impossible. It may, however, be of service if we briefly indicate the character of Vittoria as Webster depicts it, premising that our account stands to his portraiture as an analytical programme to a symphony.

She is sprung from an ancient and noble house which has fallen into decay. Her father, a gambling spendthrift, lost all his estate at the tables, and, some ten years before the play begins, sold her hand, without dowry, to one of his boon-companions. Her husband, Camillo, is a sordid creature of low

birth and despicable qualities, her mother, Cornelia, is foolish and affectionate, high-principled, but utterly tactless and weak-minded, of her two brothers the elder, Flamineo, is a frank blackguard with no virtues but the worship of courage, and no aim but to raise his fortune by any unscrupulous means in his power, the younger, Marcello, is a pale copy of his mother, equally well-meaning and even more inefficient. On her father's death the family remove to Rome, where they live in such extreme poverty that Flamineo has to pay for his education by 'heeling his Tutor's stockings'. So amid sordid privation¹ she grows up from girlhood strong, fearless, of unbounded ambition, a consummate actress who has been taught dissimulation by stress of circumstances, determined to conquer the world by that fatal gift of beauty which is her keenest weapon. As the years go on her contempt for her husband turns to hatred, she chafes at the petty life and the restricted limits, and though she still treats him with the external marks of obedience there is nothing of any avail to check her impatience and her discontent. Little by little her capacity of love is overlaid, until all that is left of softer feeling is a certain reliance on her worthless brother, a certain half-tender regard for her mother's good opinion, and a curiously impressionable imagination, especially sensitive to the touch of horror and pain. And against these there stand her indomitable courage and her overmastering singleness of purpose.

Flamineo returns from the University and enters the service of the great duke Brachiano. The duke turns his eyes upon Vittoria and finds her beautiful. For a time she resists him, but he presses his suit and she yields, for ambition, not for love, on con-

¹ The accusations of 1107 belong to the later years, after she has met Brachiano, and it may be observed that Cimillo dies in debt.

dition of marriage There are two obstacles in the path, her husband and the Duchess Isabella Flamineo urges her, for it will mean his advancement as well as her own Ambition urges her, for it will mean wealth and power and emancipation from the hateful conditions of her present life She looks to her husband, he shows himself more than usually odious, and she falls In careful and demure phrase she tells Brachiano of a dream in which she has seen Isabella and Camillo dead, and leaves the poison to work The dream comes true Brachiano, infatuated with his passion, makes away with the duchess, Flamineo murders Camillo at a vaulting-match, and then the law steps in and sets Vittoria on her trial The scene which follows is one of the classics of dramatic literature She is guilty, the audience knows that she is guilty, yet her defence is so brave, so masterly, so dignified, that we are almost cheated into acquittal From first to last she puts the whole court in the wrong, she takes every point and turns it to her own advantage The pedantic lawyer begins his prosecution in Latin, she bids him 'speak his usual tongue', lest the spectators should fail to understand her innocence The judge censures her for coming in gay apparel to answer for her husband's murder she replies, with the flash of a rapier —

Had I foreknown his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning

The vile epithets which are heaped upon her serve only to strengthen our sympathy, and when at last she is condemned we are hard put to it not to rise in protest

She is sentenced to imprisonment, and so plays upon Brachiano's jealousy (for her behaviour at the trial has won her another suitor) that he breaks her prison and carries her off to his castle at Padua Thither her enemies follow in pursuit Brachiano

is poisoned, and she is left without help or succour in the world. A weaker woman would have fled; she stands her ground, soothes the dying moments of her husband, and then awaits the worst. Flamíneo turns against her, she meets him with defiance. The ministers of death close round her, she challenges them to do their worst, and will not have her maid killed before her lest she go unattended into the unknown. When the fatal blow is struck she meets it with an undaunted resolution, then, as the darkness gathers round her with all its terror and mystery, she breaks into the cry —

My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven I know not whither,

and at her last breath, in a passion of despair which not even Webster's formal couplet can obliterate, she confesses the failure and emptiness of her life.

The keynote of her character is that she puts power in the place of love. She does not even love Brachiano, but marries him because he is like wax in her hand and because through his means she will govern his dukedom. At the critical moment after the trial she beats down his spasm of jealous anger with a sheer dominating force which brings him at once to her feet. When he is mortally hurt at the tourney her first thought, after the instinctive cry of horror, is that she is lost, that his death will leave her defenceless — a thought which no lover could possibly have conceived at such a time. And she stands by his dying bed, with imminent doom before her, partly from a natural and womanly kindness to the man who has given her everything, and partly from a pride of race that even in extremest peril disdains to fly.

Of the other characters there is not one but repays particular study and consideration. What subtlety of insight in the presentation of Flamíneo, who builds his fortune upon his sister's crime, and

is stung to ungovernable anger when he hears her name attacked, who breaks faith with her when he is doubtful about his own reward, and as he lies dying turns to praise her courage or in that of Cornelia, whose mistimed interference hastens the very catastrophe which she wishes to avert, but who in one scene of almost unbearable pathos cleaves our very heart with the cry of tortured motherhood. Our very pulse checks when, to save Flammineo, she tries to lay the blame on his murdered brother —

Indeed, my younger boy presumed too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first, and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with's head
Just in my bosom

The madness which comes upon her afterwards is inevitable. No woman, much less a woman of Cornelia's weakness, could have endured that strain.

The faults are as obvious as they are accidental. Elizabethan taste was fond of the sight of bloodshed, and Webster has given his audience their fill. The dumb-shows are awkwardly contrived (though there is a touch of fine horror in the first of them), and the use of the supernatural is clumsy and half-hearted. But all these could be pruned away without any sensible breach in the continuity of the plot. They are mere bind-weeds and parasites which close upon it from outside. That Webster used them ill is only a proof that he is not Shakespeare. Discard them, and the vitality of the plot is strengthened by their removal. It is a terrible, a tremendous drama. There are a few moments of 'idle mirth', but they are too grim for laughter. There are a few moments of dark and sombre beauty, like that dirge 'of the earth earthy' which Cornelia

sings over Marcello's bier¹, but they are too few for relief. Its scenery is like the seventh circle of the *Inferno*—the scarred cliff, the murky air, the river of blood in which sins of murder are expiated—if we walk by that path we need a strong head and a firm foothold. Yet when we lay the book down we have no memory of material horrors—we think only of the human nature that has been revealed by lightning-flashes of genius, and the one heroic figure, splendid even in crime, which stands erect amid the havoc and the ruin.

NOTE—Among the chief contemporary tragedies may be mentioned *A Woman Killed with Kindness* (1603) by Heywood, *The Revenger's Tragedy* (1607) and *The Atheist's Tragedy* (1611) by Cyril Tourneur, Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois* (1607) and *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* (1613), *The Maid's Tragedy* (1610) by Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Virgin Martyr* (printed 1622) by Dekker and Massinger, and *The Broken Heart* (1633) by John Ford.

JOHN WEBSTER (? 1580–? 1625) was the son of a London tailor. In 1602 he joined the band of dramatists who were in the service of Philip Henslowe, and began his career by collaborating in a tragedy called *Caesar's Fall*, perhaps intended as a rival to Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, which was produced in that year. After a few more insignificant works he was employed to make additions to the *Mahomet* by John Marston, and about the same time formed a partnership with Dekker, which resulted in the comedies of *Westward Ho* (1604) and *Northward Ho* (1605). Somewhere about 1607 he wrote *Vittoria Corombona*, the first play in which he appeared single handed, and by far the greatest of all his dramatic works. It was produced, perhaps at the Curtain Theatre, in the winter of 1607–8, Burbage taking the part of Brachiano, but was not published until 1612. Two more tragedies followed, *Appius and Virginia* about 1609, and the *Duchess of Malfi* about 1613. His later plays, some of which are of doubtful authenticity, are less important. He was evidently a close student of Shakespeare, to whom his tragedies stand nearer than do those of any other Elizabethan dramatist.

¹ See Vol. I, p. 296

VITTORIA COROMBONA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

MONTICELSO, a Cardinal, afterwards Pope	PEDRO DOCTOR
FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, Duke of Florence	CONJURER LAWYER
BRACHIANO, otherwise Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, husband of Isabella	JAQUES JULIO CHRISTOPHERO
GIOVANNI, his son	AMBASSADORS, PHYSICIANS, OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, &c
COUNT LODOVICO	ISABELLA, sister of Francisco de Medicis, wife of Brachiano
CAMILLO, husband of Vittoria	VITTORIA COROMBONA, married first to Camillo, afterwards to Brachiano
FLAMINEO, brother of Vittoria, secretary to Brachiano	CORNELIA, mother of Vittoria
MARCELLO, brother of Vittoria, attendant on Francisco de Medicis	ZANCHE, a Moor, waiting woman to Vittoria
HORTENSIO	MATRON of a House of Convertites
ANTONELLI	
GASPARO	
FARNESE	
CARLO	

Scene Rome and Padua

Vittoria, young, beautiful and ambitious, has won the heart of Brachiano. With the help of Flamineo, she murders her husband, and causes Brachiano to murder his wife, Isabella, so that there may be no bar to their marriage. The two deaths follow each other so quickly that suspicion is aroused, and Vittoria is brought before Cardinal Monticelso to be tried.

ACT III

SCENE I — *A Hall in Monticelso's Mansion*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, MONTICELSO, the six liege¹
Ambassadors, BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA,
FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, LAWYER, and a Guard

Mont (to BRACH) Forbear, my lord, here is no place
assigned you

This business by His Holiness is left
To our examination

Brach May it thrive with you !

[*Lays a rich gown under him*]

Fran de Med A chair there for his lordship !

Brach Forbear your kindness an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutchwomen go to Church,
Bear then stools with them

Mont At your pleasure, sir

[*To VITT*] Stand to the table, gentlewoman

[*To LAWYER*] Now Signior

Fall to your plea 11

Law Domine iudex, converte oculos in hanc pestem,
mulierum corruptissimam²

Vit Cor What's he ?

Fran de Med A lawyer that pleads against you

Vit Cor Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue
I'll make no answer else

Fran de Med Why, you understand Latin

Vit Cor I do, sir, but amongst this auditory
Which come to hear my cause, the half or more
May be ignorant in 't 20

¹ i.e. Ambassador in ordinary, resident at the Court, as distinct from an Envoy sent for a special purpose. The word is also written *Legei* by Johnson, and *Leaguer* by Sir Walter Scott

² 'My Lord Judge, turn your eyes upon this plague, this wickedest of women'

Mont Go on, sir

Vit Cor By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue, all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with

Fran de Med Signior,
You need not stand on't much, pray change your
language

Mont Oh, for God's sake!—Gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it

Law Well then, have at you! 30

Vit Cor I am at the mark, sir I'll give aim to you
And tell you how near you shoot

Law Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgements to the view
Of this debauched and diversivolent¹ woman,
Who such a black concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of 't, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections

Vit Cor What's all this? 40

Law Hold your peace
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration

Vit Cor Surely, my lords, this lawyer here hath
swallowed

Some 'pothecaries' bills, or proclamations,
And now the hard and undigestible words
Come up, like stones we use give hawks for physic
Why, this is Welsh to Latin

Law My lords, the woman

¹ A burlesque word formed on the analogy of 'malevolent'. It is intended to mean 'desiring strife', as 'exorbitant sins must have exulceration' (l. 42) is intended to mean that extreme wickedness calls for extreme censure

Knows not her tropes nor figures, nor is perfect
 In the academic derivation 50
 Of grammatical elocution

Fran de Med Sir, your pains
 Shall be well spared, and your deep eloquence
 Be worthily applauded amongst those
 Which understand you

Law My good lord,—

Fran de Med Sir,
 Put up your papers in your fustian bag—
 [FRANCISCO *speaks thus as in scorn*

Oy mercy, sir, 'tis buckram—and accept
 My notion of your learned verbosity 60

Law I most graduatically thank your lordship
 I shall have use for them elsewhere

Mont (to VITTORIA) I shall be plain with you, and
 paint out

Your follies in more natural red and white
 Than that upon your cheek

Vit Cor Oh, you mistake
 You raise a blood as noble in this cheek
 As ever was your mother's

Mont
 Observe this creature here, my honoured lords,
 A woman of a most prodigious spirit, 70
 In her effected

Vit Cor Honourable my lord,
 It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
 To play the lawyer thus

Mont Oh, your trade instructs your language —
 You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems,
 Yet, like those apples travellers report
 To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
 I will but touch her, and you straight shall see

She'll fall to soot and ashes 80

Vit Cor Your envenomed

'Pothecary should do 't

Mont I am resolved ¹

Were there a second Paradise to lose

This devil would betray it

Vit Cor Oh, poor charity,

Thou art seldom found in scarlet

Mont Who knows not how, when several night by
night

Her gates were choked with coaches, and her rooms

Outbraved the stars with several kind of lights , 90

When she did counterfeit a prince's court

In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits ?

Fr Am She hath lived ill

Eng Am True , but the cardinal 's too bitter

Fran de Med Your unhappy

Husband is dead

Vit Cor Oh, he's a happy husband

Now he owes nature nothing

Fran de Med And by a vaulting-engine

Mont An active plot , he jumped into his grave 100

Fran de Med What a prodigy was 't

That from some two yards' height a slender man

Should break his neck !

Mont I' the rushes !

Fran de Med And what's more,

Upon the instant lose all use of speech,

All vital motion, like a man had lain

Wound up ² three days Now mark each circumstance

¹ convinced

² i e prepared for burial

Mont And look upon this creature was his wife
 She comes not like a widow, she comes aimed 110
 With scorn and impudence is this a mourning habit?

Vit Cor Had I foreknown his death, as you suggest,
 I would have bespoke my mourning

Mont Oh, you are cunning

Vit Cor You shame your wit and judgement
 To call it so What! is my just defence
 By him that is my judge called impudence?
 Let me appeal then from this Christian court
 To the uncivil Tartar

Mont See, my lords, 120
 She scandals our proceedings

Vit Cor Humbly thus,
 Thus low to the most worthy and respected
 Lieger ambassadors, my modesty
 And womanhood I tender, but withal
 So entangled in a cursed accusation
 That my defence, of force, like Perseus¹
 Must personate masculine virtue To the point
 Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
 We'll part good friends, I scorn to hold my life 130
 At yours or any man's entreaty, sir

Eng Am She hath a brave spirit

Mont Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
 Make true ones oft suspected

Vit Cor You are deceived
 For know that all your strict combined heads
 Which strike against this mine of diamonds
 Shall prove but glassen hammers,—they shall break
 These are but feigned shadows of my evils

¹ In Jonson's *Masque of Queens* a character habited as Perseus represents 'heroic or masculine virtue'

Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils¹, 140
I am past such needless palsy

Mont Play you, mistress, satisfy me one question
Who lodged beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?

Brach That question
Enforceth me break silence I was there

Mont Your business?

Brach Why, I came to comfort hei,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt 150
To you, my lord

Mont He was

Brach And 'twas strangely feared
That you would cozen hei

Mont Who made you overseer?

Brach Why, my charity, my charity, which should
flow

From every generous and noble spirit
To orphans and to widows

Mont Your lust

Brach Cowardly dogs bark loudest sirrah priest, 160
I talk with you hereafter Do you hear?

Serv My lord, your gown

Brach Thou hest, 'twas my stool
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o' the household stuff, for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging Let him make
Vallance for his bed on 't, or demy foot cloth

¹ Borrowed from *Macbeth*, II 2

For his most reverend mule Monticelso

Nemo me impune lacessit ¹

[*Exit* 170

Mont Your champion's gone

Vit Cor The wolf may prey the better

Monticelso produces an incriminating letter from Brachiano to Vittoria

Vit Cor Condemn you me for that the duke did love me'

So may you blame some fair and crystal river

For that some melancholic distracted man

Hath drowned himself in 't

Mont Truly drowned indeed

Vit Cor Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find

That beauty, and gay clothes, a merry heart

And a good stomach to a feast, are all, 180

All the poor crimes that you can charge me with

In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies,

The sport would be more noble

Mont Very good

Vit Cor But take you your course it seems you have beggared me first

And now would fain undo me I have houses,

Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes²

Would those would make you charitable

Mont If the devil

Did ever take good shape, behold his picture 190

Vit Cor You have one virtue left,—

You will not flatter me

Vittoria is condemned to imprisonment Brachiano assists her to escape, and marries her They take refuge in Brachiano's palace in Padua Flamineo still continues to help his sister

¹ 'No man provokes me with impunity'

² A Portuguese gold coin, stamped on one side with a cross

Marcello, who has inherited his mother's honesty, quarrels with him

Lodovico, who had loved Isabella, determines to avenge her murder

ACT V SCENE II — *An Apartment in a palace at Padua*

[*Enter MARCELLO and CORNELIA*]

Cor I hear a whispering all about the court
You are to fight who is your opposite?
What is the quarrel?

Mar 'Tis an idle rumour

Cor Will you dissemble? sure, you do not well
To fright me thus you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry I do charge you
Upon my blessing,—nay, I'll call the duke,
And he shall school you

Mar Publish not a fear 10
Which would convert to laughter 'tis not so
Was not this crucifix my father's?

Cor Yes

Mar I have heard you say, giving my brother suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off

Cor Yes, but 'tis mended

[*Enter FLAMINEO*]

Flam I have brought your weapon back
[*Runs MARCELLO through*

Cor Ha! O my horror!

Mar You have brought it home, indeed 20

Cor Help! Oh, he's murdered!

Flam Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,
And send a surgeon to you [Exit.

[*Enter CARLO, HORTENSIO, and PEDRO*]

Hort How! o' the ground!

Mar O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking of the crucifix! Farewell
There are some sins which Heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family This it is to rise
By all dishonest means! Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot 30
Whose branches spread no wider than the root

[*Dies*]

Cor Oh, my perpetual sorrow!

Hort Virtuous Marcello!

He's dead — Pray, leave him, lady come, you shall

Cor Alas, he is not dead, he's in a trance Why,
here's nobody shall get anything by his death Let me
call him again, for God's sake!

Car I would you were deceived

Cor Oh, you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me!
How many have gone away thus, for lack of tendance!
Rear up's head, rear up's head his bleeding inward will
kill him 42

Hort You see he is departed

Cor Let me come to him, give me him as he is if he
be turned to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss,
and you shall put us both into one coffin Fetch a looking
glass, see if his breath will not stain it or pull out
some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips
Will you lose him for a little pains taking?

Hort Your kindest office is to pray for him 50

Cor Alas, I would not pray for him yet He may live
to lay me i' the ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me
come to him

[*Enter BRACHIANO all armed save the beaver, with FLAMINEO, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, LODOVICO, and Page*]

Brach Was this your handiwork ?

Flam It was my misfortune

Cor He lies, he lies, he did not kill him these have killed him that would not let him be better looked to

Brach Have comfort, my grieved mother

Cor Oh, you screech owl!

Hort Forbear, good madam

60

Cor Let me go, let me go

[*She runs to FLAMINEO with her knife drawn, and, coming to him, lets it fall*]

The God of Heaven forgive thee ! Dost not wonder
I pray for thee ? I'll tell thee what's the reason
I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes,
I'd not spend that in cursing Fare thee well
Half of thyself lies there, and mayst thou live
To fill an hour glass with his mouldered ashes,
To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come
In blest repentance !

Brach Mother, pray tell me

70

How came he by his death ? what was the quarrel ?

Cor Indeed, my younger boy presumed too much
Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words,
Drew his sword first, and so, I know not how,
For I was out of my wits, he fell with 's head
Just in my bosom

Page This is not true, madam

Cor I pray thee, peace,

One arrow's grazed already it were vain
To lose this for that will ne'er be found again,

80

Brach Go, bear the body to Cornelia's lodging
And we command that none acquaint our duchess

With this sad accident For you, Flamineo,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon

Flam No ?

Brach Only a lease of your life, and that shall last
But for one day thou shalt be forced each evening
To renew it, or be hanged

Flam At your pleasure

[*LODOVICO sprinkles BRACHIANO's beaver with a poison*
Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it 90

Brach You once did blave me in your sister's lodging,
I'll now keep you in awe for 't—Where 's our beaver ?

Fran de Med (aside) He calls for his destruction

Noble youth,
I pity thy sad fate ! Now to the barriers
This shall his passage to the black lake further,
The last good deed he did, he pardoned murder

[*Exeunt*

ACT V SCENE III —*The Lists at Padua*

*Charges and shouts They fight at barriers¹, first single
pairs, then three to three*

[*Enter BRACHIANO, VITTORIA COROMBONA, GIOVANNI,
FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, FLAMINEO, with others*]

Brach An armourer ! ud's death, an aimourer !

Flam Armourer ! where's the aimourer ?

Brach Tear off my beaver

Flam Are you hurt, my lord ?

Brach Oh, my brain's on fire !

[*Enter Aimourer*]

The helmet is poisoned

Armourer My lord, upon my soul,—

Brach Away with him to torture !

¹ i e in lists the French *Jeu de Barres*

There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me 10

Vit Cor Oh, my loved lord ' poisoned '

Flam Remove the bar Here's unfortunate revels '
Call the physicians

[*Enter two Physicians*]

A plague upon you '

We have too much of your cunning here already
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poisoned

Brach Oh, I am gone already ' the infection
Flies to the brain and heart Oh, thou strong heart '
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loath to break

Giov Oh, my most loved father ' 20

Brach Remove the boy away —
Where's this good woman ?—Had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee must I leave thee ?—
What say you, screech-owls, is the venom mortal ?

1st Phys Most deadly

Brach Most corrupted politic hangman,
You kill without book , but you art to save
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends
I that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power 30
To lengthen mine own a twelvemonth ?—
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee
This unction's sent from the great Duke of Florence

Fran de Med Sir, be of comfort

Brach Oh, thou soft natural death, thou art joint-twin
To sweetest slumber ' no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure , the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement , the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes 40

Vit Cor I am lost for ever

Brach How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling !

[*Enter* LODOVICO and GASPARO, in the habit of Capuchins]

What are those ?

Flam Franciscans

They have brought the extreme unction

Brach On pain of death, let no man name death to me
It is a word infinitely terrible

Withdraw into our cabinet

[*Exeunt all except* FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS and FLAMINEO

Flam To see what solitariness is about dying princes !
as heretofore they have unpeopled towns, divorced friends,
and made great houses unhospitable, so now, O justice !
where are their flatterers now ? Flatterers are but the
shadows of princes' bodies, the least thick cloud makes
them invisible

54

Fran de Med There's great moan made for him

Flam Faith, for some few hours salt water will run
most plentifully in every office o' the court but, believe
it, most of them do but weep over their stepmothers'
graves

Fran de Med How mean you ?

60

Flam Why, they dissemble, as some men do that live
within compass o' the verge

Fran de Med Come, you have thrived well under him

Flam Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast, I have
been fed with poultry but, for money, understand me,
I had as good a will to cozen him as e'er an officer of
them all, but I had not cunning enough to do it

Fran de Med What didst thou think of him ? faith,
speak freely

69

Flam He was a kind of statesman that would sooner

have reckoned how many cannon-bullets he had discharged against a town, to count his expense that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it

Fran de Med Oh, speak well of the duke

Flam I have done Wilt hear some of my court wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous, and to over commend some of them is palpable lying

Re enter LODOVICO

Fran de Med How is it with the duke?

Lod Most deadly ill

80

He's fall'n into a strange distraction
He talks of battles and monopolies,
Levying of taxes, and from that descends
To the most brain sick language His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep sense with folly Such a fearful end
May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,
Though they live happiest, yet they die not best
He hath conferred the whole state of the dukedom
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age

90

[*Re enter* VITTORIA COROMBONA, FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS,
FLAMINEO, and Attendants]

Lod My lords, he's dead

Omnes Rest to his soul!

Vit Cor O me! this place is hell

[*Exit*

Fran de Med How heavily she takes it!

Flam O yes, yes,

Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,
They would dispend them all surely, I wonder
Why we should wish more rivers to the city,
When they sell water so good cheap I'll tell thee,

100

These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears ,
 There's nothing sooner dry than women's tears
 Why, here's an end of all my harvest , he has given me
 nothing

Court promises ' let wise men count them cursed,
 For while you live, he that scores best pays worst
Fran de Med Sure, this was Florence' doing
Flam Very likely

Those are found weighty strokes which come from the
 hand,

But those are killing strokes which come from the head
 Oh, the rare tricks of a Machiavelian ' 110

He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,
 And buffet you to death no, my quaint knave,
 He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,
 As if you had swallowed down a pound of saffron
 You see the feat, 'tis practised in a trice ,
 To teach court honesty, it jumps on ice

Fran de Med Now have the people liberty to talk,
 And descant on his vices

Flam Misery of princes,
 That must of force be censured by their slaves ' 120
 Not only blamed for doing things are ill,
 But for not doing all that all men will
 One were better be a thresher

Ud's death, I would fain speak with this duke yet
Fran de Med Now he's dead ?

Flam I cannot conjure , but if prayers or oaths
 Will get to the speech of him, though forty devils
 Wait on him in his livery of flames,
 I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
 Though I be blasted [Exit 130

Flamino, tired of serving Vittorio, determines to claim his
 reward

ACT V SCENE VI — *An Apartment in VITTORIA's House*

[*Enter VITTORIA COROMBONA with a book in her hand,
and ZANCHE, FLAMINEO following them*]

Flam What, are you at your prayers? give o'er

Vit Cor How, ruffian!

Flam I come to you 'bout worldly business
Sit down, sit down — nay, stay, blouze, you may hear
it —

The doors are fast enough

Vit Cor Ha, are you drunk?

Flam Yes, yes, with wormwood water you shall
taste

Some of it presently

Vit Cor What intends the Fury?

Flam You are my lord's executrix, and I claim 10
Reward for my long service

Vit Cor For your service!

Flam Come, therefore, here is pen and ink, set down
What you will give me

Vit Cor There [*Writes*]

Flam Ha! have you done already?

'Tis a most short conveyance

Vit Cor I will read it [*Reads*]

'I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which Cain groaned under, having slain his brother' 20

Flam A most courtly patent to beg by!

Vit Cor You are a villain

Flam Is't come to this? They say, affrights cure
agues

Thou hast a devil in thee, I will try

If I can scare him from thee Nay, sit still

My lord hath left me yet two case of jewels
 Shall make me scorn your bounty, you shall see them
[*Exit*]

Vit Cor Sure, he's distracted
Zanche Oh, he's desperate
 For your own safety give him gentle language 30

[*Re enter FLAMINEO with two case of pistols*]

Flam Look, these are better far at a dead lift
 Than all your jewel-house

Vit Cor And yet, methinks,
 These stones have no an lustre, they are ill set
Flam I'll turn the right side towards you, you shall
 see

How they will sparkle

Vit Cor Turn this horror from me!
 What do you want? what would you have me do?
 Is not all mine yours? have I any children?

Flam Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me 40
 With this vain worldly business, say your prayers
 I made a vow to my deceased lord,
 Neither yourself nor I should outlive him
 The numbering of four hours

Vit Cor Did he enjoin it?

Flam He did, and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
 Lest any should enjoy thee after him,
 That urged him vow me to it For my death,
 I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
 If he could not be safe in his own court, 50
 Being a great duke, what hope, then, for us?

Vit Cor This is your melancholy and despair

Flam Away!
 Fool thou art to think that politicians
 Do use to kill the effects of injuries

And let the cause live Shall we groan in unons,
O! be a shameful and a weighty burden
To a public scaffold? This is my resolve,
I would not live at any man's entreaty,
Nor die at any's bidding

60

Vit Cor Will you hear me?

Flam My life hath done service to other men,
My death shall serve mine own turn Make you ready

Vit Cor Do you mean to die indeed?

Flam With as much pleasure
As e'er my father gat me

Vit Cor Are the doors locked?

Zanche Yes, madam

Vit Cor Aie you grown an atheist? will you turn
your body,
Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the soul's slaughter-house? Oh, the cursed devil,
Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice candied o'er, despair with gall and stibium,
Yet we carouse it off,—Cry out for help!—

70

[*Aside to ZANCHE*

Makes us forsake that which was made for man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness!

Zanche Help, help!

Flam I'll stop your throat
With winter plums

80

Vit Cor I prithee, yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking

Flam Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments and they move me,
As some in pulpits move their auditory,

More with their exclamation than sense
Of reason or sound doctrine

Zanche (*aside to Vit*) Gentle madam,
Seem to consent, only persuade him teach
The way to death, let him die first

Vit Cor 'Tis good I apprehend it,
To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew 't, but quickly swallow it,
The smart o' the wound, or weakness of the hand,
May else bring terrible torments

Flam I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life
Which is not able to die

Vit Cor Oh, but faulty!
Yet I am now resolved farewell, affliction!
Behold, Biachiano, I that while you lived
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all —Farewell, *Zanche*!

Zanche How, madam! do you think that I'll outlive
you,
Especially when my best self, Flamineo,
Goes the same voyage?

Flam Oh, most loved Moor!

Zanche Only by all my love let me entreat you,—
Since it is most necessary one of us
Do violence on ourselves,—let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die

Flam Thou dost instruct me nobly take these
pistols,

Because my hand is stained with blood already
Two of these you shall level at my breast,
The other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die
Most equally contented but first swear

Not to outlive me

120

Vit Cor and Zanche Most religiously

Flam Then here's an end of me, farewell, daylight!
And, Oh contemptible physic, that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee!—
These are two cupping glasses that shall draw

[Showing the pistols]

All my infected blood out Are you ready?

Vit Cor and Zanche Ready

128

Flam Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, thy
ridiculous purgatory¹ to find Alexander the Great
cobbling shoes, Pompey tagging points, and Julius
Cæsar making hair buttons! Hannibal selling blacking,
and Augustus crying garlic! Charlemagne selling lists
by the dozen, and King Pepin crying apples in a cart
drawn with one horse!

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not,
Nor greatly care—Shoot, shoot

Of all deaths the violent death is best,

For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast,

140

The pain, once apprehended, is quite past

*[They shoot he falls, and they run to him, and
tread upon him]*

Vit Cor What, are you dropt?

Flam I am mixed with earth already as you are
noble,

Perform your vows, and bravely follow me

Vit Cor Whither? to hell?

Zanche To most assured damnation?

Vit Cor Oh, thou most cursèd devil!

Zanche Thou art caught—

¹ See Lucian, *True History*, ii 14, &c

Vit Cor In thine own engine I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin 150

Flam Will you be perjured? what a religious oath
was Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and
violate! Oh, that we had such an oath to minister, and
to be so well kept in our courts of justice!

Vit Cor Think whither thou art going

Zanche And remember

What villainies thou hast acted

Vit Cor This thy death
Shall make me like a blazing ominous star
Look up and tremble 160

Flam Oh, I am caught with a sponge!

Vit Cor You see the fox comes many times short
home,

'Tis here proved true

Flam Killed with a couple of braches!¹

Vit Cor No fitter offering for the infernal Furies
Than one in whom they reigned while he was living

Flam Oh, the way's dark and horrid! I cannot see
Shall I have no company?

Vit Cor O yes, thy sins
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell, 170
To light thee thither

Flam Wilt thou outlive me?

Zanche Yes, and drive a stake
Through thy body, for we'll give it out
Thou didst this violence upon thyself

Flam Oh, cunning devils! now I have tried your love,
And doubled all your reaches—I am not wounded,

[*Rises*

The pistols held no bullets 'twas a plot
To prove your kindness to me, and I live

¹ hounds

To punish your ingratitude I knew, 180
 One time or other, you would find a way
 To give me a strong potion — O men
 That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted
 With howling wives, ne'er trust them ! they'll re-marry
 Ere the worm pierce your winding sheet, ere the spider
 Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs —
 How cunning you were to discharge ! do you practise
 at the Artillery-yard ? — Trust a woman ! never, never !
 Brachiano be my precedent We lay our souls to pawn
 to the devil for a little pleasure, and a woman makes the
 bill of sale That ever man should marry ! For one
 Hypermnestra¹ that saved her lord and husband, forty
 nine of her sisters cut their husbands' throats all in one
 night there was a shoal of virtuous horse leeches ! —
 Here are two other instruments 195

Vit Cor Help, help !

[*Enter LODOVICO, GASPARO, PEDRO, and CARLO*]

Flam What noise is that ? ha ! false keys i' the
 court !

Lod We have brought you a masque

Flam A matachin², it seems by your drawn swords
 Churchmen turned revellers ! 200

Carlo Isabella ! Isabella !

Lod Do you know us now ?

Flam Lodovico ! and Gasparo !

Lod. Yes, and that Moor the duke gave pension to
 Was the great Duke of Florence

Vit Cor Oh, we are lost !

Flam You shall not take justice from forth my
 hands, —

¹ Danaus commanded his fifty daughters to murder their husbands Hypermnestra alone refused See Ovid, *Heroides*, xiv

² A dance in which the performers fenced with each other

Oh, let me kill her!—I'll cut my safety
 Through your coats of steel Fate's a spaniel,
 We cannot beat it from us What remains now? 210
 Let all that do ill, take this precedent,—
 Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent
 And of all axioms this shall win the prize,—
 'Tis better to be fortunate than wise

Gas Bind him to the pillar

Vit Cor Oh, your gentle pity!
 I have seen a blackbird that would sooner fly
 To a man's bosom, than to stay¹ the gripe
 Of the fierce sparrowhawk

Gas Your hope deceives you 220

Vit Cor If Florence be i' the court, would he would
 kill me!

Gas Fool! princes give rewards with their own
 hands,

But death or punishment by the hands of others

Lod Sirrah, you once did strike me I'll strike you
 Into the centre

Flam Thou'lt do it like a hangman, a base hangman,
 Not like a noble fellow for thou see'st
 I cannot strike again

Lod Dost laugh?

Flam Would'st have me die, as I was born, in
 whining? 230

Gas Recommend yourself to Heaven

Flam No, I will carry mine own commendations
 thither

Lod Oh, could I kill you forty times a day,
 And use't four years together, 'twere too little!
 Naught grieves but that you are too few to feed
 The famine of our vengeance What dost think on?

¹ await

Flam Nothing, of nothing leave thy idle questions
 I am i' the way to study a long silence
 To prate were idle I remember nothing
 There's nothing of so infinite vexation 240
 As man's own thoughts.

Lod (to Vittoria) Oh, thou hast been a most prodigious
 comet,

But I'll cut off your train,—kill the Moor first

Vit Cor You shall not kill her first, behold my
 breast

I will be waited on in death, my servant

Shall never go before me

Gas Are you so brave?

Vit Cor Yes, I shall welcome death

As princes do some great ambassadors,

I'll meet thy weapon half way 250

Lod Thou dost tremble

Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air

Vit Cor Oh, thou art deceived, I am too true a woman

Conceit¹ can never kill me I'll tell thee what,

I will not in my death shed one base tear,

Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear

Carlo Thou art my task, black Fury

Zanche I have blood

As red as either of theirs wilt drink some?

'Tis good for the falling sickness I am proud 260

Death cannot alter my complexion,

For I shall ne'er look pale

Lod Strike, strike,

With a joint motion

[*They stab VITTORIA, ZANCHE, and FLAMINEO*]

Vit Cor 'Twas a manly blow

The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant,

¹ Imagination

And then thou wilt be famous

Flam Oh, what blade is 't²?

A Toledo, or an English fox¹?

I ever thought a cutler should distinguish 270
The cause of my death, rather than a doctor
Search my wound deeper, tent² it with the steel
That made it

Vit Cor Oh, my greatest sin lay in my blood!
Now my blood pays for 't

Flam Thou 'rt a noble sister!

I love thee now if woman do breed man,
She ought to teach him manhood fare thee well
Know, many glorious women that are famed
For masculine virtue have been vicious, 280
Only a happier silence did betide them
She hath no faults who hath the art to hide them

Vit Cor My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither

Flam, Then cast anchor

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear,
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near
We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die, by dying Ait thou gone?
And thou so near the bottom? false report, 290
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives! I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me,
No, at myself I will begin and end
While we look up to Heaven, we confound
Knowledge with knowledge Oh, I am in a mist!

Vit. Cor, Oh, happy they that never saw the court,

¹ Toledo was famous for sword blades 'Fox' is a colloquial term for a sword

² probe

Not ever knew great men but by report ' [Dies

Flam I recover like a spent taper, for a flash, and
instantly go out Let all that belong to great men
remember the old wives' tradition, to be like the lions
i' the Tower on Candlemas-day to mourn if the sun
shine, for fear of the pitiful remainder of winter to
come ¹ 303

'Tis well yet there's some goodness in my death,
My life was a black channel Farewell, glorious
villains !

This busy trade of life appears most vain,
Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain
Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell,
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell !

[Dies

Eng Am (within) This way, this way ! break ope
the doors ! this way ! 310

Lod Ha ! are we betrayed ?

Why, then let's constantly die all together,
And having finished this most noble deed,
Defy the worst of fate, nor fear to bleed

[Enter Ambassadors and GIOVANNI]

Eng Am Keep back the prince shoot, shoot
[They shoot, and LODOVICO falls

Lod Oh, I am wounded !

I fear I shall be ta'en

Gio You bloody villains,
By what authority have you committed
This massacre ? 320

¹ It was a common superstition that a fine Candlemas (February 2) meant a return of winter See Hone's *Every Day Book*, s v Candlemas The phrase about 'Lions in the Tower' refers to the practice of keeping there the lions which were from time to time presented to the English sovereign See Hone, Vol I, p 1006

Lod By thine

Gio Mine !

Lod Yes, thy uncle,

Which is a part of thee, enjoined us to't

Thou know'st me, I am sure, I am Count Lodowick,

And thy most noble uncle in disguise

Was last night in thy court

Gio Ha !

Carlo Yes, that Moor

Thy father chose his pensioner

330

Gio He turned murderer !—

Away with them to prison and to torture !

All that have hands in this shall taste our justice,

As I hope Heaven

Lod I do glory yet

That I can call this act mine own For my part,

The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel,

Shall be but sound sleeps to me, here's my rest,

I limned this night piece, and it was my best

Gio Remove the bodies — See, my honoured lords, 340

What use you ought make of their punishment

Let guilty men remember, their black deeds

Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds

[*Exeunt*

II

COMEDIES

CHAPTER I

THE BEGINNINGS

IN the earliest English drama Comedy was for the most part merely episodical a few lines of jest to amuse the groundlings and to bribe their attention for the more serious portion of the play This is, of course, in accord with their ecclesiastical origin and their religious topics the naive irreverence of treatment, which many of them exhibit, left the main course of the story untouched and spent itself on interpolated tags and bouts of farcical by-play But to this rule there is one important exception The Towneley *Secunda Pastorum*, which closes on a representation of the Nativity as tender and sweet as a Christmas Carol, opens with an entire act of pure Comedy, over eight hundred lines in length, and distinguished by a definite plot and even some rudimentary attempt at characterization There is no need to discuss here the vexed question as to the relation of forepiece and afterpiece, it is with the forepiece alone that we are concerned, and this can stand by itself with an independence almost as complete as that of its French contemporaries the *Farce du Cuvier* and the *Farce de Pathelin*

It is focussed on two among the most time-honoured of comic themes, the shrewish wife and the cunning and humorous robber Much of the fun is primitive and elementary — Mak's offer to be searched, his lame excuse, his pretended solicitude for Gill, with whom he has just been quarrelling, the stolen sheep hidden in the cradle, the shepherds seeking their own and reviled as housebreakers for

doing so—but it is all presented with a gay and innocent cheerfulness which carries our interest and enlists our good will. It has, too, its tiny points of genuine drama. Mak, impudently secure in the ingenuity of his trick, wishes that he had been present when the theft was committed. ‘some,’ he says, ‘should have bought it full sore’, and at once the shepherds feel that he has overshot the mark and that his protestations are growing suspicious. They leave the cottage baffled and unsuccessful, pause outside the door in fear that they have been unneighbourly, return to give the child a sixpence which they can ill spare, and in the very act of charity unmask the impostor. Not less diverting is Gill’s distribution of the parts — ‘You sing Lullay,’ she says to her husband, ‘while I groan’, and on this remarkable duet the shepherds enter. It is all comedy of the lightest and most farcical kind, but it is never dull, it never hangs fire, and our only regret on reading it is that it no longer holds the stage.

The Towneley Miracle plays from which this example is taken date probably from the reign of Henry VI or Edward IV, and seem to have belonged to the Abbey of Woodkirk, about four miles from Wakefield. It will be observed that this country is the scene in which this comedy is laid, and that the shepherds are summoned to Bethlehem from their Yorkshire moorland. There appears to be no doubt that the Towneley plays (of which thirty-two are extant) were originally composed in English, and that they were given not only in the Abbey, but at the Guild pageants of Wakefield as well. The language throughout is racy and idiomatic, it contains many proverbial phrases, and it turns to full account our national love of rhyme and alliteration. On all grounds they are peculiarly suitable specimens of our early dramatic literature.

THE SECOND SHEPHERDS' PLAY

The three shepherds are watching their flocks on a bitter December night. As they talk Mak joins them. After some rough jesting the shepherds fling themselves down by the fold, and are soon asleep. Mak at once takes advantage of the opportunity to steal a fine sheep which he carries home to his wife, Gill. He leaves the sheep with her, and slips back to his place before the others are awake. Gradually they arise one by one, only Mak is apparently sound asleep. When they rouse him, he complains that he has had a terrible dream, and that he is certain his wife is very ill.

Mak I must go home, by your leave, to Gill as I thought I pray you look my sleeve that I steal naught,
I am loath you to grieve, or from you take aught. [*Exit*

3 Pastor Go forth ill might thou chefe¹ Now would I we sought

This morne

That we had all our store

1 Pastor But I will go before,
Let us meet

2 Pastor Where?

3 Pastor At the crooked thorn [*Exit all three* 10

The scene changes to a space before Mak's house

Enter MAK

Mak Undo this door Who is here? How long shall I stand?

Uxor eius Who makes such a bere²? now walk in the wenyand³!

¹ ill befall you

² clamour

³ i.e. bad luck to you It was held that the waning moon brought ill luck

Mak Ah Gill, what cheer ? it is I Mak, your husband

Gill lets him in, grumbling the while He leaves her to do the house work, and rambles about all night, she says She asks how he left the shepherds

Mak The last word that they said when I turned my back

They would look that they had their sheep, all the pack
I hope they will not be well paid when they their sheep lack,

Perde

But how-so the game goes

To me they will suppose ¹

And make a foul noise

20

And cry out upon me

But thou must do as thou hight ²

Uxor I accord me there till ³

I shall swaddle him right in my cradle

If it were a greater slight yet could I help till ⁴

I will lie down straight, come hap ⁵ me

Mak I will

Uxor Behind

Come Coll ⁶ and his maroo ⁷,

They will nip us full narrow

30

Mak But I may cry out haroo ⁸

The sheep if they find

Uxor Harken aye, when they call, they will come anon

Come and make ready all, and sing by thine own ⁹,

Sing lullay thou shall, for I must groan

¹ i.e. they will suspect me ² promised ³ I consent

⁴ If it were a more cunning trick still I could help in it

⁵ cover

⁶ The name of the first shepherd, cf p 157

⁷ comrade (literally 'mate')

⁸ A Norman expression (still used in Jersey) meaning 'to cry out for help', or 'to raise a hue and cry'

⁹ to thyself

And cry out by the wall on Mary and John

Full soie

Sing lullay on fast

When thou hearest at last ,

And but I play a false cast¹

40

Trust me no more

[*Exit both*]

The scene changes back to the moor again

3 *Pastor* Ah Coll, good morn Why sleepest thou not ?

1 *Pastor* Alas that ever was I born ' we have a foul blot
A fat wether have we lorn

3 *Pastor* Marry, God forbod

2 *Pastor* Who should do us that scorn ? that were
a foul spot²

1 *Pastor* Some shrew
I have sought with my dogs
All Horbeiry Shroggs³

And of fifteen hogs⁴ 50

Found I but one ewe

3 *Pastor* Now trow me if ye will, by Saint Thomas of
Kent

Either Mak or Gill was at that assent⁵

1 *Pastor* Peace man, be still I saw when he went
Thou slanderest him ill, thou ought to repent
Good speed

2 *Pastor* Now as ever might I the⁶
If I should even here die

I would say it were he
That did that same deed

60

¹ trick

² jest (the German *Spott*)

³ Horbeiry is a village near Wakefield, 'shroggs' are patches
of rough ground partly covered with brushwood

⁴ young sheep

⁵ 1 e, had a hand in that

⁶ thrive

3 *Pastor* Go we thither I need¹ and run on our feet,
Shall I never eat bread the sooth till I wit

The shepherds go to Mak's house, and call to him

Mak Who is that spake as it were mine
On loft²?

Who is that, I say

3 *Pastor* Good fellows, were it day³

Mak As far as ye may
Good, speak soft

Oveir a sick woman's head that is at mal ease

I had liefer be dead or she had any disease⁴ 70

After a little more talk, the third Shepherd tells Mak of their loss

Mak Had I been there
Some should have bought it full sore

1 *Pastor* Mairry, some men trow that ye were,
And that us foithinks⁵

2 *Pastor* Mak, some men trow that it should be ye

3 *Pastor* Either ye or your spouse, so say we

Mak Now if ye have suspouse⁶ to Gill or to me
Come in our house, and then may ye see
Who had hei

If I any sheep fott⁷ 80

Either cow or stott⁸,

And Gill, my wife, rose not

Here since she lade her

The shepherds search the house, and find nothing Before they leave they stop to speak a kindly word to Gill, who lies groaning, and to the baby who is covered up in the cradle Then they go out, but pause outside the house

¹ advise

² on high Mak's house is in a hollow

³ i e if you could see us

⁴ injury

⁵ seems ill to us

⁶ suspicion

⁷ fetched

⁸ a young bullock

1 *Pastor* Gave ye the child anything ?

2 *Pastor* I trow not one farthing

3 *Pastor* Fast again will I fling ,

Abide ye me there [*He goes back to the house*]

Mak, take it no grief¹ if I come to thy barne²

Mak Nay, thou dost me great reprove³, and foul hast
thou farne⁴

3 *Pastor* The child it will not grieve, that little day-
starne⁵ 90

Mak, with your leave, let me give your barne

But six pence

Mak Nay, do way⁶, he sleeps

3 *Pastor* Methinks he peeps

Mak When he wakens he weeps ,

I pray you go hence [*The other shepherds come back*]

3 *Pastor* Give me leave him to kiss, and lift up the
clout

What the devil is this ? he has a long snout

1 *Pastor* He is marked amiss , we wait ill about

2 *Pastor* Ill spun weft i wis, aye comes foul out 100

Aye so

He is like to our sheep

1 *Pastor* How Gib, may I peep ?

2 *Pastor* I trow kind will creep

Where it may not go

3 *Pastor* I know him by the ear-mark , that is a good
token

Mak I tell you, sirs, hark ! his nose is broken ,
Since told me a clerk that he was for spoken⁷

¹ take it not amiss.

² child

³ reproach.

⁴ done

⁵ day star

⁶ go away

⁷ bewitched

1 *Pastor* This is a false work, I would fain be
wroken¹, 110

Get weeping

Uxor He was taken with² an elf,
I saw it myself,
When the clock struck twelve
Was he forshapen³

3 *Pastor* Sirs, do my reed,
For this trespass
We will neither ban⁴ nor flyte⁵,
Fight nor chyte⁶,
But have done as tyte⁷ 120
And cast him in canvas

[*They toss MAK in a sheet*]

After this, the play goes on to the ordinary representation of the Christmas story

¹ revenged

² by

³ misshapen

⁴ curse

⁵ miscall

⁶ scold

⁷ at once a northern dialectical form

CHAPTER II

SCHOLASTIC COMEDY

THE experiment of the *Secunda Pastorum* does not appear to have been repeated at any rate we have no later example of a Miracle play in which the comic spirit predominates. But in the course of the next half-century two influences began to concentrate upon the English stage and to exercise an important effect on its character and progress. The first was satire. Our Tudor period was a time of corruption within the Church and of controversy without, there were at least as many evils to amend as there had been in the days of *Piers Ploughman*, and while the reformer battered at the doors of the stronghold, the poet, secure behind the protection of his craft, showered arrow after arrow at the common enemy. The most remarkable instance of this tendency is to be found in the Interludes of John Heywood, the first of which appeared somewhere about 1520. Heywood was a devout Roman Catholic and a staunch upholder of the Constitution, but he had a keen wit and an abundant opportunity for burlesque and epigram. His *Merry Play between the Pardoner, the Friar, the Curate, and Neighbour Pratt* (1520-1) satirized the greed and rapacity of the wandering clergy, the domestic confessor is lashed in the *Merry Play between John the Husband, Tib the Wife, and Sir John the Priest*, most famous of all is the *Interlude of the Four P's* (about 1545), in which Palmer, Pardoner, and 'Poticary vie with one another in the effrontery of their

pretensions, and the Pedlar judges which is the greatest liar of the three

The second influence was Humanism and the revival of classical learning. We have already noted the effect of this upon English tragedy¹, in comedy its range was even wider, and its result more durable. Early in the sixteenth century it became customary for the Universities and the larger schools to perform classical comedies on festival-days: examples from Plautus, from Terence, and even from Aristophanes are attested by contemporary records between the years 1527 and 1537, and the fashion so established rapidly spread into general usage. From production to imitation was but a short step. About the same period Ravisius Textor, Professor of Rhetoric at Paris, began to write Latin farces, one of which, the amusing burlesque of *Thersites*, was translated into English in 1537, and thenceforward the two streams intermingled in the works of Heywood and Ingelend and others, ranging from the harlequinade of *Jack Juggler* to the faint romance of *Calisto and Meliboea*, until, shortly after 1550, they merged into the two plays with whose almost simultaneous production our English comedy attained its adolescence.

It is noticeable that though both are of academic origin, and could only have been written by men of academic training and condition, yet both have advanced beyond the practice of reliance upon classical topics. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, ascribed to William Stevenson², who from 1550 to 1553 was master of the pageants at Christ's College, Cambridge, is a rustic sketch, treating of village life as seen from the class-room window, its whole plot

¹ See above, p. 34

² Its attribution to John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, is now commonly discredited. The title-page bears only the indication 'Mr S Master of Arts'

turns on the interruption of a housewife's needle-work, and it even aims at some contemporary portraiture in the use of dialect and of clownish catch-words *Ralph Roister Doister*, written by Nicholas Udall (probably during his headmastership of Westminster), is no doubt asserted by some historians to be founded on the *Miles Gloriosus*, but its main resemblance to that play is comprised in the fact that one of its characters is a braggart and another a parasite. Each, in short, while essentially scholastic in its outlook, in its form, and in the quality of its humour, is of English parentage, and owes but little of its substance to any remoter ancestry.

Of the two *Ralph Roister Doister* is undoubtedly the better work. It is ill-constructed, and it readily oversteps the line between comedy and farce, but there is a real sense of fun in the coxcomb who laments that he is 'such a goodly person', and in the ragged client who, without a penny for his own dinner, offers his empty purse to the service of his patron. Dame Custance, too, is a pleasant and buxom heroine, and every one is glad when her vanquished suitor takes his defeat in good part, and bestows a blessing upon her and his rival. There is no great craftsmanship, there is no serious attempt at delineation: it is a cheery and irresponsible piece of Christmas mirth, suitable for the end of term when the holidays begin to-morrow and even the Dominie unbends. We must needs be in a very saturnine humour to withstand the spirit of the time and to criticize by any absolute standard the boyish actors and the impromptu stage.

NICHOLAS UDALL (1505-1556) was a native of Hampshire, and was educated at Winchester and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. After graduating in 1524 he became a Fellow and Tutor of his college, and about 1534 was appointed Head Master of Eton. In 1541 he was dismissed from his post and

committed to the Marshalsea, but he had powerful patrons at Court, and was soon released. From 1542 to 1548 he was occupied mainly in literary work. About 1550 he published a translation of Peter Martyr's *Treatise of the Eucharist*, and shortly afterwards was presented successively to a prebend at Windsor and to the living of Calbourne in the Isle of Wight. In 1553 or 1554 he succeeded Alexander Nowell as Head Master of Westminster School, and held that office until, in November, 1556, the school was absorbed by Queen Mary into the monastery of Westminster. A month later he died, and was buried in St Margaret's. The date of his comedy *Ralph Roister Doister* has been a matter of some controversy. Mr Sidney Lee holds that it 'may have been written before 1541' for the performance at Eton. Professor Hales, who is followed by Mr Chambers, places it in the Westminster period, on the ground that Udall is not mentioned in the 1548 edition of Bale's *Scriptores*, and that there is a quotation from the play in the third edition (1554) of T. Wilson's *Rule of Reason*, but not in the earlier editions. On the whole it would seem probable that the production may be assigned to Christmas, 1553. The Epilogue, which is like a set of variations on the National Anthem, is said to have been added by a later hand in the reign of Elizabeth.

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

RALPH ROISTER DOISTER, a vain-glorious gull	SYM SURESBY, servant to Goodluck
MATHEW MERYGREEKE, a parasite	A SCRIVENER
GAWAYN GOODLUCK, be- trothed to Dame Custance	MUSICIANS
TRISTRAM TRUSTY, his friend	DAME CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE, a widow
DOBINET	MADGE MUMBLECRUST, hei- nurse
DOUGHTIE	
HARPAX	
TON TRUPENIE, servant to Dame Custance	TIBET TALKAPACE } her ANNOT ALYFACE } maids

Scene An open place near Dame Custance's house

ACT I SCENE I.

MATHEW MERYGREEKE *He entereth singing*

Mat Mery As long liveth the merry man, they say,
As doth the sorry man, and longer by a day
Yet the grasshopper for all his summer piping
Starveth in winter with hungry griping
Therefore another said saw doth men advise
That they be together both merry and wise
This lesson must I practise or else ere long
With me, Mathew Merygreeke, it will be wiong
Indeed men so call me, for by Him that us bought,
Whatever chance betide, I can take no thought 10
Yet wisdom would that I did myself bethink
Where to be provided this day of meat and drink,
For know ye, that for all this merry note of mine,
He might appose ² me now that should ask where I dine
My living lieth here and there of God's grace,—
Sometime with this good man, sometime in that place,
Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come near,
Somewhiles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheer,
Sometime Davy Diceplayer, when he hath well cast,
Keepeth revel rout as long as it will last, 20
Sometime Tom Titivile maketh us a feast,
Sometime with Sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden guest,
Sometime at Nichol Neveithrives I get a sop,
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blinkinsoppe,
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydodie's sleeve,
But this day on Ralph Roister Doister's by his leave,
For truly of all men he is my chief banker
Both for meat and money, and my chief shootanker ³

¹ pose² Usually, though incorrectly, written 'sheetanchor'

But now of Roister Doister somewhat to express,
 That ye may esteem him after his worthiness 30
 In these twenty towns, and seek them throughout,
 Is not the like stock, whereon to graft a lout
 All the day long is he facing and craking¹
 Of his great acts in fighting and fray making ,
 But when Roister Doister is put to the proof
 To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoof
 If any woman smile or cast on him any eye
 Up is he to the hard ears in love by and by,
 And in all the hot haste must she be his wife,
 Else farewell his good days, and farewell his life ! 40

I can with a word make him fain or loath,
 I can with as much make him pleased or wioth,
 I can, when I will, make him merry and glad,
 I can, when me lust, make him sorry and sad,
 I can set him in hope, and eke in despair,
 I can make him speak ough, and make him speak fall,
 But I marvel I see him not all this same day
 I will seek him out —But lo ! he cometh this way
 I have yonder espied him sadly coming,
 And in love, for twenty pound, by his glooming 50

ACT I SCENE II

*Enter RALPH ROISTER DOISTER MERYGREEKE pretends
 not to see him*

R Roister Come, death, when thou wilt, I am weary of
 my life

M Mery [*aside*] I told you, I, we should woo another
 wife

R Roister Why did God make me such a goodly
 person ?

¹ boasting

M Mery [*aside*] He is in by the week, we shall have sport anon

R Roister And where is my trusty friend, Matthew Merygreeke?

M Mery [*aside*] I will make as I saw him not, he doth me seek

R Roister I have him espied, me thinketh, yond is he Haugh! Mathew Merygreeke my friend, a word with thee

M Mery [*aside*] I will not hear him, but make as I had haste —

[*Aloud*] Farewell, all my good friends, the time away doth waste, 10

And the tide, they say, tairieth for no man

R Roister Thou must with thy good counsel help me if thou can

M Mery God keep thee, worshipful Master Roister Doister

And farewell thee, lusty Master Roister Doister

[*Pretending to go*]

R Roister I must needs speak with thee a word or twain

M Mery Within a month or two I will be here again Negligence in great affairs, ye know, may mar all

R Roister Attend upon me now, and well reward thee I shall

M Mery I have take my leave, and the tide is well spent

R Roister I die except thou help, I pray thee be content 20

Do thy part well now, and ask what thou wilt,

For without thy aid my matter is all spilt

M Mery Then to serve your turn I will some pains take,

And let my own affairs alone for your sake

R Roister My whole hope and trust resteth only in thee

M Mery Then can ye not do amiss, whatever it be

R Roister Gramercies, Merygreeke, most bound to thee I am

M Mery But up with that heart, and speak out like a iam

Ye speak like a capon that hath had the cough now

Be of good cheer, anon ye shall do well enow 30

R Roister Upon thy comfort I will all things handle

M Mery So lo! that is a breast to blow out a candle

But what is this great matter? I would fain know

We shall find remedy therefore, I trow

Do ye lack money? Ye know mine old offers,

Ye shall always have a key to my purse and coffers

R Roister I thank thee Had ever man such a friend?

M Mery Ye give unto me, I must needs to you lend

R Roister Nay, I have money plenty all things to discharge

M Mery [*aside*] That knew I right well when I made offer so large 40

R Roister But it is no such matter

M Mery What is it, than?

Are ye in danger of debt to any man?

If ye be, take no thought nor be not afraid,

Let them hardly take thought how they shall be paid

R Roister Tut! I owe nought

M Mery What then? fear ye imprisonment?

R Roister No

M Mery No, I wist, ye offend not, so to be shent¹

What is it? hath any man threatened you to beat?

R Roister What is he that durst have put me in that heat?

¹ punished

He that beateth me—by His arms—shall well find
That I will not be far from him nor run behind 50

M Mery That thing know all men ever since ye over
threw

The fellow of the lion which Hercules slew
But what is it then ?

R Roister Of love I make my moan

M Mery Ah ! this foolish love ' wilt ne'er let us alone ?
But because ye were refused the last day,
Ye said ye would ne'er more be entangled that way
I would meddle no more since I find all so unkind

R Roister Yea, but I cannot so put love out of my
mind

M Mery But what or who is she with whom ye are
in love ?

R Roister A woman whom I know not by what means
to move 60

M Mery Who is it ?

R Roister A woman yond

M Mery What is her name ?

R Roister Her yonder

M Mery Whom ?

R Roister Mistress—ah—

M Mery Fie, fie, for shame
Love ye, and know not whom, but 'her yonder', 'a
woman' ?

We shall get you a wife—I cannot tell whan

R Roister The fair woman that supped with us yester
night,

And I heard her name twice or thrice and had it right

M Mery Yea, ye may see ye ne'er take me to good
cheer with you

If ye had, I could have told you her name now

R Roister I was to blame indeed, but the next time
perchance— 69

And she dwelleth in this house

M Mery What, Christian Custance ?

R Roister I am utterly dead unless I have my desire

M Mery Where be the bellows that blew this sudden
fire ?

R Roister I hear she is worth a thousand pounds and
moie

Merygreeke promises to woo for him, in spite of the fact
that he has heard that Dame Custance is betrothed to Gawayn
Goodluck Roister Doister gets a scrivener to write a love
letter for him, and comes with Merygreeke to see how Custance
is affected by it

ACT III SCENE IV

ROISTER DOISTER MERYGREEKE CUSTANCE

M Mery Let us see your letter

Custance Hold, read it, if ye can,
And see what letter it is to win a woman

M Mery 'To mine own dear coney bird, sweetheart
and pigsnie

Good Mistiess Custance, present these by and by '

Of this superscription do ye blame the style ?

Custance With the rest as good stuff as ye read a great
while

M Mery [*reads, altering the punctuation¹ as follows*]

'Sweet Mistress whereas I love you nothing at all,

Regarding your substance and riches chief of all,

Fo' your personage, beauty, demeanour and wit

I commend me unto you never a whit

10

Sor'ry to hear report of your good welfare

For (as I hear say) such your conditions are

¹ Of the prologue to the Clown's play in *Midsummer Night's Dream*

That ye be worthy favour of no living man,
 To be abhorred of every honest man
 To be taken for a woman inclined to vice
 Nothing at all giving to Virtue her due price
 Wherefore concerning marriage ye are thought
 Such a fine paragon as ne'er honest man bought
 And now by these presents I do you advertise
 That I am minded to marry you in no wise 20
 For your goods and substance I could be content
 To take you as ye are If ye mind to be my wife
 Ye shall be assured for the time of my life
 I will keep ye right well from good raiment and fare,
 Ye shall not be kept but in sorrow and care
 Ye shall in no wise live at your own liberty,
 Do and say what ye list, ye shall never please me,
 But when ye are merry, I will be all sad,
 When ye are sorry, I will be very glad
 When ye seek your heart's ease, I will be unkind, 30
 At no time in me shall ye much gentleness find
 But all things contrary to your will and mind
 Shall be done otherwise I will not be behind
 To speak As for all them that would do you wrong
 I will so help and maintain, ye shall not live long
 Nor any foolish dolt shall cumber you but I
 I, who e'er say nay, will stick by you till I die
 Thus good Mistress Custance, the Lord you save and
 keep
 From me Roister Doister, whether I wake or sleep
 Who favoureth you no less (ye may be bold) 40
 Than this letter purporteth, which ye have unfold'
Custance How by this letter of love, is it not fine?
R. Roister By the arms of Calleys, it is none of mine
M. Mery Fie! you are foul to blame This is your
 own hand

Custance Might not a woman be proud of such an husband ?

R Roister Oh, would I had him here, the which did it indite

M Mery Why, ye made it yourself, ye told me, by this light

Custance God be with you both, and seek no more to me *[Exit*

R Roister Woe ! she is gone for ever I shall her no more see

Merygreeke persuades *Roister Doister* to try his fortune again, and to attempt to overawe *Custance* by appealing in armour

ACT IV SCENE VIII

MERYGREEKE CUSTANCE ROISTER DOISTER TIB
TALKAPACE ANNOT ALYFACE MADGE MUMBLE
CRUST DOUGHTIE HARPAX

Two drums with their ensigs

Custance What catiffs are those that so shake my house wall ?

M Mery Ah, sirrah ! now, *Custance*, if ye had so much wit

I would see you ask pardon and yourselves submit

Custance Have I still this ado with a couple of fools ?

M Mery Hear ye what she saith ?

Custance Maidens, come forth with your tools

[The Maids enter, armed]

R Roister In array

M Mery Dubba dub sirrah !

R Roister In array

They come suddenly on us.

M Mery Dubba dub '
R Roister In allay '
 That ever I was born ! We are taken tardy
M Mery Now, sirs, quit ourselves like tall men and
 hardy
Custance On afore, Truepennie ! Hold thine own,
 Annot ! 10
 On toward them Tibet ' so ' stand fast together
M Mery God send us a fair day
R Roister See, they march on hither
Tib Talk But, Mistress '
Custance What sayest thou ?
Tib Talk Shall I go fetch our goose ?
Custance What to do ?
Tib Talk To yonder captain I will turn her loose,
 And she gape and hiss at him as she doth at me
 I dуст jeopard my hand she will make him flee
They fight, and ROISTER DOISTER and his men flee

ACT V SCENE VI

The play ends with the return of Gawayn Goodluck, who marries Custance Roister Doister magnanimously pardons them both

R Roister I will be as good friends with them as e'er
 I was
M Mery Then let me fetch you choir that we may
 have a song
R Roister Go [Exit MERY
G Goodluck I have heard no melody all this year long
 [Enter MERY and MUSICIANS]

[They sing]

G Goodluck The Lord preserve our most noble Queen
of renown

And her virtues reward with the heavenly crown

Custance The Lord strengthen her most excellent
Majesty

Long to reign over us in all prosperity

T Trusty That her godly proceedings the faith to
defend

He may 'stablish and maintain, through to the end

M Mery God grant her, as she doth, the Gospel to
protect, 10

Learning and virtue to advance, and vice to correct

R Roister God grant her loving subjects both the
mind and grace

Her most godly proceedings worthily to embrace

Harpax Her Highness' most worthy counsellors God
prosper

With honour and love of all men to minister

Omnes God grant the Nobility her to serve and love

With all the whole Commonalty as doth them behove

Amen

FINIS

CHAPTER III

THE COMEDY OF WIT

FROM the reign of Elizabeth to the reign of Anne it was an accepted convention to represent the Universities as the homes of dialectic. In satire, in essay, in romance, the newly-gowned graduate appears as a person of brisk and dapper wit, a little acid perhaps, as befits the common-room, and carrying no great weight in the sentence, but neatly turned and with a pretty trick of classical allusion. Some evidence for the truth of this judgement is afforded by Academic comedy. It delights in quip and repartee, in conceits and 'college jokes', it trips an adversary on a word, and stabs him dead with an epigram, it often sacrifices action to dialogue, and the development of plot to the interplay of jest and rejoinder. The dramatist stands at the elbow of all his personages, and whatever the part that he assigns to them, prompts their speech with the same deft and pointed phraseology.

As the Elizabethan drama progressed this tendency was modified by a larger experience and a broader and more sympathetic treatment of human nature. But even from our greatest writers it is seldom entirely absent. It appears in the dialogue between Speed and Proteus at the beginning of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, it appears in the garden-scene of *Much Ado about Nothing*, it animates much of the wit of Beaumont and Fletcher. In our lesser dramatists, from Peele to Shirley, we may watch it gradually fade and degenerate into a mere

mechanical device, which starts from quickness and readiness of reply and grows in the end as tiresome as a parodied proverb or an inverted commonplace. But when fresh and novel the device must have been immensely effective, and that Shakespeare did not disdain to borrow it is a sufficient indication of its literary value.

As an early example we may take Lyly's *Alexander and Campaspe*, which was produced, some ten years before Shakespeare's first play, in 1581. The style is beaten and wrought to the furthest pitch of elaboration: hardly any one can say a plain thing in a plain way, every word has its chime, every clause its antithesis, the very slaves are as witty as their masters, and as well supplied with tags of Oxford erudition. But though there is plenty of Euphuism in the comedy there is a great deal more than Euphuism. It is not merely a matter of affectation and of careful contrivance: the phrase often cuts clean, and many of the encounters are as good as a fencing match. Here is a masterly example of thrust and parry —

Chrysus Alexander, king Alexander, give a poor cynic a groat

Alexander It is not for a king to give a groat

Chrysus Then give me a talent

Alexander It is not for a beggar to ask a talent

Diogenes, too, gives abundant opportunity for a crabbed humour, and affords a direct and telling foil to the courtliness of Apelles. Nor are the affectations themselves without charm. We should be sorry to forgo the piled metaphors and the remote analogies, our ears grow attuned to the artificial cadences, and, for a time at any rate, follow them with sensible pleasure. That it should continue to be a predominating force in our literature was to be neither expected nor desired: it had not enough of blood in its veins or of passion in its heart, but its

learning has a pleasant fragrance like that of the folios in a college library, and it plays with a *curiosa felicitas* upon the surface of human life

For JOHN LYLY see Vol I, p 307 His dramas, of which *Alexander and Campaspe* was the first, were written for the companies of child actors at St Paul's and the Savoy, and continued in vogue until 1590, when the companies were disbanded by royal order He thus ranks, with Peele and Greene, as one of Shakespeare's most immediate predecessors in Comedy and in Shakespeare's earliest play (*Love's Labour's Lost*, 1591-2) his influence is clearly to be observed

ALEXANDER AND CAMPASPE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALEXANDER, King of Macedon	APELLES, a Painter
HEPHESTION, his General	SOLINUS } Citizens of Athens
CLYTUS	SYLVIVS }
PARMENIO	PERIM }
MILECTUS	MILO } Sons to Sylvius
PHRYGIUS	TRICO }
MELIPPUS, Chamberlain to Alexander	GRANICUS, Seivant to Plato
ARISTOTLE	MANES, Seivant to Diogenes
DIOGENES	PSYLLUS, Servant to Apelles
CHRYSIPPUS	PAGE TO ALEXANDER
CRATES	CITIZENS OF ATHENS
CLEANTHES	CAMPASPE } Theban Cap-
ANAXARCHUS	TIMOCLEA } tives
CHRYsus	LAIS
	Scene Athens

ACT I SCENE II

MANES, GRANICUS, PSYLLUS

Manes I serve instead of a master, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board

Psyllus Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend A crumb for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and thy clothes for thy sheets For *Natura paucis contenta*¹

Gran Manes, it is pity so proper a man should be cast away upon a philosopher but that Diogenes, that dog², should have Manes, that dog bolt³, it grieveth nature and spiteth art 11

Manes Are you merry? it is a sign by the trip of your tongue, and the toys of your head, that you have done that to day, which I have not done these three days

Psyllus What's that?

Manes Dined

Gran I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer

Manes I would it were so, but he keepeth neither hot nor cold

Gran What then, lukewarm? That made Manes run from his master the last day 21

Psyllus Manes had reason for his name foretold as much

Manes My name? how so, sn boy?

Psyllus You know that it is called *Mons a Morendo*⁴, because it stands still

Manes Good

Psyllus And thou art named *Manes a Manendo*, because thou runnest away 29

Manes Passing reasons! I did not run away, but retire

¹ 'Natural wants are easily satisfied'

² The school to which Diogenes belonged was called Cynic, from the Greek word for 'dog'

³ A blunt arrow used here as a term of humorous abuse

⁴ An old school-jest that 'Mons' (mountain) was derived from 'movendo' (moving) because it did not move 'Manendo' in the next speech means 'remaining' The byword 'Lucus a non lucendo' is another jest of the same kind

Psyllus To a prison, because thou wouldest have leisure to contemplate

Manes I will prove that my body was immortal because it was in prison

Gran As how?

Manes Did your masters never teach you that the soul is immortal?

Gran Yes

Manes And the body is the prison of the soul¹

Gran True

40

Manes Then thus to make my body immortal I put it in prison.

Gran Oh bad!

Psyllus Excellent ill!

Manes You may see how dull a fasting wit is therefore, *Psyllus*, let us go to supper with *Granicus*. *Plato* is the best fellow of all philosophers. Give me him that reads in the morning in the school, and at noon in the kitchen

Psyllus And me

50

Gran Ah! sirs, my master is a king in his parlour, for the body and a god in his study, for the soul. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent musician, then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder and say, 'This is a passing good cook.'

Manes It is well done, *Granicus*, for give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear

Psyllus I serve *Apelles*, who feedeth me as *Diogenes* doth *Manes*, for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other commendeth counterfeiting when I would eat meat, he pants a spit, and when I thirst, 'Oh,' saith he, 'is not this a fair pot?' and points to a table which

¹ Adapted from *Plato's Phaedo*

contains the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the body

Manes Thou art a god to me for could I see a cook's shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have naught but sentences to fill my maw, as *Plures occidit crapula quam gladius musa ieiunantibus amica*¹ repletion killeth delicately and an old saw of abstinence by Socrates, 'The belly is the head's grave' Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a gallimafray² 72

Gran But how dost thou then live ?

Manes With fine jests, sweet air, and the dogs' alms

Gran Well, for this time I will stanch thy hunger, and among pots and platters thou shalt see what it is to serve Plato

Psyllus For joy of it, Granicus, let's sing

Manes My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning 80

Gran Another commodity of emptiness

[*Sings*]

Oh for a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else from Juno's daisy,
Oh, these draughts would make us merry

ACT I SCENE III

MELIPPUS, PLATO, ARISTOTLE, CHRYSIPPUS, CRATES,
CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION,
PARMENIO, CLYTUS, DIOGENES

Melp I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king First I came to Chrysippus, a tall lean

¹ 'Drunkenness kills more than the sword the Muse loves those who fast'

² Lat. a hash of many kinds of meat

old mad man, willing him presently¹ to appear before Alexander, he stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body, I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sat down, and said nothing. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well, thought I, seeing bookish men are so blockish, and great clerks such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons² nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle, and to divers others, none refusing to come save an old obscure fellow, who sitting in a tub turned towards the sun read Greek to a young boy, him when I willed to appear before Alexander, he answered, 'If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me, if learn of me, let him come to me, whatsoever it be, let him come to me.' 'Why,' said I, 'he is a king.' He answered, 'Why, I am a philosopher.' 'Why, but he is Alexander.' 'Aye, but I am Diogenes.' I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape to be so crabbed in his sayings, so going my way, I said, 'Thou shalt repent it, if thou comest not to Alexander.' 'Nay,' smiling, answered he, 'Alexander may repent it if he cometh not to Diogenes, Virtue must be sought, not offered.' And so turning himself to his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming. [*Exit*]

Plato, Aristotle, Cleanthes, and others enter and discuss philosophy. Diogenes jeers at them for their willingness to pay court to Alexander.

¹ immediately

² fare

ACT II SCENE II

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, Page, DIOGENES, APELLES

[Enter ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, and Page]

Alex Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called *Hephestion*, how do you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

Hep I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea.

Alex Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father

Hep You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother

Alex Timoclea still in thy mouth! art thou not in love?

Hep Not I 10

Alex Not with Timoclea, you mean, wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not. And so you lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea

Hep Could I as well subdue kingdoms as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms as I know myself moderate in affection

Alex Is love a vice?

Hep It is no virtue 20

Alex Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephestion. And since thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou shalt be partaker of my torments. I love, Hephestion, I love! I love Campaspe, a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangeest thou down thy head, Hephestion? blushing to hear that which I am not ashamed to tell

Hep Might my words crave pardon, and my counsel

credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject, for so I am, and the office of a friend, for so I will 31

Alex Speak, Hephestion, for whatsoever is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander

Hephestion argues against love, and Alexander answers him

Hep I must needs yield, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard

Alex Yield Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain

Hep Suppose she loves not you? affection cometh not by appointment or birth, and then as good hated as enforced 40

Alex I am a king, and will command

Hep You may, to yield to lust by force, but to consent to love by fear, you cannot

Alex Why, what is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

Hep Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist, love 47

Alex I am a conqueror, she a captive, I as fortunate as she is fair my greatness may answer her wants, and the gifts of my mind the modesty of hers is it not likely then that she should love? Is it not reasonable?

Hep You say that in love there is no reason, and therefore there can be no likelihood

Alex No more, Hephestion in this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice thou mayest be a good soldier, but never good lover Call my Page [*Page advances*] Sir, go presently to Apelles, and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse 59

Page I go

[*Exit*

[*The tub is thrust on*]

Alex In the mean season, to recreate my spirits, being so near, we will go see Diogenes And see where his tub is Diogenes ?

Diog Who calleth ?

Alex Alexander How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace ?

Diog Because it was as fai from my tub to your palace, as from your palace to my tub

Alex Why then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings ?

Diog No 70

Alex Why so ?

Diog Because they be no gods

Alex They be gods of the earth

Diog Yea, gods of earth

Alex Plato is not of thy mind

Diog I am glad of it

Alex Why ?

Diog Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes

Alex If Alexander have anything that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it 81

Diog Then take not from me, that you cannot give me, the light of the world

Alex What dost thou want ?

Diog Nothing that you have

Alex I have the world at command

Diog And I in contempt

Alex Thou shalt live no longer than I will

Diog But I will die whether you will or no

Alex How should one learn to be content ? 90

Diog Unlearn to covet

Alex Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes

Hep He is dogged, but discreet, I cannot tell how

sharp, with a kind of sweetness, full of wit, yet too too¹ wayward

Alex Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee

Diog Do [Re enter Page with APELLES]

Alex But here cometh Apelles how now Apelles, is Venus' face yet finished? 101

Apel Not yet Beauty is not so soon shadowed, whose perfection cometh not within the compass either of cunning or of colour

Alex Well, let it rest imperfect, and come you with me, where I will show you that finished by nature that you have been trifling about by art [Exeunt]

ACT III SCENE I

APELLES, CAMPASPE, PSYLLUS

Apel Lady, I doubt whether there be any colour so fresh that may shadow a countenance so fair

Camp Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to glose with your tongue, but as I have heard, it is the hardest thing in painting to set down a hard favour, which maketh you to despair of my face, and then shall you have as great thanks to spare your labour as to discredit your art

Apel Mistress, you neither differ from yourself nor your sex for knowing your own perfection, you seem to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that means into an admiration, where feeding themselves they fall into an ecstasy, your modesty being the cause of the one, and of the other, your affections 14

Camp I am too young to understand your speech,

¹ A common repetition cf *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act II, sc 1v

'O! but I love his lady too too much'

though old enough to withstand your device, you have been so long used to colours you can do nothing but colour 18

Apel Indeed, the colours I see I fear will alter the colour I have but come, madam, will you draw near, for Alexander will be here anon *Psyllus*, stay you here at the window, if any inquire for me, answer, *Non lubet esse domi*¹ [*Exeunt*

ACT III SCENE II

PSYLLUS, MANES

Psyllus (solus) It is always my master's fashion, when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within, to make me to stay without But if he should paint Jupiter like a Bull, like a Swan, like an Eagle, then must *Psyllus* with one hand grind colours, and with the other hold the candle But let him alone, the better he shadows her face, the more will he burn his own heart And now if a man could meet with *Manes*, who, I dare say, looks as lean as if *Diogenes* dropped out of his nose— 9

[*Enter MANES*]

Manes And here comes *Manes*, who hath as much meat in his maw as thou hast honesty in thy head

Psyllus Then I hope thou art very hungry

Manes They that know thee know that

Psyllus But dost thou not remember that we have certain liquor to confer withal?

Manes Aye, but I have business, I must go cry a thing

Psyllus Why, what hast thou lost?

Manes That which I never had, my dinner

Psyllus Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

¹ 'It is not my pleasure to be at home'

Manes I mean, I must cry, not as one would say cry,
but cry, that is make a noise 21

Psyllus Why fool, that is all one, for if thou cry, thou
must needs make a noise

Manes Boy, thou art deceived Ciy hath diverse
significations, and may be alluded to many things, knave
but one, and can be applied but to thee

Psyllus Profound *Manes* !

Manes We Cynics are mad fellows, didst thou not
find I did quip thee ?

Psyllus No verily ! why, what is a quip ? 30

Manes We great girders¹ call it a short saying of a
sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word

Psyllus How canst thou thus divine, divide, define,
dispute, and all on the sudden ?

Manes Wit will have his swing, I am bewitched,
inspired, inflamed, infected

Psyllus Well, then will not I tempt thy gibling spirit

Manes Do not, *Psyllus*, for thy dull head will be but
a grindstone for my quick wit, which if thou whet with
overthwarts², *perusti, actum est de te*³ I have drawn blood
at one's brains with a bitter bob⁴ 41

Psyllus Let me cross myself for I die, if I cross thee

Manes Let me do my business, I myself am afraid
lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs
consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests I am
sometimes in such a vein, that for want of some dull pate
to work on, I begin to gird myself

Psyllus The gods shield me from such a fine fellow,
whose words melt wits like wax

¹ mocker, cf 'Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me,'
Henry IV, Pt II, Act I, sc 11

² repartees

⁴ jest

³ 'You are undone it is all over with you'

ACT III SCENE IV

CLYTUS, PARMENIO, ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, CRYBUS,
 DIOGENES, APELLES, CAMPASPE

[*Enter CLYTUS and PARMENIO*]

Clytus PARMENIO, I cannot tell how it cometh to pass, that in Alexander nowadays there groweth an impatient kind of life in the morning he is melancholy, at noon solemn, at all times either more soui or severe than he was accustomed

Par In kings' causes I rather love to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquisitive they have long ears and stretched arms, in whose heads suspicion is a proof, and to be accused is to be condemned 10

Clytus Yet between us there can be no danger to find out the cause for that there is no malice to withstand it It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet it is not unlikely his long ease hath altered his humour that he should be in love, it is not impossible

Par In love, Clytus? no, no, it is as far from his thought as treason in ours, he whose ever waking eye, whose never tired heart, whose body patient of labour, whose mind unsatiable of victory, hath always been noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits of love Aristotle told him there were many worlds, and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all galleth Alexander But here he cometh 24

[*Enter ALEX and HEPHEST*]

Alex PARMENIO, and Clytus, I would have you both ready to go into Persia about an ambassage no less profit able to me than to yourselves honourable

Clytus We are ready at all commands, wishing nothing else, but continually to be commanded

Alex Well, then withdraw yourselves, till I have further considered of this matter 31

[*Exeunt CLYTUS and PARMENIO*]

Alex Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning

Hep You love, and therefore think anything

Alex But not so far in love with Campaspe as with Bucephalus¹, if occasion serve either of conflict or of conquest

Hep Occasion cannot want, if will do not Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power the Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do the Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their Augurs, and gaping over the smoke of their beasts' entrails All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that would be not slipped out of your head, which you have sworn to conquer with that hand 46

[*During the following speech the tub is thrust on, from which appears* DIOGENES, *to whom enter* CHRYSUS]

Alex I confess the labours fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles give me leave a little, if not to sit, yet to breathe And doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him as he can cowardice But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub 53

Chrysus One penny, Diogenes, I am a Cynic

Diog. He made thee a beggar that first gave thee any thing

¹ Alexander's war horse

Chrysus Why, if thou wilt give nothing, nobody will give thee

Diog I want nothing, till the springs dry, and the earth perish 60

Chrysus I gather for the gods

Diog And I care not for those gods which want money

Chrysus Thou art a right Cynic that will give nothing

Diog Thou art not, that will beg anything

Chrysus Alexander, King Alexander, give a poor Cynic a groat

Alex It is not for a king to give a groat

Chrysus Then give me a talent

Alex It is not for a beggar to ask a talent Away ' Apelles ? 71

[*The curtains open, discovering the studio with APELLES and CAMPASPE*]

Apel Here

Alex Now, gentlewoman, doth not your beauty put the painter to his trump ?¹

Camp Yes, my Lord, seeing so disorder'd a countenance, he feareth he shall shadow a deformed counterfeit

Alex Would he could colour the life with the feature And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet smells, as fresh colours, observing in your mixture such things as should draw near to their savours 81

Apel Your majesty must know, it is no less hard to paint savours than virtues, colours can neither speak nor think

Alex Where do you first begin when you draw any picture ?

Apel The proposition of the face in just compass, as I can,

¹ i e on his mettle A metaphor from cards

Alex I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest 90

Apel If you will paint, as you are a king, your majesty may begin where you please, but as you would be a painter, you must begin with the face

Alex Aurelius would in one hour colour four faces

Apel I marvel in half an hour he did not four

Alex Why, is it so easy?

Apel No, but he doth it so homely

Alex When will you finish Campaspe?

Apel Never finish for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat above art 100

Alex Why should not I by labour be as cunning as Apelles?

Apel God shield you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

Alex Me thinketh four colours are sufficient to shadow any countenance, and so it was in the time of Phidias

Apel Then had men fewer fancies, and women not so many favours. For now, if the hair of her eyebrows be black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow¹ the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body, else must the picture seem like the blazon of ancient armoury, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiableness. For as in garden knots² diversity of odours make a more sweet savour, or as in music divers strings cause a more delicate concert, so in painting, the more colours, the better counterfeit, observing black for a ground, and the rest for grace 117

Alex Lend me thy pencil, Apelles, I will paint, and thou shalt judge

¹ It was customary in Elizabeth's reign for women to dye their hair yellow

² The patterns in flower-beds

Apel Here

120

Alex The coal¹ breaks

Apel You lean too hard

Alex Now it blacks not

Apel You lean too soft

Alex This is awry

Apel Your eye goeth not with your hand

Alex Now it is worse

Apel Your hand goeth not with your mind 128

Alex Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind must all draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle than blotting of a board But how have I done here?

Apel Like a king

Alex I think so but nothing more unlike a painter Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish, dismiss her, and bring presently her counterfeit after me

Apel I will

[*ALEX and HEPH come from the studio*]

Alex Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton² as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly, liberty will increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her honour 141

Hep I will not contrary your majesty, for time must wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed

[*CAMPASPE comes from the studio*]

Alex How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly! a sweet consent in her countenance with a chaste disdain,

¹ i e charcoal

² i e 'go right' In the same sense the hero of Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas* says, 'this gear will cotton', meaning 'this plot will succeed'

desire mingled with coyness, and I cannot tell how to term it, a cuist¹ yielding modesty'

Hep Let her pass

149

Alex So she shall for the fairest on the earth [*Exeunt*

Apelles confesses his passion for Campaspe, and laments that with Alexander for a rival he has no hope of winning her

ACT V SCENE IV.

ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, Page, DIOGENES,

APELLES, CAMPASPE

[*Enter* ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION and Page]

Alex Me thinketh, Hephestion, you are more melancholy than you were accustomed, but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace, nor my pleasure, be of good cheer, though I wink, I sleep not

Hep Melancholy I am not, nor well content for I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease, that I fear I shall not scour it out with infinite labours

9

Alex Yes, yes, if all the travails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? Did ye ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question, nor looked steadfastly upon anything. I hold my life the Painter is in love

Hep It may be for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enamoured of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pigmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of his wooden swan, especially painters, who playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw

¹ Lat 'cross grained' It means here a cross play between modesty and readiness to yield

a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it, and then poor souls they kiss the colours with their lips, with which before they were loath to tant their fingers 24

Alex I will find it out page, go speedily for Apelles, will him to come hither, and when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out Apelles' shop is on fire !

Page It shall be done

Alex Forget not your lesson [Exit Page

Hep I marvel what your device shall be 30

Alex The event shall prove

Hep. I pity the poor painter, if he be in love

Alex Pity him not, I pray thee that severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love ?

Hep As the Macedonians do of their herb Beet, which looking yellow in the ground, and black in the hand, think it better seen than touched

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be ?

Hep A word by superstition thought a god, by use turned to an humour by self-will made a flattering madness 41

Alex You are too hard hearted to think so of love Let us go to Diogenes Diogenes, thou must think it somewhat that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon

Diog If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough, if to laugh, you be come too soon.

Hep It would better become thee to be more courteous, and frame thyself to please

Diog And you better to be less, if you durst displease

Alex What dost thou think of the time we have here ? 51

Diog That we have little, and lose much

Alex If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do ?

Diog Be sure that he make not his physician his heir

Alex If thou mightst have thy will, how much ground would content thee?

Diog As much as you in the end must be contented withal.

Alex What, a world? 60

Diog No, the length of my body

Alex Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

Hep You may but he will be very perverse with you

Alex It skilleth not¹, I cannot be angry with him
Diogenes, I pray thee, what dost thou think of love?

Diog A little worsen than I can of hate

Alex And why? 69

Diog Because it is better to hate the things which make to love, than to love the things which give occasion of hate

Alex Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

Diog. Next men and bees

Alex What dost thou dislike chiefly in a woman?

Diog One thing

Alex What?

Diog That she is a woman 79

Alex In mine opinion thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women But now cometh Apelles, who I am sure is as far from thy thought as thou art from his cunning Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, because I will be a philosopher.

Diog And when you have done so, I pray you remove

¹ It matters not

your court farther from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

[Enter APELLES]

Alex But here cometh Apelles. Apelles, what piece of work have you in hand? 90

Apel None in hand, if it like your majesty but I am devising a platform¹ in my head

Alex I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

[Re enter Page]

Apel No, but something above Venus

Page Apelles, Apelles, look about you, your shop is on fire!

Apel Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone! 99

Alex Stay, Apelles, no haste it is your heart is on fire, not your shop, and if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost so she be safe

Apel Not love her but your majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves, and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me, being an artificer, as the substance doth others that are amorous 109

Alex You lay your colours grossly, though I could not paint in your shop, I can spy into your excuse Be not ashamed, Apelles, it is a gentleman's sport to be in love [To Attendants] Call hither Campaspe Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection; though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance might have been thought requisite But Apelles, for

¹ sketch or design

sooth, loveth underhand, yea, and under Alexander's nose, and—but I say no more

Apel Apelles loveth not so but he liveth to do as Alexander will 120

[*Enter CAMPASPE*]

Alex Campaspe, here is news Apelles is in love with you

Camp It pleaseth your majesty to say so

Alex (aside) Hephestion, I will try her too — Campaspe, for the good qualities I know in Apelles, and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one the other How say you, Campaspe, would you say Aye?

Camp Your handmaid must obey, if you command

Alex (aside) Think you not, Hephestion, that she would fain be commanded? 130

Hep I am no thought catcher, but I guess unhappily

Alex [to CAMP] I will not enforce marriage where I cannot compel love

Camp But your majesty may move a question where you be willing to have a match

Alex Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed, they would have me both priest and witness Apelles, take Campaspe why move ye not? Campaspe, take Apelles will it not be? If you be ashamed one of the other, by my consent you shall never come together But dissemble not, Campaspe, do you love Apelles? 141

Camp Pardon, my Lord, I love Apelles!

Alex Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary Do you love Campaspe?

Apel Only Campaspe!

Alex Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries Love falleth like dew, as well

upon the low grass as upon the high cedar Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen Well, enjoy one another, I give her thee frankly, Apelles Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love, and leadeth affection in fetters, using fancy as a fool to make him sport, or a minstrel to make him merry It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart, no, no, it is children's game, a life for seamsters and scholars, the one, pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on, the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at Go, Apelles, take with you your Campaspe, Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wonderest at 162

Apel Thanks to your majesty on bended knee, you have honoured Apelles

Camp Thanks with bowed heart, you have blessed Campaspe [Exeunt APELL and CAMP

Alex Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio and the other Lords to be in readiness, let the trumpet sound, strike up the drum, and I will presently into Persia How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list? 171

Hep The conquering of Thebes was not so honourable as the subduing of these thoughts

Alex It were a shame Alexander should desue to command the world if he could not command himself But come, let us go, I will try whether I can better my hand with my heart than I could with my eye And good Hephestion, when all the world is won, and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or of my word I will fall in love [Exeunt

CHAPTER IV

THE COMEDY OF HUMOURS

ONE general difference between the comedy of Shakespeare and that of Moliere is that Shakespeare gives us the whole man, and Moliere concentrates our attention on his most diverting aspect. We cannot imagine M Jourdain making his fortune by shrewd and successful commerce; we infer that he has done so, but we have no idea what he said to his customers. With the young Falstaff, page to the Duke of Norfolk, we are almost as well acquainted as with the old Falstaff of Gadshill and Eastcheap; if a play were written on his boyhood we could keep tally and correct or approve the lines of the portrait. Molière, in short, begins his drama at the rise of the curtain, and is content to carry us through scene after scene of irresistible laughter. Shakespeare treats his drama as the most vivid chapter in a complete human life, and while we laugh shows us not only the action presented, but its origin and its sequel.

Jonson's method stands, in this matter, on the further side of Moliere's. His chief concern is with 'humours', that is, with the whims, follies, and affectations of his day; his fun is almost impersonal, the judgement of common sense on extravagance and absurdity. In his later comedies he often pushes his point to the verge of eccentricity or monomania, in his first and greatest the more vivid characters are those which are further removed from a normal standard. Even when he is not ostensibly satirical, the whip

of the satirist is never far from his hand, he is happier in bantering a fop or exposing an impostor than in setting before our eyes the foibles of average humanity. Young Knowell, for instance, is a shadowy and unsubstantial figure, the play which turns on his fortune assigns to him only a minor part, while the real protagonists, the men of whom we can never have enough, are Matthew the dolt, and Bobadill the braggart, and that exquisite embodiment of pure foolishness, Master Stephen.

To contrast his attitude with that of Shakespeare, we have only to set Bobadill beside Parolles and Stephen beside Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Parolles is about as odious as any character at whom we can afford to laugh, but (apart from the fact that he is merely an incidental sketch) his last cry before detection stirs us, in spite of ourselves, to a strange and unexpected sympathy. Bobadill ruffles and hectors over the entire stage, he fills the whole theatre with his swaggering oaths and his monstrous pretensions, we enjoy every scene in which he appears, and yet when he comes to his final discomfiture we simply call the watch together and thank God that we are rid of a knave. Sir Andrew, again, gives abundant cause that 'many in Illyria do call him fool', but it is impossible to help liking him and hoping that he will settle down to the old age of Justice Shallow. Nobody cares a jot about Stephen (though we can scarce bear to let him out of our sight), or wastes a moment in wondering what will befall him when he has finished his ignominious supper at the buttery-hatch. Yet though Jonson's humour is unsympathetic, more intent, as Mr Swinburne says, on the creation than on the creature, it is of its kind wonderfully keen and penetrating. And if we add that it is in essence neither coarse nor cruel, that it views its collection of grotesques from the vantage-ground of a sane and wholesome

manhood, we may judge that even for the want of sympathy there is a substantial compensation. His comic characters are all targets for the shafts of ridicule, but he hits them with a clean shot, and there is no poison on the barb.

A word may be added on the admirable prose of the dialogue. It is singularly free from false wit and tinsel device, there are a few clenches and a few pert phrases, but they are rarer than the fashion of the time allowed, and the words usually follow in the just and measured cadence of a thought that is trained but not overpowered by scholarship. If it be said that this was the common inheritance of Jonson's time, the answer is that he materially helped to augment and enrich it. No Elizabethan except Shakespeare wrote colloquial prose of such strength and purity, it runs without effort, it carries its meaning without strain, it sets a model which many successors have vainly attempted to imitate. 'C'est un drôle de métier,' said Molière, 'que de faire rire des honnêtes gens.' To the humour of Jonson we owe not only the gift of honest laughter, but the delight of genuine and unaffected workmanship.

NOTE — *Every Man in his Humour* was produced in 1598. The comedies of Shakespeare which can most profitably be compared with it appeared all about the same time. *All's Well that Ends Well* in 1595, *Henry IV* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* in 1597 (observe in the latter play Corporal Nym's use of the term 'humour'), *Henry V* in 1598 (see the scenes between Fluellen and Pistol), and *Twelfth Night*, the occasion of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in 1602.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KNOWELL, an old Gentleman	ROGER FORMAL, his Clerk
ED KNOWELL, his Son	KITELY, a Merchant
BRAINWORM, the Father's man	DAME KITELY, his Wife
MR STEPHEN, a Country Gull	MRS BRIDGET, his Sister
DOWNRIGHT, a plain Squire	MR MATTHEW, the Town Gull
WELLBRED, his Half-Brother	CASH, Kitely's Man
JUSTICE CLEMENT, an old merry Magistrate	COB, a Water bearer
	TIB, his Wife
	CAPT BOBADILL, a Paul's Man ¹

[Scene London]

ACT I SCENE I

KNOWELL, BRAINWORM, MR STEPHEN

Old Knowell is up betimes, and calls for his son While he is waiting there enters to him his nephew Master Stephen, who begins to vapour about his good breeding and his gentlemanly tastes, until the old man loses patience and reads him a lecture

Kno What would I have you do? I'll tell you,
kinsman,

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank

¹ 'I e a frequenter of the middle aisle of St Paul's Cathedral, the common resort of cast captains, sharps, gulls, and gossipers of every description' (Gifford)

He that is so disrespectful in his courses 10
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsav'ry snuff,
Whose property is only to offend
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself,
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat,
But moderate your expenses now (at first) 20
As you may keep the same proportion still
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing
From dead men's dust and bones, and none of yours,
Except you make or hold it Who comes here?

ACT I SCENE II

SERVANT, MR STEPHEN, KNOWELL, BRAINWORM

Serv Save you, gentlemen*Step* Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility,
friend, yet you are welcome, and I assure you mine
uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, Middlesex land
he has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir
(at the common law), Master Stephen, as simple as I stand
here, if my cousin die (as there's hopes he will) I have
a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here*Serv* In good time, sir*Step* In good time, sir? why! and in very good time,
su you do not flout, friend, do you? 11*Serv* Not I, sir*Step* Not you, sir? you were not best, sir, an you
should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too,

go to and they can give it again soundly too, an need be

Serv Why, sir, let this satisfy you, good faith, I had no such intent

Step Sir, an I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently 20

Serv Good Master Stephen, so you may, sir, at your pleasure

Step And so I would, sir, good my saucy companion ! an you were out o' mine uncle's ground, I can tell you, though I do not stand upon my gentility neither in't.

Kno Cousin ! cousin ! will this ne'er be left ?

Step Whoreson base fellow ! a mechanical serving-man ! By this cudgel, an 'twere not for shame, I would——

Kno What would you do, you peremptory gull ? 30

If you cannot be quiet, get you hence

You see, the honest man demeans himself

Modestly towards you, giving no reply

To your unseasoned, quarrelling, rude fashion,

And still you huff it, with a kind of carriage

As void of wit as of humanity

Go get you in, 'fore heaven, I am ashamed

Thou hast a kinsman's interest in me [*Exit STEPHEN*]

Serv I pray, sir, is this Master Knowell's house ?

Kno Yes, marry is it, sir 40

Serv I should inquire for a gentleman here, one Master Edward Knowell, do you know any such, sir, I pray you ?

Kno I should forget myself else, sir

Serv Are you the gentleman ? Cry you mercy, sir I was required by a gentleman i' the city, as I rode out at this end o' the town, to deliver you this letter, sir

Kno To me, sir ! What do you mean ? pray you

remember your courtesy (*To his most selected friend,
Master Edward Knowell*) What might the gentleman's
name be, sir, that sent it? nay, pray you be covered 51

Serv One Master Wellbred, sir

Kno Master Wellbred? A young gentleman, is he
not?

Serv The same, sir, Master Kately married his sister,
the rich merchant i' the Old Jewry

Kno You say very true Brainworm

Brain Sir

Kno Make this honest friend drink here pray you go
in

This letter is directed to my son 60

Yet I am Edward Knowell too, and may,

With the safe conscience of good manners, use

The fellow's error to my satisfaction

Well, I will break it ope, old men are curious,

Be it but for the style's sake, and the phrase,

To see if both do answer my son's praises,

Who is almost grown the idolater

Of this young Wellbred what have we here? what's
this?

The letter is an invitation from Wellbred to young Knowell,
promising him a merry party, and referring to old Knowell in
somewhat disrespectful terms

Old Knowell determines to watch his son carefully
Young Knowell, who is in love with Wellbred's sister in law,
Mistress Bridget, learns that the letter has been intercepted
and puts himself on his guard Brainworm determines, for his
own advantage, to further the intrigue, and in order to counter-
check old Knowell, disguises himself as a broken down soldier
He proceeds to test the efficacy of the disguise

ACT II SCENE IV

BRAINWORM, ED KNOWELL, MR STEPHEN

Brai 'Slid, I cannot choose but laugh to see myself translated thus, from a poor creature to a creator, for now must I create an intolerable sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace and yet the lie to a man of my coat is as ominous a fruit as the Fico¹ Osir, it holds for good polley ever, to have that outwardly in vilest estimation that inwardly is most dear to us So much for my borrowed shape Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, dry foot, over Moorfields to London, this morning, now I, knowing of this hunting match, or rather conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master (for so must we that are blue waters² and men of hope and service do, or perhaps we may wear Motley at the year's end, and who wears Motley, you know), have got me afore in this disguise, determining here to lie in ambuscado and intercept him in the midway If I can but get his cloak, his purse, his hat, nay, anything to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *Veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with Captain Caesar, I am made for ever, i' faith Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of these Lanceknights³, my arm here, and my— Young master ' and his cousin, Mr Stephen, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! 23

E Kno So, sir, and how then, coz?

Step 'Sfoot, I have lost my purse, I think.

E Kno How? lost your purse? where? when had you it?

Step I cannot tell Stay

¹ Figs were sometimes used in Italy for conveying poison.

² Blue was the traditional livery of servants, as motley of fools.

³ A Flemish term for common soldiers.

Bran 'Slid' I am afraid they will know me would
I could get by them' 30

E Kno What? ha' you it?

Step No, I think I was bewitched, I——

E Kno Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go

Step Oh, it's here no, an it had been lost, I had not
cared, but for a jet ring Mrs Mary sent me

E Kno A jet ring? Oh the poesy, the poesy?

Step Fine, r' faith! 'Though Fancy sleep, my love is
deep' Meaning that though I did not fancy her, yet she
loved me dearly

E Kno Most excellent! 40

Step And then I sent her another, and my poesy was,
'The deeper the sweeter, I'll be judged by St Peter'

E Kno How, by St Peter? I do not conceive that

Step Marry, St Peter, to make up the metre

E Kno Well, there the Saint was your good patien,
he helped you at your need, thank him, thank him

Bran I cannot take leave on 'em so, I will venture,
come what will [He comes back

Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very
excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a
soldier, one that, in the better state of my fortunes,
scorned so mean a refuge, but now it is the humour of
necessity to have it so You seem to be gentlemen well
affected to martial men, else should I rather die with
silence than live with shame However, vouchsafe to
remember it is my want speaks, not myself this condition
agrees not with my spirit——

E Kno Where hast thou served? 58

Bran May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of
Bohemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland, where not, sir?
I have been a poor servitor by sea and land, any time
thus fourteen years, and followed the fortunes of the best

commanders in Christendom I was twice shot at the taking of Aleppo, once at the relief of Vienna, I have been at Marseilles, Naples, and the Adriatic gulf, a gentleman slave in the galleys thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, through both the thighs, and yet being thus maimed, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution

Step How will you sell this rapier, friend ? 70

Bran Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgement, you are a gentleman, give me what you please

Step True, I am a gentleman, I know that, friend but what though ? I pray you say, what would you ask ?

Bran I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in Europe

E Kno Aye, with a velvet scabbard, I think

Step Nay, an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard, coz, that's flat I'd not wear it as 'tis, an you would give me an angel 80

Bran At your worship's pleasure, sir, nay, 'tis a most pure Toledo¹

Step I had rather it were a Spaniard But tell me, what shall I give you for it ? An it had a silver hilt——

E Kno Come, come, you shall not buy it, hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier

Step Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so, and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be outbidden What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like Higginbottom, and may have a rapier for money ? 90

E Kno You may buy one in the city

Step Tut, I'll buy this r' the field, so I will, I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier Tell me your lowest price

E Kno You shall not buy it, I say

¹ See note on p 148

Step By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth

E Kno Come away, you are a fool

Step Friend, I am a fool, that's granted, but I'll have it, for that word's sake Follow me for your money 100

Bran At your service, sir

ACT II SCENE V

Brainworm, still in his disguise, meets old Knowell, and is told to follow him home

Bran. Yes, sir, straight, I'll but garter my hose Now shall I be possessed of all his counsels, and, by that conduct, my young master Well, he is resolved to prove my honesty, faith, and I'm resolved to prove his patience Oh! I shall abuse him intolerably This small piece of service will bring him clean out of love with the soldier It is no matter, let the world think me a bad counterfeit if I cannot give him the slip at an instant why, this is better than to have stayed his journey! well, I'll follow him Oh, how I long to be employed!

ACT III SCENE I

MATTHEW, WELLBRED, BOBADILL, ED KNOWELL,
STEPHEN

Mat Yes, faith, sir, we were at your lodging to seek you too

Wel Oh, I came not there to night

Bob Your brother delivered us as much

Wel. Who? my brother Downright?

Bob He! Mr Wellbred, I know not in what kind you hold me, but let me say to you this as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sunshine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a——

Wel Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother 10

Bob I protest to you, as I have a thing to be said about me, I never saw any gentleman-like part —

Wel Good captain, faces about—to some other discourse

Bob With your leave, sir, an there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by St George

Mat Tioth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how, he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

19

Enter young KNOWELL

Wel Ned Knowell! by my soul, welcome, how dost thou, sweet spirit, my genius? 'Shd! I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better, while I live, for this, my dear fury, now I see there's some love in thee! Sir, these be the two I writ to thee of (nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? why dost thou not speak?)

E Kno Oh, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel Why, was't not rare? 28

E Kno Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like, match it in all Pliny, or Symmachus' epistles¹, and I'll have my judgement burned in the ear for a rogue make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was that had the carriage of it, for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

Wel Why?

E Kno Why, say'st thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature, especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too), could have mista'en my father for me?

Wel 'Shd, you jest, I hope 40

E Kno Indeed, the best use we can turn it to is to

¹ Two famous letter writers who lived, respectively, in the first and fourth centuries A D

make a jest on t now , but I'll assure you, my father had the full view of your flourishing style some hour before I saw it

Wel What a dull slave was this ! But, sirrah, what said he to it, i' faith ?

E Kno Nay, I know not what he said but I have a shrewd guess what he thought

Wel What ? what ? 49

E Kno Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee company

Wel Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly , but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang by's here , thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hear'st 'em once go my wind instruments I'll wind them up—— But what strange piece of silence is this ? the sign of the dumb man ?

E Kno O sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your music the fuller, an he please he has his humour, sir 61

Wel Oh, what is 't ? what is 't ?

E Kno Nay, I'll neither do your judgement nor his folly that wrong as to prepare your apprehension , I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so 66

Wel Well, Captain Bobadill, Mr Matthew 'pray you know this gentleman here , he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion to render me more familiar to you [To MASTER STEPHEN

Step My name is Mr Stephen, sir, I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman 75

Bob Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man, but for Mr Wellbied's sake (you may embrace it at what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts, I love few words [To KNOWELL]

E Kno And I fewer, sir, I have scarce enough to thank you

Mat But are you indeed, sir, so given to it? 83

[To MASTER STEPHEN]

Step Aye, truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy

Mat Oh, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir. I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting

E Kno Sure he utters them then by the gross 80

Step Truly, sir, and I love such things out of measure

E Kno I' faith, better than in measure, I'll under take

Mat Why, I pray you, sir, make use of my study, it's at your service

Step I thank you, sir. I shall be bold, I warrant you have you a stool there, to be melancholy upon?

Mat That I have, sir, and some papers there of mine own doing, at idle hours, that you'll say there's some sparks of wit in 'em, when you see them

Wel. Would the sparks would kindle once, and become a fire amongst 'em, I might see self-love burnt for her heresy

Step Cousin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E Kno Oh aye, excellent!

Wel Captain Bobadill, why muse you so?

E Kno He is melancholy too

Bob Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable

piece of service, was performed to morrow, being St Mark's day, shall be some ten years now

E Kno In what place, captain? 110

Bob Why, at the beleag'ring of Strigonium¹, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen as any were in Europe lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first but the best league that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking in of—what do you call it, last year, by the Geno ways, but that, of all other, was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentle man and a soldier 120

Step 'So, I had as lieve as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman

E Kno Then you were a servant at both, it seems, at Strigonium, and what do you call 't?

Bob O lord, sir, by St George, I was the first man that entered the breach and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives

E Kno 'Twas pity you had not ten, a cat's and your own, i' faith But, was it possible?

Mat (Pray you, mark this discourse, sir 130

Step So I do)

Bob I assure you (upon my reputation) 'tis true, and yourself shall confess

E Kno You must bring me to the rack first

Bob Observe me judicially, sweet sir, they had planted me three demi-culverins² just in the mouth of the breach, now, sir (as we were to give on), their master-gunner (a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think) confronted me with his linstock, ready to give fire, I spying

¹ Gran in Hungary, retaken from the Turks in 1597

² Cannon

his intendment, discharg'd my petitionel¹ in his bosom,
and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently
upon the Moors that guarded the ordnance, and put 'em
pell mell to the sword 143

Wel To the sword? to the rapier, captain?

E Kno Oh, it was a good figure observ'd, sir? but did
you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob Without any impech o' the earth, you shall
perceive, sir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever
rid on poor gentleman's thigh, shall I tell you, sir? you
talk of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*², or so tut, I lend no
credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine
own, and therefore I dare the boldier maintain it 152

Step I mar'l whether it be a Toledo or no?

Bob A most perfect Toledo, I assure you, sir

Step I have a countryman of his here

Mat Pray you, let's see, sir, yes, faith, it is!

Bob This a Toledo? push

Step Why do you push, captain?

Bob A Fleming, by Heav'n I'll buy them for a guilder
apiece, an I would have a thousand of them 160

E Kno How say you, cousin? I told you thus much

Wel Where bought you it, Master Stephen?

Step Of a scurvy rogue soldier (a hundred of like go
with him), he swore it was a Toledo

Bob A poor provant³ rapier, no better

Mat Mass, I think it be indeed, now I look on 't better

E Kno Nay, the longer you look on 't the worse. Put
it up, put it up

Step Well, I will put it up, but by—(I ha' forgot the

¹ A large pistol or carbine

² *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton, *Excalibur* of King Arthur, and *Durindana* of Roland

³ Supplied to common soldiers. So Webster speaks of 'provant apparel'

captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it), an e'er
I meet him—— 171

Wel Oh, it is past help now, sir, you must have
patience

ACT III SCENE II

E KNOWELL, BRAINWORM, STEPHEN, WELLBRED, BOBA
DILL, MATTHEW

E Kno A miracle, cousin, look here ! look here !

Step Oh, 'slid, by your leave, do you know me, sir ?

Brai Aye, sir, I know you by sight

Step You sold me a rapier, did you not ?

Brai Yes, mairry did I, sir

Step You said it was a Toledo, ha ?

Brai True, I did so

Step But it is none

Brai No, sir, I confess it, it is none 9

Step Do you confess it ? Gentlemen, bear witness, he
has confessed it, by God's will an you had not confessed
it——

E Kno Oh, cousin, forbear, forbear

Step Nay, I have done, cousin

Wel Why, you have done like a gentleman, he has
confessed it, what would you more ?

Step Yet, by his leave, he is a rascal, under his favour,
do you see 18

E Kno Aye, by his leave, he is, and under favour,
a pretty piece of civility ! Sirrah, how dost thou like him ?

Wel Oh, it 's a most precious fool, make much on him
I can compare him to nothing more happily than a drum,
for every one may play upon him

E Kno No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter

Brai Sir, shall I entreat a word with you ?

E Kno With me, sir ? you have not another Toledo
to sell, have you ?

Brai You are conceited¹, sir, your name is Master Knowell, as I take it?

E Kno You are i' the right, you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you? 31

Brai No, sir, I am none of that coat

E Kno Of as bare a coat, though, well, say, sir.

Brai Faith, sir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed (this smoky varnish being washed off, and three or four patches removed) I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, Brainworm

E Kno Brainworm! 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape? 40

Brai The breath o' your letter, sir, this morning, the same that blew you to the Windmill, and your father after you

E Kno My father!

Brai Nay, never start, 'tis true, he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow

E Kno Surah Wellbied, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me

Wel Thy father? where is he? 50

Brai At Justice Clement's house, in Coleman Street, where he but stays my return, and then——

Wel Who's this? Brainworm?

Brai The same, sir

Wel Why, how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brai Faith, a device, a device, nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here, withdraw and I'll tell you all

¹ witty

ACT IV

Matthew, young Knowell's rival for the hand of Mistress Bridget, goes with his friend Bobadill to woo her. He is followed to the house by young Knowell, Downright, and Stephen. Arrived at the reception room he presses his suit in such bad verses that Downright, after a few muttered comments, loses his temper, quarrels with the whole company, and draws upon Bobadill, who threatens him. The combatants are parted by Kitely.

To remove the two guardians out of the way, Brainworm tells old Knowell that his son is revelling at a low tavern kept by Cob, and sends Kitely on a false errand to Justice Clement. Mrs. Kitely, thinking that her husband has gone to Cob's house, sets out in search of him, leaving the coast clear for young Knowell and Bridget.

ACT IV SCENE VII

MATTHEW, ED KNOWELL, BOBADILL, STEPHEN, DOWNRIGHT
RIGHT [*to them*]

Mat Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to day, Mr. Wellbred's half brother? I think the whole earth cannot show his parallel, by this daylight.

E. Kno We were now speaking of him. Captain Bobadill tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat O, aye, sir, he threat'ned me with the bastinado.

Bob Aye, but I think I taught you prevention this morning, for that—— You shall kill him beyond question if you be so generously minded. 10

Mat Indeed, it is a most excellent trick!

Bob Oh, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! Oh, it must be done like lightning, hay? [*He practises at a post*]

Mat Rare captain!

Bob Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a—— punto!

E Kno Captain, did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat O, good sir! yes, I hope he has 19

Bob I will tell you, sir Upon my first coming to the city, after my long travel, for knowledge (in that mystery only) there came three or four of 'em to me, at a gentleman's house where it was my chance to be resident at that time, to entreat my presence at their schools, and withal so much importun'd me, that (I protest to you as I am a gentleman) I was ashamed of their rude demeanour out of all measure well, I told 'em that to come to a public school, they should pardon me, it was opposite (in diameter) to my humour, but, if so be they would give them attendance at my lodging, I protested to do them what right or favour I could, as I was a gentleman, and so forth 32

E Kno So, sir, then you tried their skill

Bob Alas, soon tried! you shall hear, sir Within two or three days after they came, and, by honesty, fair sir, believe me, I graced them exceedingly, showed them some two or three tricks of prevention have purchased 'em since a credit to admiration! they cannot deny this and yet now they hate me, and why? because I am excellent, and for no other vile reason on the earth 40

E Kno This is strange and barbarous! as ever I heard

Bob Nay, for a more instance of their preposterous natures, but note, sir They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walked alone in divers skirts i' th' town, as Turnbull, Whitechapel, Shore ditch, which were then my quarters, and since, upon the Exchange, at my lodging, and at my ordinary where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them, believe

me Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen, they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder I am loath to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em yet I hold it good polity not to go disarmed, for though I be skilful, I may be oppressed with multitudes

E Kno Aye, believe me, may you, sir and, in my conceit, our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so 60

Bob Alas, no what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen

E Kno Oh, but your skill, sir

Bob Indeed, that might be some loss, but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself, but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you? 73

E Kno Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive

Bob Why thus, sir I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbrogato, your passada, your montanto¹, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself This done, say the enemy

¹ Technical terms of the fencing school

were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy, they could not in their honour refuse us, well, we would kill them, challenge twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them too, and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score, twenty score, that's two hundred, two hundred a day, five days a thousand, forty thousand, forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation And this will I venture my poor gentle man like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practis'd upon us, by fan and discreet manhood, that is, civilly by the sword

E Kno Why, are you so sure of your hand, captain, at all times?

Bob Tut, never miss thrust upon my reputation with you 100

E Kno I would not stand in Downright's state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London

Bob Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind but I will bastinado him, by the bright sun, wherever I meet him

Mat Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance 103

E Kno Gods so, look where he is, yonder he goes
[*Downright walks over the stage*]

Dow What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals?

Bob It's not he, is it?

E Kno Yes, faith, it is he

Mat I'll be hanged then if that were he

E Kno Sir, keep you hanging good for some greater matter, for I assure you that was he

Step Upon my reputation, it was he

Bob Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet 121

E Kno That I think, sir But see, he is come again

Dow Oh, Pharaoh's foot, have I found you? Come, draw to your tools, draw gipsy, or I'll thresh you

Bob Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Dow Draw your weapon then.

Bob Tall man, I never thought on it till now (body of me), I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water bearer, this gentleman saw it, Mr Matthew 131

Dow 'Sdeath, you will not draw then?

[*He beats him and disarms him, Matthew runs away*]

Bob Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear

Dow Prate again, as you like this, you foist, you You'll control the point, you? Your consort is gone? had he stayed he had shared with you, sir

Bob Well, gentlemen bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day

E Kno No, faith, it's an ill day, captain, never reckon it other but, say you were bound to the peace, the law allows you to defend yourself that'll prove but a poor excuse 142

Bob I cannot tell, sir I desire good construction in fair sort I never sustained the like disgrace (by heaven), sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon

E Kno Aye, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet go, get you to a surgeon

'Shd, an' these be your tricks, your passadas, and your montantos, I'll none of them Oh, manners ! that this age should bring forth such creatures ! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em ! Come, cousin 152

Step Mass, I'll ha' this cloak

E Kno God's will, 'tis Downright's

Step Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en 't up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will

E Kno How an he see it ? he'll challenge it, assure yourself

Step Aye, but he shall not ha' it I'll say I bought it

E Kno Take heed you buy it not too dear, cousin 160

Brainworm disguises himself as Justice Clement's clerk At the instance of Bobadill he arrests Downright for assault, at the instance of Downright he arrests Master Stephen for the theft of the cloak, though Stephen protests that he 'bought it in open market' Both are taken off to answer before the court

ACT V SCENE I

CLEMENT, KNOWELL, KITELY, DAME KITELY, TIB, CASH,
COB, Servants

Clem Nay, but stay, stay, give me leave my chair, sirrah. You, Master Knowell, say you went thither to your son ?

Kno Aye, sir

Clem But who directed you thither ?

Kno That did mine own man, sir

Clem Where is he ?

Kno Nay, I know not now, I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me

Clem My clerk ? about what time was this ? 10

Kno Marry, between one and two, as I take it

Clem And what time came my man with the false message to you, master Kately ?

Kat After two, sir

Clem Very good , but, Mrs Kately, how chance that you were at Cob's ? ha ?

Dame An't please you, sir, I'll tell you my brother Wellbred told me that Cob's house was a suspected place——

Clem So it appears, methinks , but on 20

Dame And that my husband used thither daily

Clem No matter, so he used himself well, mistress

Dame True, sir , but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes

Clem I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress Kately but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected ?

Kat I found her there, sir

Clem Did you so ? that alters the case Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there ? 30

Kat Marry, that did my brother Wellbred

Clem How, Wellbred first tell her , then tell you after ? Where is Wellbred ?

Kat Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither

Clem Why, this is a mere trick, a device , you are gulled in this most grossly all Alas, poor wench, wert thou beaten for this ?

Tib Yes, most pitifully, an't please you

Cob And worthily, I hope, if it shall prove so

Clem Aye, that's like, and a piece of a sentence How now, sir ? what's the matter ? 41

Serv Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without desires to speak with your worship

Clem. A gentleman ? what's he ?

Serv A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem A soldier ? Take down my armour my sword,
quickly A soldier speak with me ! Why, when, knaves ?
Come on, come on [*He arms himself*], hold my cap there,
so, give me my gorget, my sword stand by, I will end
your matters anon—— Let the soldier enter Now, sir,
what ha' you to say to me ? 51

ACT V SCENE II

[*To them*] BOBADILL, MATTHEW

Bob By your worship's favour ——

Clem Nay, keep out, sir, I know not your pretence
You send me word, sir, you are a soldier why, sir, you
shall be answered here, here be them have been amongst
soldiers Sir, your pleasure

Bob Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself
have been most uncivilly wronged and beaten, by one
Downright, a coarse fellow, about the town here, and for
my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort given to
this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in
the way of my peace, despoiled me of mine honour, dis-
armed me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the
open streets, when I not so much as once offered to resist
him 14

Clem O, God's precious ! is this the soldier ? Here, take
my armour off quickly, 'twill make him swoon, I fear,
he is not fit to look on 't that will put up a blow

Mat An't please your worship, he was bound to the
peace

Clem Why, an he were, sir, his hands were not bound,
were they ? 21

Serv There's one of the varlets of the city, sir, has
brought two gentlemen here, one upon your worship's
warrant

Clem My wairant?

Serv Yes, sir, the officer says, procured by these two

Clem Bid him come in Set by this picture What,
M^r Downright! are you brought at *M^r* Freshwater's
suit here?

ACT V SCENE III

DOWNRIGHT, STEPHEN, BRAINWORM [*to them*]

Down I'faith, sir And here's another brought at my
suit

Clem What are you, sir?

Step A gentleman, sir O uncle!

Clem Uncle! who? Master Knowell

Kno Aye, sir, this is a wise kinsman of mine

Step God's my witness, uncle, I am wronged here
monstrously, he charges me with stealing of his cloak,
and would I might never stee if I did not find it in the
street by chance 10

Down Oh, did you find it now? You said you bought
it erewhile

Step And you said I stole it nay, now my uncle is
here, I'll do well enough with you

Clem Well, let this breathe a while You that have
cause to complain there, stand forth had you my wairant
for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob Aye, an't please your worship

Clem Nay, do not speak in passion so where had
you it? 20

Bob Of your clerk, sir

Clem That's well! an my clerk can make wairants,
and my hand not at 'em! where is the wairant? officer,
have you it?

Bran No, sir, your worship's man, Master Formal,

bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge

Clem Why, Master Downright, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Down Sir, he did not serve it on me 30

Clem No? how then?

Down Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so——

Clem Oh, God's pity, was it so, sir? he must serve it? give me my long sword there, and help me off So, come on, sir varlet, I must cut off your legs, sirrah nay, stand up, I'll use you kindly, I must cut off your legs, I say

[He flourishes over him with his long sword]

Brai Oh, good sir, I beseech you, nay, good master justice 39

Clem I must do it, there is no remedy, I must cut off your legs, sirrah, I must cut off your ears, you rascal, I must do it, I must cut off your nose, I must cut off your head

Brai Oh, good your worship

Clem Well, rise, how dost thou do now? dost thou feel thyself well? hast thou no harm?

Brai No, I thank your good worship, sir 47

Clem Why, so, I said I must cut off thy legs, and I must cut off thy arms, and I must cut off thy head, but, I did not do it so you said you must serve this gentleman with my warrant, but you did not serve him You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must? sirrah, away with him to the gaol, I'll teach you a trick, for 'you must', sir 54

Brai Good sir, I beseech you, be good to me

Clem Tell him he shall to the gaol, away with him, I say

Brai Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for

committing more than this I will not lose by my travail
any grain of my fame, certain 60

Clem How is this ?

Kno My man Brainworm ?

Step O yes, uncle, Brainworm has been with my cousin
Edward and I all this day

Clem I told you all there was some device

Brar Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself
thus open to you, now stand strong for me, both with
your sword and your balance

Clem Body o' me, a merry knave ! give me a bowl of
sack if he belong to you, master Knowell, I bespeak
your patience 71

Brar That is it I have most need of Sir, if you'll
pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits

Kno Sir, you know I love not to have my favours
come hard from me You have your pardon, though
I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son
against me

Brar Yes, faith, I have, sir, though you retain'd me
doubly this morning for yourself first as Brainworm,
after, as FitzSword I was your reformed soldier, sir
'Twas I sent you to Cob's upon the errand without end

Kno Is it possible ! or that thou shouldst disguise thy
language so as I should not know thee ? 83

Brar O sir, this has been the day of my metamor-
phosis ! It is not that shape alone that I have run through
to-day I brought this gentleman, Mr Kitely, a message
too, in the form of Mr Justice's man here, to draw him
out o' th' way, as well as your worship, while Master
Wellbred might make a conveyance of Mistress Bridget
to my young master 90

Kit How ! my sister stol'n away ?

Kno My son is not married, I hope !

Bia Faith, sir, they are both as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pound (which is her portion) can make 'em, and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Windmill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home

Clem Marry, that will I, I thank thee for putting me in mind on't Sirrah, go you and fetch 'em hither upon my warrant Neither's friends have cause to be sorry, if I know the young couple aright

101

Young Knowell and his bride are brought in and Justice Clement proceeds to deliver judgement all round He burns Master Matthew's veises, thrusts him and Bobadill out of doors, sends Master Stephen to have his supper in the buttery with the servants, and ends by inviting the rest of the characters to the wedding feast

CHAPTER V

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS

THE chief types of Elizabethan comedy are so nearly contemporaneous that it is idle to base any argument on their historical sequence. In almost any example of Shakespeare they may be found together, among his comiads it is little more than an accident which kind should precede and which follow. At any rate, they overlap with a wide margin. The three *Parnassus* plays, which are as pure examples of academic wit as anything in Lyly, range from 1598 to 1603, poetic comedy may be traced back as early as Peele, the comedy of humour may be traced forward as late as Massinger. Yet a rough sort of classification is not without its use, and amid the distinction which it entails room must certainly be found for the comedy of manners, which aims neither at the heightened phrase nor at the eccentricities of character, but endeavours to set before its audience an amusing picture of everyday life. Many of the best-known instances belong to the early seventeenth century, such as *Michaelmas Term* by Middleton and the *Fair Maid of the Exchange* by Thomas Heywood (both in 1607), but the type may, perhaps, be most readily illustrated by the *Shoemaker's Holiday* of Dekker, which was written in the last year of the sixteenth, and did more than any other play to bring this method into vogue.

Dekker was peculiarly qualified for the purpose. He had a close and intimate acquaintance with London streets, he knew every one from the patron to the bailiff, he spent much of his long career as a bookseller's hack, dependent for his livelihood on a prompt pen and a quick observation. His prose satires, the *Seven Deadly Sins of London*, the *Bellman of London*, and the *Gull's Hornbook*, are full of rapid vignettes drawn evidently from the life, and presented as they stand without exaggeration or reticence. His work, if not always reputable, is cheery and good-tempered, he does not inveigh or moralize, but simply depicts, with evident pleasure, the queer, motley crowd of a great city.

In the *Shoemaker's Holiday* he is at the centre of his talent. There is no character out of the common, and the chief tax on our credulity, Lacy's disguise, is carefully prepared in the opening scene. The plot, woven of three strands, is simply contrived and naturally developed, given its chief motive, everything happens as it might have happened in actual life. The result is that we are soon on terms with all the *dramatis personae*, with Simon Eyre, testy, generous, and business-like, whose advancement to high office we cordially approve, with his garrulous and good-humoured wife, with Firk the apprentice and Ralph the crippled veteran, with Lacy the lover and sweet mistress Rose. The whole tone of the play is warm and genial. It enlists our sympathy and disarms our criticism, from the outset we are disposed to enjoy the story, and we follow it throughout with an agreeable feeling of goodwill. There are many dramas which treat of higher issues, and stir our pulse to a fuller movement. Dekker takes people of ordinary flesh and blood and sets them along a level course of ordinary love and ambition. The philosopher in Terence, to whom nothing of man's nature was alien, would find in

these pleasant folk a fitting subject of contemplation and study, we are hard to satisfy if we ask of them more than they can give and dull of hearing if we fail to catch in their intercourse some clear echoes of our common humanity

For THOMAS DEKKER see Vol I pp 328-9

THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE KING		LOVELL, a Courtier
THE EARL OF CORNWALL		DODGER, Servant to the EARL
SIR HUGH LACY, Earl of Lincoln		OF LINCOLN
ROWLAND LACY,	} His Nephews	A DUTCH SKIPPER
otherwise HANS,		A BOY
ASKEW		Courtiers, Attendants, Officers, Soldiers, Hunters, Shoe makers, Apprentices, Ser vants
SIR ROGER OATELEY, Lord Mayor of London		ROSE, daughter of SIR ROGER
Master HAMMON	} Citizens of London	SYBIL, her Maid
Master WARNER		MARGERY, Wife of SIMON EYRE
Master SCOTT		JANE, Wife of RALPH
SIMON EYRE, the Shoemaker		
ROGER, commonly called HODGE	} EYRE's Journey men	
FIRE		
RALPH		

Scene London and Old Ford

Rowland Lacy has fallen in love with Rose The parents of both object to the match, and Lacy is sent off to the French wars He escapes to Holland, and, having spent all his money, is reduced to working as a shoemaker

ACT II SCENE III — *An open yard before Eyre's house**Enter EYRE, making himself ready*

Eyre Where be these boys, these guls? They wallow in the fat brewiss of my bounty, and lick up the crumbs of my table, yet will not rise to see my walks cleansed What, Nan! what, Madge Mumble crust!¹ What, Firk, I say what, Hodge! open my shop windows What, Firk, I say!

Enter Firk

Firk O master, is't you that speak bandog and Bedlam this moining? I was in a dream and mused what mad man was got into the street so early, have you drunk this morning that your throat is so clear? 10

Eyre Ah, well said, Firk, well said, Firk To work, my fine knave, to work! Wash thy face, Firk and thou'lt be more blest

Firk Let them wash my face that will eat it Good master, send for a souse wife² if you'll have my face cleaner

Enter HODGE

Eyre Away, sloven! Avaunt, scoundrel! — Good morrow, Hodge, good morrow, my fine foreman

Hodge O master, good morrow, y'are an early stirrer Here's a fair morning — Good-morrow, Firk, I could have slept this hour Here's a brave day towards 21

Eyre Oh, haste to work, my fine foreman, haste to work

Firk Master, I am dry as dust to hear my fellow Roger talk of fair weather, let us pray for good leather, and let

¹ An allusion to *Ralph Roister Doister*² A woman who washed and pickled pig's faces

clowns and ploughboys and those that work in the fields
play for brave days We work in a dry shop, what care
I if it rain?

Enter MARGERY

Eyre How now, Dame Margery, can you see to rise?
Trip and go, call up your maids 30

Marg See to rise? I hope tis time enough, 'tis early
enough for any woman to be seen abroad I marvel how
many wives in Tower Street are up so soon 'tis not
noon,—here's a yawling¹!

Enter LACY disguised, singing

Folk Master, for my life, yonder's a brother of the
gentle craft, if he bear not Saint Hugh's² bones, I'll
forfeit my bones he is some uplandish workman hue
him, good master, that I may learn some gibble gabble,
'twill make us work the faster

Lacy pretends to be a Dutch workman called Hans Eyre
engages him in the place of his man Ralph, who has been
pressed for the French war

Hammon, out hunting, catches sight of Rose and falls in love
with her The Lord Mayor welcomes his suit as that of a
'proper gentleman'

ACT III SCENE III —*London a Room in the LORD
MAYOR'S House*

Enter the LORD MAYOR and Master SCOTT

L Mayor Good Master Scott, I have been bold with
you,
To be a witness to a wedding knot

¹ bawling

² The patron saint of shoemakers See Act V sc 11

Between young Master Hammon and my daughter
Oh, stand aside, see where the lovers come

Enter Master HAMMON and ROSE

Rose Can it be possible you love me so ?
No, no, within those eyeballs I espy
Apparent likelihoods of flattery
Pray now, let go my hand

Ham Sweet Mistress Rose,
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul 10
Swears that I love thee dearer than my heart

Rose As dear as your own heart ? I judge it right,
Men love their hearts best when th'are out of sight

Ham I love you, by this hand

Rose Yet hands off now !
If flesh be frail, how weak and frail's your vow !

Ham Then by my life I swear

Rose Then do not bawl,
One quarrel loseth wife and life and all
Is not your meaning thus ?

Ham In faith, you jest

Rose Love loves to sport, therefore leave love, y'are
best

L Mayor What ? square they, Master Scott ?

Scott Sir, never doubt, 20
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out

Ham Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me
Nay, never turn aside, shun not my sight
I am not grown so fond, to fond my love
On any that shall quit it with disdain,
If you will love me, so—if not, farewell

L Mayor Why, how now, lovers, are you both agreed ?

Ham Yes, faith, my lord

L Mayor 'Tis well, give me your hand
Give me yours, daughter — How now, both pull back !
What means this, girl ?

Rose I mean to live a maid 30

Ham But not to die one, pause, ere that be said

[*Aside*

L Mayor Will you still cross me, still be obstinate ?

Ham Nay, chide her not, my lord, for doing well,
If she can live a happy virgin's life,
'Tis far more blessed than to be a wife

Rose Say, sir, I cannot I have made a vow,
Whoever be my husband, 'tis not you

L Mayor Your tongue is quick, but Master Hammon,
know,

I bade you welcome to another end

Ham What, would you have me pule and pine and
pray, 40

With 'lovely lady,' 'mistress of my heart,'

'Pardon your servant,' and the rhymers play,

Railing on Cupid and his tyrant's dart,

Or shall I undertake some martial spoil,
Wearing your glove at tourney and at tilt,
And tell how many gallants I unhorsed—
Sweet, will this pleasure you ?

Rose Yea, when wilt begin ?
What, love rhymes, man ? Fie on that deadly sin !

L Mayor If you will have her, I'll make her agree

Ham Enforced love is worse than hate to me 50

(*Aside*) There is a wench keeps shop in the Old
Change,

To her will I, it is not wealth I seek,
I have enough, and will prefer her love
Before the world — (*Aloud*) My good lord mayor, adieu
Old love for me, I have no luck with new [*Exit*

L Mayor Now, mammet, you have well behaved
yourself,
But you shall curse your coyness if I live —
Who's within there? See you convey your mistress
Straight to th'Old Ford! I'll keep you straight enough
'Fore God, I would have sworn the puling girl 60
Would willingly accepted Hammon's love,
But banish him, my thoughts!—Go, minion, in!
[Exit ROSE]

Now tell me, Master Scott, would you have thought
That Master Simon Eyre, the shoemaker,
Had been of wealth to buy such merchandise?

Scott 'Twas well, my lord, your honour and myself
Grew partners with him, for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyre's gains in one commodity
Rise at least to full three thousand pound
Besides like gain in other merchandise 70

L Mayor Well, he shall spend some of his thousands
now,
For I have sent for him to the Guildhall

Enter EYRE

See, where he comes —Good morrow, Master Eyre

Eyre Poor Simon Eyre, my lord, your shoemaker

L Mayor Well, well, it likes yourself to term you so

Enter DODGER.

Now, Master Dodger, what's the news with you?

Dodger I'd gladly speak in private to your honour

L Mayor You shall, you shall—Master Eyre and
Master Scott,

I have some business with this gentleman,
I pray, let me entreat you to walk before 80
To the Guildhall, I'll follow presently
Master Eyre, I hope ere noon to call you sheriff

Eyre I would not care, my lord, if you might call me
King of Spain —Come, Master Scott

[*Exeunt EYRE and SCOTT*]

L Mayor Now Master Dodger, what's the news you
bring?

Dodger The Earl of Lincoln by me greets your lordship,
And earnestly requests you, if you can,
Inform him where his nephew Lacy keeps

L Mayor Is not his nephew Lacy now in France? 90

Dodger No, I assure your lordship, but disguised
Lurks here in London

L Mayor London? is't even so?
It may be, but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives
So tell my Lord of Lincoln —Lurks in London?
Well, Master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the means to rid him into France,
I'll give you a dozen angels for your pains
So much I love his honour, hate his nephew
And, prithee, so inform thy lord from me 100

Dodger I take my leave [*Exit DODGER*]

L Mayor Farewell, good Master Dodger
Lacy in London? I dare pawn my life
My daughter knows thereof, and for that cause
Denied young Master Hammon in his love
Well, I am glad I sent her to Old Ford
God's Lord, 'tis late, to Guildhall I must hie,
I know my brethren stay my company [*Exit*]

ACT III SCENE IV —*London a Room in EYRE'S House*

Enter FIRK, MARGERY, HANS, and ROGER

Marg Thou goest too fast for me, Roger O Firk!

Firk Ay, forsooth

Marg I pray thee, run—do you hear?—run to Guild hall, and leane if my husband, Master Eyre, will take that worshipful vocation of Master Sheriſſ upon him
Hie thee, good Firk

Firk Take it? Well, I go, an he should not take it, Firk swears to forswear him Yes, forsooth, I go to Guildhall

Marg Nay, when? thou art too compendious and tedious 11

Firk O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how like a new cart wheel my dame speaks, and she looks like an old musty ale bottle going to scalding

Marg Nay, when? thou wilt make me melancholy

Firk God forbid your worship should fall into that humour,—I run [*Exit*]

Marg Let me see now, Roger and Hans

Hodge Ay, forsooth, dame—mistress I should say, but the old term so sticks to the roof of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off 21

Marg Even what thou wilt, good Roger, dame is a fan name for any honest Christian, but let that pass How dost thou, Hans?

Hans Mee tanck you, vro¹

Marg Well, Hans and Roger, you see, God hath blest you mastei, and, perdy, if ever he comes to be Master Sheriſſ of London—as we are all mortal—you shall see, I will have some odd thing or other in a corner for you I will not be your back friend, but let that pass Hans, pray thee, tie my shoe 31

Hans Yaw, ic sal, vro²

Marg Roger, thou know'st the size of my foot, as it is none of the biggest, so I thank God, it is handsome

¹ Thank you, ma'am

² Yes, I will, ma'am

enough , pithree, let me have a pair of shoes made, cork,
good Roger, wooden heel too

Hodge You shall

Marg Art thou acquainted with never a farthingale-maker, nor a French hood maker ? How shall I look in a hood, I wonder ! Perdy, oddly, I think 39

Hodge As a cat out of a pillory very well, I warrant you, mistress

Marg Indeed, all flesh is grass , and, Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair ?

Hodge Yes, forsooth, at the poulterer's in Gracious Street

Marg Thou art an ungracious wag , perdy, I mean a false han for my periwig

Hodge Why, mistress, the next time I cut my beard, you shall have the shavings of it , but they are all true hans 50

Marg It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Hodge So you had need to hide your wicked face

Marg Fie upon it, how costly this world's calling is , perdy, but that it is one of the wonderful works of God, I would not deal with it Is not Firke come yet ? Hans, be not so sad, let it pass and vanish, as my husband's worship says

Hodge Mistress, will you drink a pipe of tobacco ? 59

Marg Oh, fie upon it, Roger, perdy ! These filthy tobacco-pipes are the most idle slaving baubles that ever I felt Out upon it ! God bless us, men look not like men that use them

Enter RALPH, lame

Hodge What, fellow Ralph ? Mistress, look here, Jane's husband ! Why, how now, lame ? Hans, make

much of him, he's a brother of our trade, a good work man, and a tall soldier

Hans You be welcome, brother

Marg Perdy, I knew him not How dost thou, good Ralph ? I am glad to see thee well 70

Ralph I would to God you saw me, dame, as well
As when I went from London into France

Marg Trust me, I am sorry, Ralph, to see thee impotent Lord, how the wars have made him sunburnt !
The left leg is not well

Ralph I am glad to see you well, and I rejoice
To hear that God hath blest my master so
Since my departure

Marg Yea, truly, Ralph, I thank my Maker, but let that pass 80

Hodge. And, sirrah Ralph, what news, what news in France ?

Ralph Tell me, good Roger, first, what news in England ? How does my Jane ? When didst thou see my wife ?

Where lives my poor heart ? She'll be poor indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed

Hodge Limbs ? Hast thou not hands man ? Thou shalt never see a shoemaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand 90

Ralph Yet all this while I hear not of my Jane

Marg O Ralph, your wife,—perdy, we know not what's become of her She was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately than became her, I checked her, and so forth, away she flung, never returned, nor said bye nor bah, and, Ralph, you know, 'ka me, ka thee' And so, as I tell ye—Roger, is not Firk come yet ?

Hodge No, forsooth 99

Marg And so, indeed, we heard not of her, but I hear she lives in London, but let that pass If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am sure, there's not any of them, peidy, but would have done her good to his power Hans, look if Firk be come

Hans Yaw, ik sal, vro [Exit HANS]

Marg And so, as I said—but, Ralph, why dost thou weep? Thou knowest that naked we came out of our mother's womb, and naked we must return, and, therefore, thank God for all things 110

Hodge No, faith, Jane is a stranger here, but, Ralph, pull up a good heart, I know thou hast one Thy wife, man, is in London, one told me he saw her a while ago very brave and neat, we'll ferret her out, an London hold her

Marg Alas, poor soul, he s overcome with sorrow, he does but as I do, weep for the loss of any good thing But, Ralph, get thee in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipful towards thee 119

Ralph I thank you, dame, since I want limbs and lands, I'll trust to God, my good friends, and my hands [Exit

Enter HANS and FIRK running

Firk Run, good Hans! O Hodge, O mistress! Hodge, heave up thine ears, mistress, smug up your looks, on with your best apparel, my master is chosen, my master is called, nay, condemned by the cry of the country to be sheriff of the city for this famous year now to come And time now being, a great many men in black gowns were asked for their voices and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his ears presently, and they cried 'Ay, ay, ay, ay,'—and so I came away— 120

Wherefore without all other grieve
I do salute you, Mistress Shrieve

Hans Yaw, my meester is de groot man, de shrieve

Hodge Did not I tell you, mistiess? Now I may loddly say Good morrow to your worship

Marg Good morrow, good Rogei I thank you, my good people all — Firk, hold up thy hand here's a three penny piece for thy tidings

Firk 'Tis but three half-pence, I think Yes, 'tis three pence, I smell the rose ¹ 10

Hodge But, mistiess, be ruled by me, and do not speak so pulingly

Firk 'Tis hei worship speaks so, and not she No, faith, mistiess, speak me in the old key 'To it Firk,' 'there, good Firk,' 'ply your business, Hodge,' 'Hodge, with a full mouth,' 'I'll fill your bellies with good cheer'

Enter EYRE wearing a gold chain

Hans See, myn liever broder, heer comt my meester

Marg Welcome home, Master Shrieve, I pray God continue you in health and wealth 150

Eyre See here, my Maggy, a chain, a gold chain for Simon Eyre I shall make thee a lady, here's a French hood for thee, on with it, on with it! dress thy brows with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thee look lovely Where be my fine men? Rogei, I'll make over my shop and tools to thee, Firk, thou shalt be the foreman, Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twenty Be as mad knaves as your master Sim Eyre hath been, and you shall live to be Sheriffs of London — How dost thou like me, Margery? Prince am I none, yet am I princely born Firk, Hodge, and Hans ¹ 161

All three Ay forsooth, what says your worship, Master Sheriff?

Eyre Worship and honour, you Babylonian knaves,

¹ The threepenny piece was stamped with a rose

for the gentle craft But I forgot myself, I am bidden by my lord mayor to dinner to Old Ford, he's gone before, I must after Come, Madge, on with your trinkets' Now, my true Tiojans, my fine Firk, my dapper Hodge, my honest Hans, some device, some odd crotchets, some morris or such like, for the honour of the gentleman shoemakers Meet me at Old Ford, you know my mind Come, Madge, away Shut up the shop, knaves, and make holiday [Exeunt

Firk O rare! O brave! Come, Hodge, follow me,
Hans, 175
We'll be with them for a morris-dance [Exeunt

ACT IV

Hammon falls in love with Jane, and tells her that Ralph is dead

ACT IV SCENE III — Outside EYRES house

Enter a Serving man

Serv Let me see now, the sign of the Last in Tower Street Mass, yonder's the house What, haw! Who's within?

Enter RALPH

Ralph Who calls there? What want you, sir?

Serv Marry, I would have a pair of shoes made for a gentlewoman against to-morrow morning What, can you do them?

Ralph Yes, sir, you shall have them But what length's her foot? 9

Serv Why, you must make them in all parts like this shoe, but, at any hand, fail not to do them, for the gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning

Ralph How? by this shoe must it be made? by this? Are you sure, sir, by this?

Serv How, by this? Am I sure, by this? Art thou in thy wits? I tell thee, I must have a pair of shoes—dost thou mark me? a pair of shoes, two shoes, made by this very shoe, this same shoe, against to morrow morning by four a clock Dost understand me? Canst thou do't? 20

Ralph Yes, sir, yes—I—I—I can do't. By this shoe, you say? I should know this shoe Yes, sir, yes, by this shoe, I can do't Four a clock, well Whither shall I bring them?

Serv To the sign of the Golden Ball in Watling Street, inque for one Master Hammon, a gentleman, my master

Ralph Yea, sir, by this shoe, you say?

Serv I say, Master Hammon at the Golden Ball, he's the bridegroom, and those shoes are for his bride 20

Ralph They shall be done by this shoe, well, well, Master Hammon at the Golden Shoe—I would say, the Golden Ball, very well, very well But I pray you, sir, where must Master Hammon be married?

Serv At Saint Faith's Church, under Paul's¹ But what's that to thee? Frithee, dispatch those shoes, and so farewell [Exit

Ralph By this shoe, said he How am I amazed At this strange accident! Upon my life, This was the very shoe I gave my wife 40 When I was pressed for France, since when, alas! I never could hear of her it is the same, And Hammon's bride no other but my Jane

Enter FICK

Fick 'Snails, Ralph, thou hast lost thy part of three pots a countryman of mine gave me to breakfast

¹ The chapel of St Faith formed part of the crypt of Old St Pauls

Ralph. Fik, dost thou know this shoe ?

Firk No, by my troth , neither doth that know me !
I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a mere stranger to me

Ralph Why, then I do , this shoe, I duist be sworn,
Once covered the instep of my Jane 50

This is her size, her breadth, thus tied my love ,
These true love knots I picked , I hold my life,
By this old shoe I shall find out my wife

Firk Ha, ha ! Old shoe, that wert new ! How a
murrain came this ague-fit of foolishness upon thee ?

Ralph Thus, Fik even now here came a serving
man ,

By this shoe would he have a new pair made
Against to morrow morning for his mistress,
That's to be married to a gentleman 60
And why may not this be my sweet Jane ?

Firk And why may'st not thou be my sweet ass ? Ha,
ha !

Ralph Well, laugh and spare not ! But the truth is
this

Against to morrow morning I'll provide
A lusty crew of honest shoemakers,
To watch the going of the bride to church
If she prove Jane, I'll take her in despite
From Hammon and the devil, were he by
If it be not my Jane, what remedy ? 70
Hereof I am sure, I shall live till I die [Exit

Firk Well, God sends fools fortune, and it may be he
may light upon his matrimony by such a device , for
wedding and hanging goes by destiny [Exit

ACT IV SCENE V — *A Room in the LORD MAYOR'S House**Enter SYBIL*

Sybil O Lord! Help, for God's sake! my mistress,
oh, my young mistress!

L Mayor Where is thy mistress? What's become of
her?

Sybil She's gone, she's fled!

L Mayor Gone! Whither is she fled?

Sybil I know not, forsooth, she's fled out of doors
with Hans the shoemaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud,
apace, apace! 9

L Mayor Which way? What, John! Where be my
men? Which way?

Sybil I know not, an it please your worship

L Mayor Fled with a shoemaker? Can this be true?

Sybil O Lord, sir, as true as God's in Heaven

Lincoln Her love turned shoemaker? I am glad of
this

L Mayor A Fleming butter box, a shoemaker!
Will she forget her birth, requite my care
With such ingratitude? Scorned she young Hammon
To love a honniken¹, a needy knave? 20
Well, let her fly, I'll not fly after her,
Let her starve, if she will, she's none of mine

Lincoln Be not so cruel, sir

They ask Firk if he can tell them anything of the matter

Firk I never go to church, but I know the name of
it, it is a swearing church—stay a while, 'tis—ay, by the
mass, no, no,—'tis—ay, by my troth, no, nor that, 'tis
—ay, by my faith, that, that, 'tis, ay, by my Faith's
Church under Paul's Cross There they shall be knit
like a pair of stockings in matrimony

¹ Se 'honeykin, sweetheart

Lincoln Upon my life, my nephew Lacy walks 30
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker

Firk Yes, forsooth

Lincoln Doth he not, honest fellow?

Firk No, forsooth, I think Hans is nobody but Hans,
no spirit

L Mayor My mind misgives me now, 'tis so, indeed

ACT V

Eyre is chosen to succeed Rose's father as Lord Mayor

ACT V SCENE II — *A Street near St Faith's Church*

Enter HODGE, FIRK, RALPH, and five or six Shoemakers,
all with cudgels or such weapons

Hodge Come, Ralph, stand to it, Firk My masters,
as we are the brave bloods of the shoemakers, heirs ap-
parent to Saint Hugh, and perpetual benefactors to all
good fellows, thou shalt have no wrong, were Hammon
a king of spades, he should not delve in thy close without
thy sufferance But tell me, Ralph, art thou sure 'tis thy
wife? 7

Ralph Am I sure this is Firk? This morning, when
I stroked on her shoes, I looked upon her, and she upon
me, and sighed, asked me if ever I knew one Ralph
Yes, said I For his sake, said she—tears standing in
her eyes—and for thou art somewhat like him, spend this
piece of gold I took it, my lame leg and my travel be-
yond sea made me unknown All is one for that I
know she's mine 15

Firk Did she give thee this gold? Oh, glorious glit-
tering gold! She's thine own, 'tis thy wife, and she loves
thee, for I'll stand to't, there's no woman will give gold
to any man, but she thinks better of him than she thinks
of them she gives silver to And for Hammon, neither

Hammon nor hangman shall wrong thee in London Is
not our old Master Eyre lord mayor? Speak, my hearts

All Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost

[*Enter HAMMON, his Serving-man, JANE and Others*]

Hodge Peace, my bullies, yonder they come

Ralph Stand to't, my hearts Firk, let me speak first

Hodge No, Ralph, let me — Hammon, whither away so
early?

Ham Unmannerly, rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk To him, sir? Yes, sir, and to me, and others
Good morrow, Jane, how dost thou? Good Lord, how the
world is changed with you! God be thanked! 31

Ham Villains, hands off! How dare you touch my
love?

All Villains? Down with them! Cry clubs for
prentices!

Hodge Hold, my hearts! Touch her, Hammon? Yea,
and more than that we'll carry her away with us My
masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird spits, shoe
makers are steel to the back, men every inch of them, all
spirit 40

Those of Hammon's side Well, and what of all this?

Hodge I'll show you — Jane, dost thou know this man?
'Tis Ralph, I can tell thee, nay, 'tis he in faith, though
he be lamed by the wars Yet look not strange, but run
to him, fold him about the neck and kiss him

Jane Lives then my husband? O God, let me go,
Let me embrace my Ralph

Ham What means my Jane?

Jane Nay, what meant you, to tell me he was slain?

Ham. Pardon me, dear love, for being misled
(*To RALPH*) 'Twas rumoured here in London thou wert
dead 50

Firk Thou seest he lives Lass, go, pack home with him Now, Master Hammon, where's your mistress, your wife?

Serv 'Swounds, master, fight for her! Will you thus lose her?

All Down with that creature! Clubs! Down with him!

Hodge Hold, hold!

Ham Hold, fool! Sirs, he shall do no wrong
Will my Jane leave me thus, and break her faith? 60

Firk Yea, sir! She must, su! She shall, sir! What then? Mend it!

Hodge Hark, fellow Ralph, follow my counsel set the wench in the midst, and let her choose her man, and let her be his woman

Jane Whom should I choose? Whom should my thoughts affect

But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love?

Thou art my husband, and these humble weeds

Make thee more beautiful than all his wealth 70

Therefore, I will but put off his attire,

Returning it into the owner's hand,

And after ever be thy constant wife

Hodge Not a rag, Jane! The law's on our side, he that sows in another man's ground forfeits his harvest
Get thee home, Ralph, follow him, Jane, he shall not have so much as a busk point from thee

Firk Stand to that, Ralph, the appurtenances are thine own Hammon, look not at her!

Serv O 'swords, no! 80

Firk Blue coat, be quiet, we'll give you a new livery else, we'll make Shrove Tuesday Saint George's Day for you Look not, Hammon, leer not! I'll firk you! For thy head now, one glance, one sheep's eye, anything, at

hei ! Touch not a rag, lest I and my brethren beat you
to clouts

Ser Come, Master Hammon, there's no striving here

*Enter the EARL OF LINCOLN, the LORD MAYOR and
Servants*

Lincoln Yonder's the lying varlet mocked us so

L Mayor Come hither, sirrah !

Firk I, sir ? I am sirrah ? You mean me, do you not ?

Lincoln Where is my nephew married ? 91

Firk Is he married ? God give him joy, I am glad of
it They have a fair day, and the sign is in a good planet,
Mars in Venus

L Mayor Villain, thou told'st me that my daughter
Rose

This morning should be married at Saint Faith's,
We have watched there these three hours at the least,
Yet see we no such thing 99

Firk Truly, I am sorry for't, a bride's a pretty thing

Hodge Come to the purpose Yonder's the bride and
bridegroom you look for, I hope Though you be lords,
you are not to bar by your authority men from women,
are you ?

L Mayor See, see, my daughter's masked

Lincoln True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt, counterfeits him lame

Firk Yea, truly, God help the poor couple, they are
lame and blind

L Mayor I'll ease her blindness

Lincoln I'll his lameness cure

Firk Lie down, sirs, and laugh ! My fellow Ralph is
taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for Mistress Damask

Rose This is all my knavery 112

L Mayor What, have I found you, minion ?

Lincoln Oh, base wretch !
 Nay, hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
 Can hardly be washed off Where are thy powers ?
 What battles have you made ? O yes, I see,
 Thou fought'st with Shame, and Shame hath conquered
 thee

This lameness will not serve

L Mayor Unmask yourself

Lincoln Lead home your daughter

L Mayor Take your nephew hence

Ralph Hence ! 'Swords, what mean you ? Are you
 mad ? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me
 Where's Hammon ?

122

L Mayor Your wife ?

Lincoln What, Hammon ?

Ralph Yea, my wife, and, therefore, the proudest of
 you that lays hands on her fist, I'll lay my clutch 'cross
 his pate

Firk To him, lame Ralph ! Here's brave sport !

Ralph Rose, call you her ? Why, her name is Jane
 Look here else do you know her now ? [*Unmasking JANE*]

Lincoln Is this your daughter ?

L Mayor No, nor this your nephew
 My Lord of Lincoln, we are both abused
 By this base, crafty varlet

132

Firk Yea, forsooth, no varlet, forsooth, no base,
 forsooth, I am but mean, no crafty neither, but of the
 gentle craft

L Mayor Where is my daughter Rose ? Where is my
 child ?

Lincoln Where is my nephew Lacy married ?

Firk Why, here is good laced mutton, as I promised
 you

Lincoln Villain, I'll have thee punished for this wrong

Firk Punish the journeyman villain, but not the
journeyman shoemaker 144

Enter DODGER

Dodger My lord, I come to bring unwelcome news
Your nephew Lacy and your daughter Rose
Early this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the lady mayoress
Besides, I learnt among the officers,
The lord mayor vows to stand in their defence 150
'Gainst any that shall seek to cross the match

Lincoln Dares Eyre the shoemaker uphold the deed ?

Firk Yes, sir, shoemakers dare stand in a woman's
quarrel, I warrant you, as deep as another, and deeper
too

Dodger Besides, his grace to day dines with the mayor,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall
And beg a pardon for your nephew's fault

Lincoln But I'll prevent him ! Come, Sir Roger
Oateley, 160

The king will do us justice in this cause
Howe'er their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoin the match, or lose my life [*Exeunt*

Eyre wins pardon for the lovers Lacy is knighted, and the
play ends in general feasting

CHAPTER VI

THE COMEDY OF IMAGINATION

THE last three of Shakespeare's plays are *Cymbeline*, *A Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. All are marked by a special tenderness, particularly in the treatment of women, and by a special magic and melody of verse, in all alike the frontier-line of comedy and tragedy is curiously thin and impalpable. According to Mr Sidney Lee they stand 'in a category of their own, apart from both' at any rate we feel it a somewhat arbitrary classification which ranges *Cymbeline* on the one side and *A Winter's Tale* on the other. Yet there is here no direct break with his past methods. Throughout his whole career Shakespeare had set his seal on a type of comedy which was poetic, romantic, imaginative in *All's Well that Ends Well*, in *As You Like It*, still more in *Measure for Measure*, he traversed the stages along a line of development which, in his three latest dramas, arrives at its culmination. On this path scarcely one of his contemporaries even tried to follow him. Set any of Jonson's women beside Miranda or Hermione, set any passage from a comedy of Dekker or Chapman beside the flower-speech, or Prospero's farewell, or Imogen's appeal to Pisanio—the difference is not one of degree, it is one of kind, the contrast of poetry with prose is hardly more salient. To much of Shakespeare's characterization we may find plenty of rough analogues in the drama of his day to this conception of comedy as a theme for pure poetic expression there are almost none.

The most remarkable exception to this rule, the comedy which on this side approaches most nearly to Shakespeare's manner, is the first work with which Beaumont and Fletcher established their reputation as dramatists *Philaster*, which preceded *Cymbeline* by two years, is animated by much the same spirit as the comedies of Shakespeare's middle period: it bears the same relation to *Twelfth Night* as *Bellarion* to *Viola*. The workmanship is thinner, the invention less rich, the characterization twice breaks down at a critical point¹, there are a hundred faults of bad taste and inexperience, but it is impossible to deny that the work is poetry, and, at its best, poetry of a high order. *Philaster's* description of the boy by the fountain-side has deservedly become a classic: beside it are other exquisite passages which, like the flowers in *Bellarion's* garland, 'delight by the rareness'. It is little wonder that the hands which gathered them should have written one of the sweetest of English pastorals and one of the most graceful of English masques.

To ascribe the portions of this play to their respective authors would be to enter upon an endless conflict. Almost every variety of opinion has been expressed, including one, which we believe to be entirely untenable, that it was the unaided work of Beaumont. The materials for forming a decision are briefly as follows. Two dramas, the *Woman-Hater* and the *Inns of Court Masque*, are commonly attributed to Beaumont alone. Eight (apart from the 'four moral representations') are pretty certainly the results of the partnership. All the rest were written either by Fletcher alone or by Fletcher in concert with other dramatists. In no play written after 1616 can Beaumont have had any hand, for the

¹ 'In depicting woman's heroism,' says Mr. Bullen, 'Fletcher always overshoots the mark'. For instances see *Philaster*, Act IV sc. iii, l. 17, and Act V sc. v, l. 136.

simple reason that he died in that year, and the amount of work which is covered by this delimitation may be gauged by reference to the chronological list here appended

Of the two men, Beaumont is to us the more clearly visible. He possessed a firm and sound judgement, we are told that Jonson used to submit to his censure, and Aubrey states, unfairly, that 'his main business was to correct the overflowings of Mr Fletcher's wit' 'His chief strength is in tragedy, his comic power lies mainly in the direction of burlesque, and the melody of his blank verse is particularly suave and musical. Fletcher seems to have excelled in wit and repartee, in the delineation of comic and even farcical scenes, like the duel, for example, in the *Little French Lawyer*, and in a loose flexible declamatory style which enabled him, in his later works, to dispense altogether with the use of prose dialogue. Beyond this we become entangled in a maze of contradictions. Dryden frequently couples him with Shakespeare, and on some points gives him the preference, Mr Swinburne speaks of the 'fairy-land of dazzling fancy which Shakespeare and Fletcher alone trod', yet in the plays which followed Beaumont's death there is in many respects a sensible deterioration. The lyrics are often wonderful on this point the comparison even with Shakespeare may be allowed to stand but the characterization grows more uncertain, the plot more artificial, and the fun, though often extraordinarily witty, often sinks to a level of grossness which is far below the rough healthy animalism of the Elizabethan stage. The *Spanish Curate*, for example, can only be condoned on the plea which Charles Lamb offered for the comedies of the Restoration. Take it as real life and it is no longer a matter for wholesome jesting if Shakespeare had treated the subject he would have made it a tragedy

In the days of the Restoration Beaumont and Fletcher were the most popular among English dramatists 'Their plots,' says Dryden¹, 'were geneially more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death . Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe they represented all the passions very lively, but above all Love I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection what words have since been taken in are superfluous rather than ornamental Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted throughout the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's the reason is because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs' A century later they had suffered from the change of taste, and the elder Colman mentions that in 1763 an attempt was made to revive the *Spanish Curate*, without success But among all vicissitudes a few plays have always maintained high rank as literature their *Wild-Goose Chase* is still as ever 'a feast of mirth', their *Knight of the Burning Pestle* is still one of the most admirable burlesques in the language, and no popular verdict can ever antiquate the dignity of *A King and No King*, the pathos of the *Maid's Tragedy*, or the romantic feeling and silver eloquence of their greatest comedy, *Philaster*

NOTE —The comedies between 1608 and the end of our period in which Beaumont and Fletcher took part are chronicled on the next page Among contemporary works of the same class, the most notable, apart from Shakespeare, are Jonson's *Silent*

¹ *Essay of Dramatic Poesie*, written 1667

Woman (1609), *Alchemist* (1610), and *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), Middleton's *Trick to Catch the Old One* (1608), *No Help like a Woman's* (1613), and *A Game at Chess* (1624), Massinger's *New Way to Pay Old Debts* (1625), famous for the character of Sir Giles Overreach, and Heywood's *Wise Woman of Hogsdon* (1638). In these almost every type is represented. The examples of Jonson and Massinger are mainly comedies of 'humour' the first of Middleton's is a brisk exposure of somewhat rascally manners, the second is a pure example of artificial romance, the third a witty and outspoken satire on the projected Spanish marriage. Heywood, whom Lamb describes as 'a sort of prose Shakespeare', attempts to combine the comedy of manners with a rather prosaic use of the super natural. But the one kind which, outside the work of Beaumont and Fletcher, is conspicuously absent is the poetic and imaginative comedy the Shakespearian domain into which they alone of his companions had the skill to enter.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1584-1616) was the son of Francis Beaumont, Judge of the Common Pleas, and younger brother of Sir John Beaumont, scholar and religious poet. In 1596 he entered Broadgates Hall (now Pembroke College), Oxford, but after residing for two years left the University without taking a degree, and in 1600 entered at the Inner Temple. Soon after his arrival in London he formed a close friendship with Jonson and Drayton, joined the famous circle at the Mermaid Tavern, and began his literary career with the poem of *Salmacis and Hermaphroditus* (1602). In 1607 he wrote the commendatory verses prefixed to Jonson's *Volpone*, and attacked the stage on his own account with a burlesque comedy called *The Woman-Hater*¹. About the same time he made the acquaintance of JOHN FLETCHER (1579-1625), with whom he formed an intimacy so close that the two friends shared everything in common, 'even to their clothes,' and with whom he collaborated for a period of seven years. Fletcher was the son of Dr Richard Fletcher, Vicar of Rye and afterwards Bishop of London.

¹ Dyce assigns this play to Fletcher; other writers have supposed that Fletcher had a hand in it, but the weight of internal evidence is on the side of Beaumont.

Nothing is known for certain about his early life, but it is probable that he was educated at St Benet's College (now Corpus Christi), Cambridge, that he came to London shortly after his graduation, and that he was introduced to Beaumont by Jonson.

The plays which can be most confidently assigned to this collaboration are the *Four Moral Representations*, called respectively the Triumph of Honour, of Love, of Death, and of Time (1608), *Phylaster* (probably 1608), the *Scornful Lady* (1609), the *Maid's Tragedy* (about 1610), the *Second Maid's Tragedy* (1611), *A King and No King* (1611), the *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (published in 1613, probably written in 1611), *Cupid's Revenge* (1612), and the *Coxcomb* (1613). During these same years each of the two contributed separately to the literature of pastoral comedy and masque, Fletcher with the *Faithful Shepherdess* (1610), Beaumont with the *Masque of the Inner Temple*, written for the marriage of Princess Elizabeth in February, 1612. In 1614 Beaumont gave up the stage, and two years afterwards he died.

Fifteen plays are attributed to Fletcher alone. Of these the most notable are *Wit without Money* (1614), *Bonduca* and *Valentinian* (both before 1619), the *Humorous Lieutenant* (about 1620), the *Pilgrim* (1621), much admired by Coleridge, the *Wild-Goose Chase* (1621), imitated by Farquhar, *Monsieur Thomas* (about 1622), the *Woman's Prize*, a counterblast to the *Taming of the Shrew* (about 1623), and *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*, licensed for performance in 1624. Of the plays which he wrote in collaboration with other dramatists the first two have a special historical importance. In 1613 appeared the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII*, both of which have been ascribed to Shakespeare, and in both of which there are clear evidences of Shakespeare's hand.¹ For the last seven years of his life Fletcher principally collaborated with Philip Massinger (1583-1640), and to this partnership may be attributed the *Knight of Malta* (1618), the *Little French Lawyer* (about 1620), *A Very Woman* (probably written by Fletcher about 1620 and revised

¹ *Henry VIII* is still commonly included among Shakespeare's works. The *Two Noble Kinsmen* bears on its title-page the statement that it was written by Shakespeare and Fletcher.

by Massinger in 1634), the *Laws of Candy* (1621 or 1622), the *Spanish Curate* (1622), the *Elder Brother* (1625), and a few more dramas. About half a dozen comedies, mostly of his later period, show to a greater or less degree the handiwork of Rowley, Middleton, and Shirley.

It must be added that the evidence of these attributions is almost wholly internal, and that much of it is still a matter of controversy. The conclusions here presented are those to which the chief weight of testimony inclines, but the question is not one which admits of absolute certainty or conviction.

PHILASTER

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING	Guard, Attendants
PHILASTER, Heir to the Crown of Sicily	ARETHUSA, Daughter of the King
PHARAMOND, Prince of Spain	EUPHRASIA, Daughter of Dion, disguised as a Page under the name of Bellario
DION, a Lord	MEGRA, a Court Lady
CLEREMONT	GALATEA, a Lady attending the Princess
THRASILINE	Two other Ladies
An old Captain	
Citizens	
A Country Fellow	
Two Woodmen	

[Scene Messina and its neighbourhood]

The King of Calabria deposes the King of Sicily. His successor keeps Philaster, the rightful heir of Sicily, at his court, not daring to put him to death or imprison him because he is greatly beloved by the people.

The first Act opens with the coming of the Spanish Prince to woo the Lady Arethusa. Philaster, who is himself in love with the Princess, defies Pharamond in the King's presence. Arethusa sends for him.

ACT I SCENE II — ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace**Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady**Are* Comes he not ?*Lady* Madam ?*Are* Will Philaster come ?*Lady* Dear madam, you were wont to credit me
At first*Are* But didst thou tell me so ?

I am forgetful, and my woman's strength
Is so o'ercharged with dangers like to grow
About my marriage, that these under things
Dare not abide in such a troubled sea 10
How looked he when he told thee he would come ?

Lady Why, well*Are* And not a little fearful ?*Lady* Fear, madam ! sure, he knows not what it is

Are You are all of his faction, the whole court
Is bold in praise of him, whilst I
May live neglected, and do noble things,
As fools in strife throw gold into the sea,
Drowned in the doing But I know he fears

Lady Fear, madam ! methought his looks hid more
Of love than fear 21

Are Of love ! to whom ? to you ?

Did you deliver those plain words I sent
With such a winning gesture and quick look
That you have caught him ?

Lady Madam, I mean to you

Are Of love to me ! alas, thy ignorance
Lets thee not see the crosses of our births !
Nature, that loves not to be questioned
Why she did this or that, but has her ends, 30
And knows she does well, never gave the world

Two things so opposite, so contrary,
As he and I am if a bowl of blood,
Drawn from this arm of mine, would poison thee,
A draught of his would cure thee Of love to me'

Lady Madam, I think I hear him

Are Bring him in [*Exit* Lady

You gods, that would not have your dooms withstood,
Whose holy wisdoms at this time it is
To make the passion of a feeble maid 40
The way unto your justice, I obey

Re enter Lady with PHILASTER

Lady Here is my Lord Philaster.

Are Oh, 'tis well

Withdraw yourself [*Exit* Lady

Ph Madam, your messenger

Made me believe you wished to speak with me

Are 'Tis true, Philaster, but the words are such
I have to say, and do so ill beseem
The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
And yet am loath to speak them Have you known 50
That I have aught detracted from your worth?
Have I in person wronged you? or have set
My baser instruments to throw disgrace
Upon your virtues?

Ph Never, madam, you

Are Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
Calling a great part of my dowry in question?

Ph Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be 60
Foolish but, for your fair and virtuous self,
I could afford myself to have no right
To any thing you wished,

Are Philaster, know,

I must enjoy these kingdoms

Ph Madam, both ?

Are Both, or I die by fate, I die, Philaster,
If I not calmly may enjoy them both

Ph I would do much to save that noble life
Yet would be loath to have posterity

70

Find in our stories that Philaster gave

His right unto a sceptre and a crown

To save a lady's longing

Are Nay, then, hear

I must and will have them, and more——

Ph What more ?

Are Oh lose that little life the gods prepared
To trouble this poor piece of earth withal

Ph Madam, what more ?

Are Turn, then, away thy face

80

Ph I can endure it Turn away my face !

I never yet saw enemy that looked

So dreadfully, but that I thought myself

As great a basilisk as he, or spake

So horribly, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his,

Nor beast that I could turn from shall I then

Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a lady's voice,

Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my life,

Why, I will give it you, for 'tis to me

90

A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask

Of so poor use, that I shall make no price

If you entreat, I will unmovedly hear

Are Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks

Ph I do

Are Then know, I must have them and thee

Ph And me ?

Are Thy love, without which, all the land

Discovered yet will serve me for no use
But to be buried in 100

Ph Is't possible?

Are With it, it were too little to bestow
On thee Now, though thy breath do strike me dead
(Which, know, it may), I have unript my breast

Ph Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts
To lay a train for this contemnèd life,
Which you may have for asking to suspect
Were base, where I deserve no ill Love you !
By all my hopes, I do, above my life !
But how this passion should proceed from you 110
So violently would amaze a man
That would be jealous

Are Another soul into my body shot
Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit
Than this thy breath But spend not hasty time
In seeking how I came thus 'tis the gods,
The gods, that make me so , and, sure, our love
Will be the nobler and the better blest,
In that the secret justice of the gods
Is mingled with it Let us leave, and kiss , 120
Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us
And we should part without it

Ph 'Twill be ill
I should abide here long

Are 'Tis true , and wiose
You should come often How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread ?

Ph I have a boy, 130
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent
Not yet seen in the court Hunting the buck,

I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep, 140
As if he meant to make 'em grow again
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses, and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold, 150
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief, and, to my thoughts, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wished so that methought I could
Have studied it I gladly entertained
Him, who was glad to follow, and have got
The truest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love

ACT II SCENE I — *An Apartment in the Palace*

Enter PHILASTER and BELLARIO

Ph And thou shalt find her honourable, boy,
Full of regard unto thy tender youth,
For thine own modesty, and, for my sake,
Apt to give than thou wilt be to ask,

Aye, or deserve

Bel Sir, you did take me up
When I was nothing, and only yet am something
By being yours You trusted me unknown,
And that which you were apt to construe
A simple innocence in me, perhaps 10
Might have been craft, the cunning of a boy
Hardened in lies and theft yet ventured you
To part my miseries and me, for which
I never can expect to serve a lady
That bears more honour in her breast than you

Phi But, boy, it will prefer thee Thou art young,
And bear'st a childish overflowing love
To them that clap thy cheeks and speak thee fair yet,
But when thy judgement comes to rule those passions,
Thou wilt remember best those careful friends 20
That placed thee in the noblest way of life
She is a princess I prefer thee to

Bel In that small time that I have seen the world,
I never knew a man hasty to part with
A servant he thought trusty I remember,
My father would prefer the boys he kept
To greater men than he, but did it not
Till they were grown too saucy for himself

Phi Why, gentle boy, I find no fault at all
In thy behaviour 30

Bel Sir, if I have made
A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth.
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn,
Age and experience will adorn my mind
With larger knowledge, and if I have done
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope
For once What master holds so strict a hand
Over his boy, that he will part with him

Without one warning ? Let me be corrected,
 To break my stubbornness, if it be so, 40
 Rather than turn me off, and I shall mend

Ph Thy love doth plead so prettily to stay,
 That, trust me, I could weep to part with thee
 Alas, I do not turn thee off ! thou know'st
 It is my business that doth call thee hence,
 And when thou art with her, thou dwell'st with me
 Think so, and 'tis so and when time is full,
 That thou hast well discharged this heavy trust,
 Laid on so weak a one, I will again
 With joy receive thee, as I live, I will ! 50
 Nay, weep not, gentle boy 'Tis more than time
 Thou didst attend the Princess

Bel I am gone
 But since I am to part with you, my lord,
 And none knows whether I shall live to do
 More service for you, take this little prayer
 Heaven bless your loves, your fights, all your designs !
 May sick men, if they have your wish, be well,
 And Heaven hate those you curse, though I be one ! 59

[*Exit*

ACT II SCENE III — ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace*

Enter ARETHUSA and a Lady To them enter

BELLARIO, richly dressed

Are Sir, 10
 You are sad to change your service, is't not so ?

Bel Madam, I have not changed, I wait on you,
 To do him service

Are Thou disclaim'st in me
 Tell me thy name

Bel Bellario

Are Thou canst sing and play ?

Bel If grief will give me leave, madam, I can

Arc Alas, what kind of grief can thy years know? 10
Hadst thou a curst master when thou went'st to school?
Thou art not capable of other grief,

Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be
When no breath troubles them believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves, to abide in them
Come, sn, tell me truly, does your lord love me?

Bel Love, madam! I know not what it is

Arc Canst thou know grief, and never yet knew'st love?
Thou art deceived, boy Does he speak of me 20
As if he wished me well?

Bel If it be love

To forget all respect of his own friends
In thinking of your face, if it be love
To sit cross armed and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i' the streets do fire,
If it be love to weep himself away
When he but hears of any lady dead
Or killed, because it might have been your chance, 30
If, when he goes to rest (which will not be),
'Twixt every prayer he says, to name you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love,
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you

Arc Oh, you're a cunning boy, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit! but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not
Lead the way, boy — Do you attend me too — 39
'Tis thy lord's business hastes me thus Away! [*Exeunt*]

Pharamond pays court to Megra Arethusa discovers them and
tells the King, who is furious at the insult to his daughter

Megra in revenge declares that Arethusa is in love with Bellario. The report spreads, and certain of the nobles urge Philaster to rebel, telling him that the King is hated, and that the Princess has now lost all her former popularity. Philaster at first refuses to listen to a word against Arethusa, but he is at last persuaded that she is false to him.

ACT III SCENE II —ARETHUSA'S *Apartment in the Palace*

Enter PHILASTER

Phi Peace to your fairest thoughts, dearest mistress !

Aie Oh, my dearest servant, I have a war within me !

Phi He must be more than man that makes these crystals

Run into rivers Sweetest fair, the cause ?

And, as I am your slave, tied to your goodness,

Your creature, made again from what I was

And newly spouted, I'll right your honour.

Are Oh, my best love, that boy !

Phi What boy ?

Aie That pretty boy you gave me——

10

Phi What of him ?

Are Must be no more mine

Phi Why ?

Aie They are jealous of him

Phi Jealous ! who ?

Are The King

Phi Oh, my fortune !

Then 'tis idle jealousy [*Aside*]—Let him go

Are Oh, cruel !

Are you hard hearted too ? who shall now tell you 20

How much I loved you ? who shall swear it to you,

And weep the tears I send ? who shall now bring you

Letters, rings, bracelets ? lose his health in service ?

Wake tedious nights in stories of your praise ?

Who shall now sing your crying elegies,
And strike a sad soul into senseless pictures,
And make them mourn ? who shall take up his lute,
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep
Upon my eye-lids, making me dream, and cry,
'Oh, my dear, dear Philaster !' 30

Phi Oh, my heart !

Would he had broken thee, that made me know
This lady was not loyal ! [*Aside*]—Mistress,
Forget the boy , I'll get thee a far better

Are Oh, never, never such a boy again
As my Bellario !

Phi 'Tis but your fond affection

Are With thee, my boy, farewell for ever
All secrecy in servants ! Farewell faith,
And all desire to do well for itself ! 40

Let all that shall succeed thee for thy wrongs
Sell and betray chaste love !

Phi And all this passion for a boy ?

Are He was your boy, and you put him to me,
And the loss of such must have a mourning for.

Phi Oh, thou forgetful woman !

Are How, my lord ?

Phi False Arethusa !

Hast thou a medicine to restore my wits,
When I have lost 'em ? If not, leave to talk 50

Now you may take that little right I have
To this poor kingdom give it to your joy ;
For I have no joy in it Some far place,
Where never womankind durst set her foot
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts

What woman is, and help to save them from you ,
 How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts
 More hell than hell has , how your tongues, like scorpions,
 Both heal and poison , how your thoughts are woven 61
 With thousand changes in one subtle web,
 And worn so by you , how that foolish man,
 That reads the story of a woman's face
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever ,
 How all the good you have is but a shadow,
 I' the morning with you, and at night behind you
 Past and forgotten , how your vows are frosts,
 Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone ,
 How you are, being taken all together, 70
 A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
 That love cannot distinguish These sad texts,
 Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you
 So, farewell all my woe, all my delight ' [Exit

Are Be merciful, ye gods, and strike me dead !
 What way have I deserved this ? Make my breast
 Transparent as pure crystal, that the world,
 Jealous of me, may see the foulest thought
 My heart holds Where shall a woman turn her eyes
 To find out constancy ?

Enter BELLARIO

Save me, how black 80
 And guiltily, methinks, that boy looks now !
 Oh, thou dissembler, that, before thou spak'st,
 Wert in thy cradle false, sent to make lies
 And betray innocents ! Thy lord and thou
 May glory in the ashes of a maid
 Fooled by her passion , but the conquest is
 Nothing so great as wicked Fly away !
 Let my command force thee to that which shame

Would do without it If thou understood'st
The loathed office thou hast undergone, 90
Why, thou wouldst hide thee under heaps of hills,
Lest men should dig and find thee

Bel Oh, what god,
Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease
Into the noblest minds ! Madam, this grief
You add unto me is no more than drops
To seas, for which they are not seen to swell,
My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,
And let out all the hope of future joys
You need not bid me fly, I came to part,
To take my latest leave Farewell for ever !
I durst not run away in honesty
From such a lady, like a boy that stole
Or made some grievous fault The power of gods
Assist you in your sufferings ! Hasty time
Reveal the truth to your abused lord
And mine, that he may know your worth, whilst I
Go seek out some forgotten place to die ! [*Exit BELLARIO*
Are Peace guide thee ! Thou hast overthrown me
once,

Yet, if I had another Troy to lose, 110
Thou, or another villain with thy looks,
Might talk me out of it, and send me naked,
My hair dishevelled, through the fiery streets

Enter a Lady

Lady Madam, the King would hunt, and calls for you
With earnestness.

Are I am in tune to hunt!
Diana, if thou canst rage with a maid
As with a man, let me discover thee
Bathing, and turn me to a fearful hind,

That I may die pursued by cruel hounds, 120
 And have my story written in my wounds' [*Exeunt*

On the hunting party Aethusa is lost in the forest, where she is met by Philaster

ACT IV SCENE III — *Another part of the Forest*

Enter a Country Fellow

C Fell I'll see the King, if he be in the forest, I have hunted him these two hours, if I should come home and not see him, my sisters would laugh at me I can see nothing but people better horsed than myself, that out ride me, I can hear nothing but shouting These kings had need of good brains, this whooping is able to put a mean man out of his wits There's a courtier with his sword drawn, by this hand, upon a woman, I think'

[*Aside.*

Phi Are you at peace?

Are With heaven and earth 10

Phi May they divide thy soul and body' [*Wounds her*

C Fell Hold, dastard! strike a woman! Thou'rt a craven, I warrant thee thou wouldst be loath to play half a dozen venies¹ at wasters² with a good fellow for a broken head

Phi Leave us, good friend

Are What ill bred man art thou, to intrude thyself Upon our private sports, our recreations?

C Fell God 'uds me, I understand you not, but I know the rogue has hurt you 20

Phi Pursue thy own affairs it will be ill To multiply blood upon my head, which thou Wilt force me to

C Fell I know not your rhetoric, but I can lay it on, if you touch the woman.

¹ bouts

² cudgels

Phi Slave, take what thou deservest ' [They fight
Are Heavens guard my lord ']

C Fell Oh, do you breathe?

Phi I hear the tread of people I am hurt
 The gods take part against me could this boor 20
 Have held me thus else? I must shift for life,
 Though I do loathe it I would find a course
 To lose it rather by my will than force [Aside and exit]

C Fell I cannot follow the rogue I play thee, wench,
 come and kiss me now

Enter PHARAMOND, DION, CLFREMONTE, THRASILINE,
 and Woodmen

Phi What art thou?

C Fell Almost killed I am for a foolish woman, a
 knave has hurt her

Phi The princess, gentlemen!—Where's the wound,
 madam!

Is it dangerous? 40

Are He has not hurt me

C Fell. I' faith, she lies, h'as hurt her in the breast,
 look else

Phi Oh, sacred spring of innocent blood!

Dion 'Tis above wonder! who should dare this?

Are I felt it not

Phi Speak, villain, who has hurt the princess?

C Fell Is it the princess?

Dion Ay

C Fell Then I have seen something yet 50

Phi But who has hurt her?

C Fell I told you, a rogue, I ne'er saw him before, I

Phi Madam, who did it?

Are Some dishonest wretch,

Alas, I know him not, and do forgive him!

C Fell He's hurt too, he cannot go far, I made my father's old fox fly about his ears

Pha How will you have me kill him?

Are Not at all,

'Tis some distracted fellow.

60

Pha By this hand,

I'll leave ne'er a piece of him bigger than a nut,
And bring him all to you in my hat

Are Nay, good sir,

If you do take him, bring him quick to me,
And I will study for a punishment

Great as his fault

Pha I will

Are But swear

Pha By all my love, I will —

70

Woodmen, conduct the princess to the king,
And bear that wounded fellow to dressing —
Come, gentlemen, we'll follow the chase close

[*Exeunt on one side* PHARAMOND, DION, CLERE
MONT, and THRASILINE, *exit on the other*
ARETHUSA *attended by the First Woodman*

C Fell I pray you, friend, let me see the king

2nd Wood That you shall, and receive thanks

C Fell If I get clear with this, I'll go see no more gay
sights

[*Exeunt*

ACT IV SCENE IV — *Another part of the Forest*

Enter BELLARIO

Bel A heaviness near death sits on my brow,
And I must sleep Bear me, thou gentle bank,
For ever, if thou wilt You sweet ones all, [*Lies down*
Let me unworthy press you I could wish
I rather were a corse strowed o'er with you
Than quick above you Dullness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy, oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep that I might never wake!

[*Sleeps*

Enter PHILASTER

Ph I have done ill, my conscience calls me false,
 To strike at her that would not strike at me 10
 When I did fight, methought I heard her pray
 The gods to guard me She may be abused,
 And I a loathed villain if she be,
 She will conceal who hurt her He has wounds
 And cannot follow, neither knows he me
 Who's this? Bellario sleeping! If thou be'st
 Guilty, there is no justice that thy sleep
 Should be so sound, and mine, whom thou hast wronged,
 [*Cry within*

So broken Hark! I am pursued You gods,
 I'll take this offered means of my escape 20
 They have no mark to know me but my blood,
 If she be true, if false, let mischief light
 On all the world at once! Sword, print my wounds
 Upon this sleeping boy! I have none, I think,
 Are mortal, nor would I lay greater on thee
 [*Wounds* BELLARIO

Bel Oh, death, I hope, is come! Blest be that hand!
 It meant me well Again, for pity's sake!

Ph I have caught myself, [*Falls*
 The loss of blood hath stayed my flight Here, here,
 Is he that struck thee take thy full revenge, 30
 Use me, as I did mean thee, worse than death,
 I'll teach thee to revenge This luckless hand
 Wounded the princess, tell my followers
 Thou didst receive these hurts in staying me,
 And I will second thee, get a reward

Bel Fly, fly, my lord, and save yourself!

Ph How's this?
 Wouldst thou I should be safe?

Bel Else were it vain

(Urge it no more) that, big with evil thoughts,
I set upon her, and did take my aim, 70
Her death For charity let fall at once

The punishment you mean, and do not load
This weary flesh with tortures

Pha I will know

Who hired thee to this deed

Bel Mine own revenge

Pha Revenge! for what?

Bel It pleased her to receive

Me as her page, and, when my fortunes ebb'd,
That men strid o'er them careless, she did shower 80
Her welcome graces on me, and did swell
My fortunes till they overflowed their banks,
Threatening the men that crossed 'em, when, as swift
As storms arise at sea, she turn'd her eyes
To burning suns upon me, and did dry
The streams she had bestowed, leaving me worse
And more contemn'd than other little brooks,
Because I had been great In short, I knew
I could not live, and therefore did desire
To die revenged 90

Pha If tortures can be found
Long as thy natural life, resolve to feel
The utmost rigour

Cle Help to lead him hence

[*PHILASTER creeps out of the bush*]

Pha Turn back, you ravishers of innocence!
Know ye the price of that you bear away
So rudely?

Pha Who's that?

Dion 'Tis the Lord Philaster.

Pha 'Tis not the treasure of all kings in one, 100
The wealth of Tagus, nor the rocks of pearl
That pave the court of Neptune, can weigh down
That virtue It was I that hurt the princess.
Place me, some god, upon a pyramis
Higher than hills of earth, and lend a voice

Loud as your thunder to me, that from thence
 I may discourse to all the under world
 The worth that dwells in him !

Pha How's this ?

Bel My lord, some man

110

Weary of life, that would be glad to die

Pha Leave these untimely courtesies, Bellario

Bel Alas, he's mad ! Come, will you lead me on ?

Phi By all the oaths that men ought most to keep,
 And gods do punish most when men do break,
 He touched her not —Take heed, Bellario,
 How thou dost drown the virtues thou hast shown
 With perjury.—By all that's good, 'twas I !
 You know she stood betwixt me and my right

Pha Thy own tongue be thy judge !

120

Cle It was Philaster

Dion Is't not a brave boy ?

Well, sirs, I fear me we were all deceived

Phi Have I no friend here ?

Dion Yes

Phi Then show it some

Good body lend a hand to draw us near

Would you have tears shed for you when you die ?

Then lay me gently on his neck, that there

I may weep floods and breathe forth my spirit

130

'Tis not the wealth of Plutus, nor the gold

[*Embraces BELLARIO*

Locked in the heart of earth, can buy away

This arm full from me this had been a ransom

To have redeemed the great Augustus Caesar,

Had he been taken You hard hearted men,

More stony than these mountains, can you see

Such clear pure blood drop, and not cut your flesh

To stop his life ? to bind whose bitter wounds,

Queens ought to tear their hair, and with their tears

Bathe 'em — Forgive me, thou that art the wealth
Of poor Philaster ! 141

Enter KING, ARETHUSA, and Guard

King Is the villain ta'en ?

Pha Sir, here be two confess the deed , but sure
It was Philaster

Phi Question it no more ;

It was

King The fellow that did fight with him
Will tell us that

Are Aye me ! I know he will

King Did not you know him ? 150

Are Sir, if it was he,
He was disguised

Phi I was so Oh, my stars,
That I should live still [*Aside*

King Thou ambitious fool,
Thou that hast laid a train for thy own life !—
Now I do mean to do, I'll leave to talk
Bear them to prison

Are Sir, they did plot together to take hence
This harmless life , should it pass unrevenged, 160
I should to earth go weeping grant me, then,
By all the love a father bears his child,
Their custodies, and that I may appoint
Their tortures and their deaths

Dion Death ! Soft , our law will not reach that for
this fault

King 'Tis granted , take 'em to you with a guard —
Come, princely Pharamond, this business past,
We may with more security go on
To your intended match 170

[*Exeunt all except DION, CLEREMONT, and THRASILINE.*

Cle I pray that this action lose not Philaster the hearts
of the people

Dion Fear it not, then over wise heads will think it
but a trick *[Exeunt]*

The princess, having, by her feigned anger, obtained the custody of Philaster, marries him. The King threatens them both with death, but at that moment news comes that Pharamond has been taken by the people and is being kept as a hostage while their prince is in danger. There is a general tumult, which Philaster alone can quiet. He saves the King, and so awakens his gratitude. But though the King accepts Philaster as his son, he declares that Bellario must die.

ACT V SCENE V — *An Apartment in the Palace*

Bel Will you torture me?

King Haste there,
Why stay you?

Bel Then I shall not break my vow,
You know, just gods, though I discover all

King How's that? will he confess?

Dion Sir, so he says

King Speak then

Bel Great king, if you command
This lord to talk with me alone, my tongue, 10
Urged by my heart, shall utter all the thoughts
My youth hath known, and stranger things than these
You hear not often

King Walk aside with him

[DION and BELLARIO walk apart]

Dion Why speak'st thou not?

Bel Know you this face, my lord?

Dion No

Bel Have you not seen it, nor the like?

Dion Yes, I have seen the like, but readily
I know not where 20

Bel I have been often told
In court of one Euphrasia, a lady,
And daughter to you, betwixt whom and me

They that would flatter my bad face would swear
There was such strange resemblance, that we two
Could not be known asunder, drest alike

Dion By Heaven, and so there is !

Bel For her fair sake,
Who now doth spend the spring time of her life
In holy pilgrimage, move to the king, 30
That I may scape this torture

Dion But thou speak'st
As like Euphrasia as thou dost look
How came it to thy knowledge that she lives
In pilgrimage ?

Bel I know it not, my lord ,
But I have heard it, and do scarce believe it

Dion Oh, my shame ! is it possible ? Draw near,
That I may gaze upon thee Art thou she,
Or else her murderer ? where wert thou born ? 40

Bel In Syracuse

Dion What's thy name ?

Bel Euphrasia

Dion Oh, 'tis just, 'tis she !
Now I do know thee Oh, that thou hadst died,
And I had never seen thee nor my shame !
How shall I own thee ? shall this tongue of mine
E'er call thee daughter more ?

Bel Would I had died indeed ! I wish it too
And so I must have done by vow, ere published 50
What I have told, but that there was no means
To hide it longer Yet I joy in this,
The princess is all clear

King What have you done ?

Dion All is discovered

Phi Why then hold you me ? [*Offers to stab himself*]
All is discovered ! Pray you, let me go

King Stay him.

Are What is discovered ?

Dion Why, my shame

60

It is a woman let her speak the rest

Phi How ? that again !

Dion It is a woman

Phi Blessed be you powers that favour innocence !

King Lay hold upon that lady [*MEGRA is seized*]

Phi It is a woman, su '—Hark, gentlemen,

It is a woman !—Arethusa, take

My soul into thy breast, that would be gone

With joy It is a woman ! Thou art fair,

And virtuous still to ages, in despite

70

Of malice

King Speak you, where lies his shame ?

Bel I am his daughter

Phi The gods are just

Dion I dare accuse none, but, before you two,

The virtue of our age, I bend my knee

Fo' mercy

[*Kneels*]

Phi [*raising him*] Take it freely, fo' I know,

Though what thou didst were undiscereetly done,

'Twas meant well

80

Are And fo' me,

I have a power to pardon sins, as oft

As any man has power to wrong me

Cle Noble and worthy !

Phi But, Bellario

(For I must call thee still so), tell me why

Thou didst conceal thy sex It was a fault,

A fault, Bellario, though thy other deeds

Of truth outweighed it all these jealousies

Had flown to nothing, if thou hadst discovered

90

What now we know

Bel My father oft would speak

Your worth and virtue, and, as I did grow

More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so praised But yet all this
 Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
 As soon as found, till, sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
 I thought, (but it was you), enter our gates
 My blood flew out and back again, as fast 100
 As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in
 Like breath then was I called away in haste
 To entertain you Never was a man,
 Heaved from a sheep cote to a sceptre, raised
 So high in thoughts as I you left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever I did hear you talk,
 Far above singing After you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
 What stirred it so alas, I found it love ' 110
 Yet far from lust, for, could I but have lived
 In presence of you, I had had my end
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself
 In habit of a boy, and, for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you, and, understanding well
 That when I made discovery of my sex
 I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a maid 120
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
 For other than I seemed, that I might ever
 Abide with you Then sat I by the fount,
 Where first you took me up

King Search out a match

Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,
 And I will pay thy dowry, and thyself

Wilt well deserve him

Bel Never, sir, will I

130

Marry, it is a thing within my vow

But, if I may have leave to serve the princess,

To see the virtues of her lord and her,

I shall have hope to live

Ace I, Philaster,

Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady

Drest like a page to serve you, nor will I

Suspect her living here —Come, live with me,

Live free as I do She that loves my lord,

Cursed be the wife that hates her !

140

Phi I grieve such virtue should be laid in earth

Without an heir —Hear me, my royal father

Wrong not the freedom of our souls so much

To think to take revenge of that base woman,

Her malice cannot hurt us Set her free

As she was born, saving from shame and sin

King Set her at liberty But leave the court

This is no place for such —You, Pharamond,

Shall have free passage, and a conduct home

Worthy so great a prince When you come there, 150

Remember 'twas your faults that lost you her,

And not my purposed will

Pha I do confess,

Renowned sir

King Last, join your hands in one Enjoy, Philaster,

This kingdom, which is yours, and, after me,

Whatever I call mine My blessing on you !

All happy hours be at your marriage-joys,

That you may grow yourselves over all lands,

And live to see your plenteous branches spring 160

Wherever there is sun ! Let princes learn

By this to rule the passions of their blood,

For what Heaven wills can never be withstood. [*Exeunt.*

III

HISTORIES

CHAPTER I

FOLK LEGEND

It is possible that the Mumming-play, the May game, and the Morris dance may all be traced back to some primitive country festival, sacrificial or symbolic, which represented the death of the year in Winter and its revival in the Spring¹ By the time that they emerge from primitive custom to historic record they have become differentiated, and have been usually centralized on two of the most popular English legends, that of St George and that of Robin Hood In the May game Robin Hood and his company are familiar figures, the account given by Strutt² enumerates the whole band, and describes in detail their pageant and their costumes the Mumming-play, transferred to the general festivities of Christmas, is almost invariably concerned with the prowess of St. George and his combats with the dragon or the Turkish knight³ The separation is, however, not entirely complete A St George play from Bampton in Oxfordshire includes Robin Hood and Little John as subsidiary characters in the example here given, from the Cotswold village of South Cerney, they are the protagonists and St George does not appear

The typical structure of the Mumming-play can

¹ For the evidence on this point see Mr Chambers' *Mediaeval Stage* vol 1 p 117 et seq

² Quoted in Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol 1 pp 552-5

³ Mr Chambers enumerates twenty nine St George plays from different parts of England (op cit vol 1 pp 205-6) The three Robin Hood plays given by Marry are probably not Folk-dramas, but compositions of *Trouweres* for one or other of the Spring festivals

be divided into three parts. First comes a prologue spoken sometimes by one of the *dramatis personae*, sometimes by a special character appointed for the purpose, and either demanding room for the players or, in milder tone, apologizing for their intrusion. Next follows the drama proper, a fight in which one of the combatants is killed or seriously wounded, and after which he is magically restored by the doctor. Thirdly, the minor characters enter, one by one, each introducing himself with a few appropriate lines of description, and the entertainment closes with a dance and a collection of money from the spectators. The number of these minor parts is not uniform, but varies from place to place, and it not infrequently happens that for reasons of economy several of them are spoken by the same actor.

The text of the South Cerney play has been much corrupted in oral transmission. By collating it with other versions we have been able to correct some of the more obvious verbal mistakes¹ but in Part III there is evidence of modern interpolations which, for our present purpose, it has seemed better to omit. A few lines from the earlier portions are repeated without their context, a few speeches have been mangled out of all meaning, and as these passages appear to be later accretions we have ventured to pare them away, in the hope of presenting the drama as nearly as possible in its original form. The part of the doctor has probably been modified by *impromptus* which have successively grown into the text, but as this part is integral to the plot we have left it untouched.

* ¹ Thus the Tanner's first line, after his recovery, is now always delivered —

Terrible, terrible life was ever known

The emendation suggested in l. 95 is corroborated by the occurrence of the same words in the Whitehaven and other versions

The play is usually acted on Christmas Eve in the hall or kitchen of the house visited. Robin Hood, Little John, and the Tanner wear masks (like those used at a masquerade), and are dressed in cardboard caps and tunics of sacking, both hung with streamers of red and yellow rag, and in parti-coloured chintz trousers. When the fight begins the two champions crouch to the floor, holding their quarter-staves in the middle and clashing the ends alternately, until the Tanner slips his guard and is wounded 'in the knee'. After some haggling the doctor enters, his face whitened with flour, and his costume mainly remarkable for a tall hat, an enormous shirt-collar, and a long-tailed black coat. He kneels beside the Tanner and effects the cure with various comic gestures and incantations, some apparently traditional, some left to his invention at the moment. Of the other characters Beelzebub, who speaks most of the parts, has a blackened face and dark clothes, and carries in one hand a fool's bauble, in the other a dripping-pan for the collection. The Fool wears a pasteboard head or mask, and brings with him some kind of musical instrument.

In point of artistry the play ranks little higher than that pageant of the nine Worthies which, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is so unmercifully interrupted by Biron and Dumain, but at the same time it possesses a good deal of historical value. The sacrificial origin has been entirely forgotten and is replaced by a sort of dramatized ballad on one of the favourite heroes of our ballad-literature. Beelzebub and the Fool are clearly borrowed from the Devil and the Vice of the Morality plays, and though some of their functions are confused they are still regarded as distinct personages. The dialogue, as we have seen, has in some degree suffered from recent additions, but the characters

represented are faithful to their few primitive types¹ The whole thing is redolent of the soil it is plain, downright and unsophisticated, and the choice of its main subject indicates to some degree that interest in English life and adventure which was afterwards more fully expressed by the Historical drama

ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER

A MUMMING PLAY

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE TANNER OF NOTTING-	FARMER JACK
HAM	TINKER TOM
ROBIN HOOD	FATHER CHRISTMAS
LITTLE JOHN	BEELZEBUB
THE DOCTOR	FOOL

Tanner Give room, give room, this gallant hall,
 And give me room to ride
 And I will show you an activity
 On this merry Christmas tide
 Activity of life,
 Activity of age,
 Such an activity never seen
 Or acted on a stage
 I am bold Tanner from Nottingham,
 My name is Arthur à Brand , 10
 There is not a squire in all Hampshire
 That dares to let me stand
 With my long spike-staff on my shoulder

¹ Many of the Mummings plays have come to include 'moderns' who have caught the popular imagination' e.g. Bonaparte (Leigh) and the king of Prussia (Bampton), Nelson (Devon), and Wellington (Cornwall). In one of the Wiltshire versions there is even a part for the Prince Imperial. See Mr Chambers, op cit, vol 1 p 212

See how well I clear my way
 With one, two, three, I make them all flee,
 And give them more labour to stay
 As I was walking through the forest,
 Bold Robin Hood did I spy ¹

As soon as he did me spy, 20

He thought some sport for to make ,
 He stole out his hand, and bade me stand,
 And thus to me he spake

Robin Hood Who art thou, bold fellow,
 That standest so boldly here ?

Sure, and in brief, thou look'st like a thief,

Come to steal away the king's deer

Tanner I am the keeper of the forest,

The king put me in trust,

To view the red deer, that run here and there, 30

And stop thee, bold fellow, I must

Robin Hood If thou be the keeper of this forest,

And have such great command,

Thou must have more in store than thou had'st before,

Ere thou biddest me to stand

Tanner I have no more to be taken in store,

No more than I have need ,

I have a staff and another old graff ²,

And I'm sure it will do its deed

Robin Hood For thy sword nor thy bow do I care not
 a strow, 40

For all thy brave boasts to boot,

If thou once gets a snap all on the brain top,

Thou might'st as well fly as shoot

Little John What is the matter, master, pray ?

I pray unto me tell

¹ Two lines missing

² stick, lit 'branch'

I see thee stand with a staff in thy hand,
 And I fear it is not all well
Robin Hood It's a man and a man, and he bids me to
 stand,
 And a Tanner he stands by my side
 He's a bonny blade and a master by trade, 50
 And he swears he'll tan the hide
Little John If it's to be commanded by that
 It's as much as he can do,
 If he's so stout he and I'll have a bout,
 And I'll tan his hide well too
Tanner Pray, and let us measure our staves
 Before we begin our fray,
 I would not have my staff be longer than thine,
 For that would be foul play
Little John My staff is out full length, 60
 My staff is out full glee,¹
 My [trusty] staff will knock down a calf,
 And I'm sure it will knock down thee
Tanner Let us this bout begin, and I'll see
 If I can't make a better man of thee
 [*Fight begins the Tanner for a moment gains the
 advantage*]
Little John What, dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
 That thou hast conquered me,
 I'll let thee see before I go
 I'll fight before I'd flee
 [*Fight resumed Little John wounds the Tanner*]
Little John Doctor, doctor, where dost thou be? 70
 The bold Tanner's wounded in the knee
 Five thousand pounds I'll lay me down,
 If a noble Doctor can be found

¹ This phrase is corrupt beyond emendation The actor illustrates it by thrusting his staff farther forward

Doctor [*without*] Not no more than that?

Little John Ten thousand pounds I'll lay me down

If a noble Doctor can be found

Doctor [*without*] Hold my horse, Jack pack him up
with a furze faggot, and give him a bucket of ashes to
drink

[*Enters*

Good morrow, Ladies and Gentlemen all, 80

And a merry Christmas to you all

I am a noble Doctor stout and good

I can cure the purging of the blood,

The itch, the stitch, the palsy or the gout,

All pains within and all pains without

Bring me an old woman nine years dead, ninety nine
years buried, a hundred years laid in her grave,
if she'll rise up and crack one of my golden pills
I'll be bound in a bond of fifty pound her life
shall be saved So don't believe me any longer,
ladies and gentlemen I can cure this man if he's
not quite dead

[*Gives a pill to the Tanner who is lying motionless*

I have travelled through England, Scotland, and
France,

Rise up, bold Tanner, and let's have a dance

Tanner [*reviving*] Terrible, terrible, the like was never
seen

Enough to frighten a man out of eleven senses into
seventeen

Farmer Jack Here come I old Farmer Jack,

Wife and family at my back,

Out of eleven I got but seven,

100

They, poor things, are gone to Heaven

Out of seven I got but five,

They, poor things, were saved alive

Out of five I got but three,
 Where they be gone I shan't tell thee
 Out of three I got but one
 And he is gone to Burford¹ stone
 Out of one I got but nane
 And he is gone to Narlase² Farm

Tinker Tom Here come I, old Tom the Tinkerd, 110

I was never a small beei drunkard
 I told the Chandlei to his face,
 The chimney corner was his place

Father Christmas Here come I old Father Christmas

Christmas comes but once a year,
 When it comes it brings good cheer,
 Beef, plum-pudding, mince pies, and beer

Beelzebub Here come I, Beelzebub,

On my shoulders I carry a club
 In my hands a dripping pan, 120
 Am not I a funny old man?

Fool Here come I, who haven't been yet,

With my great head and little wit,
 My head is great, my wit is small,
 So I play a tune will please ye all

[Here follows a dance of the characters The Fool plays,
 and Beelzebub, who takes part in the dance, strikes at the
 others with his bauble]

GOD SAVE THE KING

¹ In Oxfordshire, near the edge of the Cotswolds

² Perhaps 'North-leas' The affix 'leas' (pronounced 'lase') is not uncommon in the names of Cotswold farms e.g. 'Dry-leas' near South Cerney

CHAPTER II

A PROTESTANT MORALITY

FROM the eleventh century to the sixteenth the drama was commonly occupied in teaching moral and religious truths 'A verse,' says George Herbert, 'may find him who a sermon flies', and in much the same spirit our mediaeval preachers appear to have regarded the stage as an accessory to the pulpit, and to have reached by its means an audience not always amenable to severer discipline. At the approach of the Reformation the Protestant cause was not slow to borrow from its opponents one of the most powerful of their weapons. About 1530 there arose in Holland a school of neo-Latin drama, which spread successively to Switzerland, to France, and to Germany, which, as it spread, grew more distinctively Protestant in tone, and which attained its highest pitch of controversial vehemence in Kirchmayer's *Pammachius* (1538), a violent attack on Papal authority, translated into English by the redoubtable John Bale. In our own country the political events of these eight years were particularly favourable to such a movement. The breach between England and Rome was widening into open hostility. In 1533 Cranmer annulled the King's marriage with Catharine of Arragon. In 1534 Parliament passed the Act of Supremacy. In 1535 came the execution of More and Fisher. In 1538 the Pope launched against Henry a Bull of Excommunication and vainly urged the Emperor and the French king to invade his dominions. There had been no such defiance of Roman power since John quarrelled with Innocent III over Langton's appointment at Canterbury, and the victory of Henry VIII showed all the more salient by contrast with John's submission.

It was to emphasize this contrast that Bale, about 1538, composed the Historical Morality of *King John*. The whole plot turns upon the religious conflict the whole tone is uncompromisingly Protestant, the king's abdication (for it comes to that) is treated, not as a defeat, but as a sacrifice, a significant chorus describes John as the Moses who revolted against Egypt and Henry as the Joshua who led his people into the promised land. Nor is Bale in any way superior to the current controversial methods of his time. He is as far below Heywood as Heywood is below Chaucer. his satire is a bitter and savage invective, often brutal in phrase, often unjust in purport, an ill-conditioned bully who, half a century later, would have taken service with Martin Mar-Prelate. Rome is to him simply an enemy to be opposed at all hazards. the Vice of his play is Sedition 'habited as a Monk', Clergy is represented as a pitiful scoundrel, Dissimulation enters singing a Latin Litany for the king's downfall, and dies in the odour of sanctity for having poisoned him at Swinestead Abbey. The characters, in short, are not real personages, they are not even allegorical abstractions. they are no more or less than the topics of a fighting pamphlet.

Yet one of the most curious features of this odd play is the manner in which the historic and allegorical aspects melt into one another. It is not only that several parts are assigned to the same actor, so that England is bidden to 'dress for Clergy' and Sedition for 'Civil Order', the parts themselves change before our eyes with as bewildering a rapidity as in the forepiece and afterpiece of a harlequinade. At a touch of the dramatist's wand Usurped Power becomes Pope Innocent III, Private Wealth becomes Cardinal Pandulphus, Dissimulation, after more than one disguise, announces himself as Simon of Swinestead. Imperial Majesty, again, though

never actually named, is undoubtedly intended for Henry VIII in person. In the narrative of events the historic aspect clearly predominates, and though Bale makes full use of poetic licence it cannot be doubted that he followed in the main the chronicles on which his work is a fantastic commentary.

It is probable that this play can be identified with the 'Interlude' which was given at Cranmer's house in 1539 and described by a Protestant spectator as 'one of the best matters that ever he saw touching King John'. Some parts, however, must have been added subsequently, for the Interpreter, in one passage, speaks of 'the late King Henry', and our present version may therefore date from the reign of Edward VI. Among Bale's other 'historical' dramas, none of which are now extant, three were called *The Treacheries of the Papists*, *The Impostures of Thomas a Becket*, and *Upon both Marriages of the King*.

JOHN BALE (1495-1563) was born at Cove in Suffolk, and educated at the Carmelite Convent, Norwich, and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was converted to Protestantism by Lord Wentworth, became Vicar of Thorndon, and in 1534 was convened before the Archbishop of York to answer for a sermon denouncing Romish practices. His earliest play, *A brief Comedy or Interlude of John the Baptist*, was written in 1538, and was not less polemic than the sermon. In 1540, on the fall of Cromwell, he fled to Germany; seven years later he was recalled to England by the accession of Edward VI, and was successively appointed to the benefices of Bishopstoke (1547) and Swaffham (1551). In 1553 he was promoted to the See of Ossory, where he vigorously upheld Protestant doctrines. At the accession of Mary he fled, but was apprehended on a charge of High Treason, and though acquitted of the greater penalty was fined £800. During Mary's reign he lived abroad, chiefly at Basle, after her death he returned once more to England and ended his days as a Prebend of Canterbury. He was a man of great learning, a bitter and acrimonious controversialist, and a voluminous writer of whose works ninety are mentioned

in Cooper's *Athenae Cantabrigienses* He composed over forty plays or Interludes, some of which, when he was Bishop of Ossory, he had acted at the Kilkenny market cross on Sunday afternoons The date of *King John* cannot be certainly ascertained, but it was probably about 1538

KING JOHN

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING JOHN	PRIVATE WEALTH
ENGLAND	DISSIMULATION
CLERGY	RAYMUNDUS
SEDITION	SIMON OF SWINSTEAD
CIVIL ORDER	USURPED POWER.
STEPHEN LANGTON	THE POPE
NOBILITY	INTERPRETER
CARDINAL PANDULPHUS	TREASON
IMPERIAL MAJESTY	VERITY

ACT I

Enter KING JOHN alone

K John To show what I am I think it content
 John, King of England the chronicle doth me call
 My grandfather was an emperor excellent,
 My father a king by succession lineal,
 A king my brother like as to him did fall,
 Richard Coeur de lion they called him in France,
 Which had over enemies most fortunate chance
 By the will of God and His high ordinance,
 In Ireland, in Wales, and Anjou, and Normandy,
 In England also I have had the governance,
 I have worn the crown and wrought victoriously,
 And now do purpose by practice and study
 To reform the laws and set men in good order
 That true justice may be had in every border

10

Enter ENGLAND in widow's weeds

Eng Then I trust your Grace will weigh a poor
 widow's cause
 Ungodly used, as ye shall know in short clause

King John asks what is the matter, and she makes a formal
 complaint against the clergy

Eng For they take from me my cattle, house and
 land,
 My woods and pastures, with other commodities 20

K John I may not in no wise leave thy right
 undiscussed,
 For God hath set me by His appointment just
 To further thy cause, to maintain thy right,
 And therefore I will support thee both day and night
 So long as my simple life here shall endure
 I will see thee have no wrong, be fast and sure
 I will first of all call my nobility,
 Dukes, earls, and lords, each one in their degree,
 Next them the clergy, or fathers spiritual,
 Archbishops, bishops, abbots and priors all, 30
 Then the great judges and lawyers every one,
 So opening to them thy cause and pitiful moan,
 By the means whereof I shall their minds understand
 If they help thee not, myself will take it in hand

Go out ENGLAND, and dress for CLERGY

Sedition boasts to the King of the power that he has among
 the clergy. He then goes out 'to dress for Civil Order', and
 Nobility enters. John accuses Nobility of being acquainted
 with Sedition. Nobility indignantly denies the charge. Clergy
 enters, Nobility and Clergy side together against the King.
 Finally Clergy goes to get help from Rome.

Dissimulation is heard by Sedition singing a litany. Sedition
 greets him as cousin, since they are the children of Falsehood.

and Privy Treason, the two sons of Infidelity Together they plot against King John

The first Act ends with the Pope excommunicating the King, and sending Raymundus to stir up war against him throughout Europe An Interpreter acts as chorus, and comments on the virtues of King John and the iniquity of his enemies

ACT II

The King is persuaded to give his crown to Pandulph, in order to preserve his people from the miseries of war He bewails to England the unhappy condition of the country

DISSIMULATION sings without

Diss Wassail, wassail out of the milk pail,
Wassail, wassail, as white as my nail,
Wassail, wassail, in snow, frost and hail,
Wassail, wassail, with partridge and rail¹,
Wassail, wassail, that much doth avail,
Wassail, wassail, that never will fail

K John Who is that, England? I pray thee step forth and see

Eng He doth seem afar some religious man to be

[*Enter DISSIMULATION, who wishes the King prosperity*]

K John A loving person thou seemest for to be

Diss I am as gentle a worm as ever ye see 10

K John But what is thy name, good friend? I pray thee tell me

Diss Simon of Swinstead my very name is, perdee,
I am taken of men for Monastical Devotion,
And here have I brought you a marvellous good potion,
For I heard ye say that ye were very dry

K John Indeed I would gladly drink, I pray thee come nigh

Diss The days of your life, never felt ye such a cup,
So good and wholesome if ye would drink it up,

¹ A family of birds, the Landrail (or Cornerake) is a species

It passeth malmsey ,

By my faith, I think a better drink never was 20

K John Begin, gentle monk, I pray thee drink half
to me

Diss If ye drank all up it were the better for ye ,
It would slake your thirst and also quicken your brain
A better drink is not in Portugal nor Spain

Therefore sup it off, and make an end of it quickly

K John Nay, thou shalt drink half, there is no remedy

Diss Good luck to ye, then ' have at it by and by
[*Aside*] Half will I consume, if there be no remedy

K John God saint thee, good monk, with all my very
heart

Diss I have brought ye half, convey me that for your
part 30

DISSIMULATION goeth to another part of the stage, and says
Where art thou, Sedition ? by the mass I die, I die
Help now at a pinch Alas man, come away shortly

DISSIMULATION dies, comforted by the thought that he is
a martyr like Thomas of Canterbury

King John begins to feel great pain

K John Where became the monk that was here with
me lately ?

Eng He is poisoned, sir, and lieth a dying surely

K John It cannot be so, for he was here even now

Eng Doubtless, sir, it is so true as I have told you ,
A false Judas kiss he hath given and is gone
The halt, sore, and lame this pitiful case will moan
Never prince was there that made to poor people's uses
So many maison dieus, hospitals, and spittal houses, 40
As your Grace hath done yet since the world began

King John dies, forgiving all his enemies *Imperial Majesty*
enters and sets the kingdom in order

CHAPTER III

DEVELOPMENT OF THE HISTORICAL DRAMA PART I

IF the line between Comedy and Tragedy is sometimes hard to draw, still harder is that between either of them and the Historical drama. In no domain of Art are the provinces sharply delimited, except in so far as they are determined by the medium employed, nor is there any scientific frontier which separates overture from symphony, epic from romance, portraiture from illustration. We feel that it is mere pedantry to apply an exact system of nomenclature to Haydn's music or to the poetry of Ariosto: still less can we expect to find methods of precise classification in so vast and varied a realm as that of the Elizabethan stage. At the same time we may gather from the practice of Shakespeare some general principles as to the treatment of plays which derive their subject from English History, and it is not without interest to observe the manner in which these can be traced in the work of his predecessors and contemporaries.

The so-called classical tragedy conforms in the main to the three dramatic unities —to the unity of time which restricts the action to a single day, the unity of place which confines the scene to one spot, or at most to the limit of a day's journey, and the unity of action which concentrates the entire issue on the development of one principal theme. It is beside our purpose to discuss here the basis of these artistic conventions ¹ enough that they

¹ The unity of action is, for some forms of drama, a true principle, though it has often been conventionally treated. The unities of

hardened later into a tyranny as narrow as that of eighteenth-century opera, and that Shakespeare, in regard of them, acknowledged no other authority than that of his own genius. But on this point two distinctions may be observed. First that in his tragedies he maintains the unity of action more nearly than in the historical plays. From the former we receive one definite and chief impression¹ to which all else is subservient—the ambition of *Macbeth*, the jealousy of *Othello*, the ill-fated passion of *Romeo and Juliet*, in one play *Lear* is emphatically the central figure, in another *Hamlet*, in another *Coriolanus*. From the latter we come away with the feeling that a great historical pageant has been displayed before our eyes, each part with its own group of characters and its own centre of interest. In *Henry IV* there is no uniform issue, in *Henry VIII* there is no final climax, the dramatist is himself a spectator and interprets to us successively the actual course of events. Second, and as corollary from the first, though Shakespeare is always free from the tiresome conventions of place and time, yet in his *Histories* he allows himself a wider freedom than in any of his other plays. The very concentration of tragedy implies a comparatively infrequent change of scene, a comparatively narrow period of duration. The greater part of *Macbeth* takes place at Forres, the greater part of *Othello* at ‘the sea-port in Cyprus’ the main action of *Hamlet* is never away from Elsinore, that of *Romeo*,

place and time are in themselves mere conventions, and derive what validity they possess from their dependence on the unity of action.

¹ And that always personal. In *Macbeth* we care everything for the hero and nothing at all for his kingdom. In *Henry V*, which of all the Chronicle *Histories* has the most unity of action, England itself is the hero. *Julius Caesar* stands across the frontier-line, the general disposition of the play is that of a history, but the character of Brutus is tragic.

except for one episode, is never away from Verona, and is confined within the limit of three days. But *King John* carries us from Northampton to Angier, from Angier to Rouen, and from Rouen to Edmundsbury and Swinstead, *Henry IV* occupies an entire reign and almost an entire kingdom, the scene of *Richard II* is given on the title-page as 'dispersedly in England and Wales'. These distinctions are not, of course, to be regarded as hard and fast lines, or to be pressed with mathematical accuracy: they merely imply that as a general rule the historical drama is treated on a wider area than tragedy and with a greater variety of topics.

This liberty is already vindicated in Peele's *Edward I*. The plot covers a range of twenty-seven years, it follows the chronicle of events wherever they lead, it ends in somewhat arbitrary fashion at the death of Queen Elinor. We may describe it as a tentative sketch in the manner which Shakespeare afterwards brought to perfection: it has the same freedom of handling, the same intermixture of tragic and comic scenes, the same distribution of subjects on all grounds it may claim to be regarded as the first chronicle-history in English drama.¹

On one chief point, however, it is remarkably unhistoric. The portrait of Elinor is not a travesty, or a caricature, or even a libel: it resembles the original in no single feature. She was one of the noblest women who ever lived, brave, devout, faithful, the friend of all who were in trouble, the help of all who were in need. Her death was mourned by the whole people of England, her character, as given by Walsingham, is that of a saint. Yet she is here depicted as a proud and cruel tyrant, ostentatious in wealth, jealous of rivalry, atoning for monstrous

¹ Greene's *James IV*, also produced about 1590, is in no sense a historical drama, but a mixture of farce, romantic tragedy, and fairyland.

crimes by a monstrous expiation, and ending on her miserable death-bed a life of almost unredeemed oppression and wickedness Edward I has been called the English Justinian it was a strange irony which made Peele give him for wife an English Theodora

The causes to which this was due form one of the most remarkable chapters in our native mythology When Elinor died, at Hardby near Grantham, Edward carried her body in solemn procession to its burial in Westminster Abbey, and ordered that twelve great crosses should be set up at the twelve halting-places by the way The last of them was at the village of Charing between London and Westminster, and thus the name of Charing Cross came to be closely associated with that of the queen¹ A few months later died the Queen-mother, Elinor of Provence, who had been bitterly unpopular with the people of London, and in particular had quarrelled with the Corporation over a question of disputed rights at Queenhithe The populace had a longer memory for its hatreds than for its loves there arose the legend of a wicked Queen Elinor with whom both Charing Cross and Queenhithe were vaguely connected, at the end of Mary's reign appeared a doggerel ballad² describing how Elinor the Spaniard cruelly murdered the Lady Mayoress, how she denied her guilt with an oath, how the ground at Charing Cross opened and swallowed her up, how she miraculously rose again at Queenhithe, and how she died in torment after a panic-stricken confession Peele saw in this ballad a ready means of appealing to national prejudice, and incorporated it entire with-

¹ In recent times there has arisen the wild suggestion that it is derived from 'chère reine' The name, which has a humbler origin, dates from before the reign of Edward I, and is shared by Charing in Kent and by Charingworth in Gloucestershire

² See Dr Thieme's pamphlet, *Peele's Edward I und seine Quellen* Mr Bullen, who quotes the ballad in his edition of Peele, dates it at the time of the Armada.

out any regard for the essential untruth which underlies its absurdities. It well illustrates the uncertainty of the dramatic standard that so tawdry an extravaganza could have been thrust into the climax of a serious play.

Apart from this blot there is a good deal of rough workmanship, but the character of Edward is finely drawn, and the versification shows Peele at his best. On this latter point he was unquestionably influenced by Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* appeared in 1587, but he has his own rhythms and cadences, his own gift of sonorous and eloquent expression. He used our language with a peculiar felicity, and, despite a few pedantries and mannerisms, with a purity of taste that was unusual in his day. He set a landmark in one of the paths of our literature, and at its turning-point opened the way for the Historical drama of Shakespeare.

GEORGE PEELE (c. 1558-c. 1597) was the son of James Peele, citizen of London and clerk of Christ's Hospital, where the boy received his first education. In 1571 he entered at Broadgates Hall, Oxford, but migrated in 1574 to Christ Church, where he took his degree in 1579. While still at the University he won high repute as a poet, wrote his *Tale of Troy*, and translated one of the *Iphigenias* of Euripides. On his return to London he became an actor, lived a careless and extravagant life, and became famous as the hero of some rather discreditable escapades. His first play, the *Arrangement of Paris*, was produced in or about 1581; next followed *Edward I* (about 1590), the *Battle of Alcazar* (1592), the *Old Wives' Tale* (printed in 1595), the *Love of King David and fair Bethsabe* (printed posthumously in 1599), and a pastoral called the *Hunting of Cupid*, which was printed before 1607 but is now lost. He is also said to have written portions of *Henry VI, Parts I and II*, still included among the works of Shakespeare. Beside his dramas he composed several miscellaneous poems, some of which, e.g. *The Farewell* (1589), and *England's Holydays* (1595), show his fluency and skill in blank verse. The date of his death is unknown, but it was probably 1597.

EDWARD I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EDWARD I, King of England, surnamed LONGSHANKS	JACK, his novice Harper
EDMUND, Duke of Lancaster, his brother	Farmer JOHN
GILBERT DE CLARE, Earl of Gloucester	Bishop, English Lords, Scottish Lords, Welsh Barons, Mes sengers, Soldiers, &c
MORTIMER, Earl of March	
EARL OF SUSSEX	
SIR THOMAS SPENCER	QUEEN-MOTHER
CRESSINGHAM	QUEEN ELINOR
JOHN BALIOL, elected King of Scotland	JOAN OF ACON, her daughter
VERSES	LADY ELINOR
LLUELLEN, Prince of Wales	MARY, DUCHESS OF LAN- CASTER
SIR DAVID OF BRECKNOCK, his brother	MAYORSS OF LONDON
RICE AP MEREDITH	GUENTHIAN
OWEN AP RICE	Potter's Wife
GUENTHER	KATHERINE
FRIAR HUGH AP DAVID	Ladies

*Enter the QUEEN MOTHER attended by GLOUCESTER, SUSSEX,
MORTIMER, SIR DAVID, and Ladies*

Q Mother My Lord Lieutenant of Gloucester, and Lord
Mortimer,

To do you honour in your sovereign's eyes,
That, as we hear, is newly come a-land
From Palestine, with all his men-of war
(The poor remaider of the royal fleet,
Preserv'd by miracle in Sicil road),
Go mount your coursers, meet him on the way.
Pray him to spur his steed, minutes are hours,

Until his mother see her princely son
 Shining in glory of his safe return 10

[*Exeunt GLOUCESTER and MORTIMER*]

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
 Whose chivalry hath royaliz'd thy fame,
 That sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
 Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
 Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world,
 What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
 What barbarous people, stubborn, or untam'd,
 What climate under the meridian signs,
 Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
 Eist have not quak'd and trembled at the name 20
 Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
 Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
 Aw'd with her deeds, and jealous of her aims,
 Have begg'd defensive and offensive leagues
 Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
 Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her kings
 And now, t' eternize Albion's champions
 Equivalent with Trojans' ancient fame,
 Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
 Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea, 30
 His stretch'd sails fill'd with the breath of men
 That through the world admire his manliness
 And, lo, at last arriv'd in Dover road,
 Longshanks, your king, your glory, and our son,
 With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
 Like bloody crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
 Higher than all his army by the head,
 Marching along as bright as Phoebus' eyes!
 And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
 And England's peers shall see their sovereign 40

The trumpets sound, and enter the train, viz KING EDWARD

LONGSHANKS's maimed Soldiers with head pieces and garlands on them, every man with his red cross on his coat, the Ancient borne in a chair, his garland and his plumes on his head piece, his ensign in his hand Enter, after them, GLOUCESTER and MORTIMER bareheaded, and others, as many as may be Then enter KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS, QUEEN ELINOR, JOAN, LANCASTER, and SIGNIOR MONTFORT (the EARL OF LEICESTER's prisoner) with CHARLES DE MONTFORT his brother, Sailors and Soldiers

Gloucester ! Edward ! Oh, my sweet sons !

[Falls and swoons

Longsh Help, ladies !—Oh, ingrateful destiny,
To welcome Edward with this tragedy !

Gloucester Patient, your highness 'tis but mother's love
Ravish'd with sight of her thrice valiant sons —
Madam, amaze not see his majesty
Return'd with glory from the Holy land

O Mother Brave sons, the worthy champions of our
God,

The honourable soldiers of the Highest,
Bear with your mother, whose abundant love 50
With tears of joy salutes your sweet return
From famous journeys hard and fortunate
But, lords, alas, how heavy is our loss
Since your departure to these Christian wars !
The king your father, and the prince your son,
And your brave uncle, Alman's emperor,
Ay me, are dead !

Longsh Take comfort, madam, leave these sad laments
Dear was my uncle, dearer was my son,
And ten times dearer was my noble father, 60
Yet, were their lives valued at thousand worlds,
They cannot scape th' arrest of dreadful death,

Death that doth seize and summon all alike
 Then, leaving them to heavenly blessedness,
 To join in thrones of glory with the just,
 I do salute your royal majesty,
 My gracious mother queen and you, my lords,
 Gilbert de Claie, Sussex, and Mortimer,
 And all the princely states of England's peers,
 With health and honour to your hearts' content 70
 And welcome, wished England, on whose ground
 These feet so often have desir'd to tread
 Welcome, sweet queen, my fellow traveller,
 Welcome, sweet Nell, my fellow mate in arms,
 Whose eyes have seen the slaughter'd Saracens
 Piled in the ditches of Jerusalem
 And lastly welcome, manly followers,
 That bear the scars of honour and of arms,
 And on your war drums carry crowns as kings,
 Crowns mural, naval, and triumphant all , 80
 At view of whom the Turks have trembling fled
 Like sheep before the wolves, and Saracens
 Have made their cottages in walled towns ,
 But bulwarks had no fence to beat you back
 Lords, these are they will enter brazen gates,
 And tear down lime and mortar with their nails
 Embrace them, barons these have got the name
 Of English gentlemen and knights at arms ,
 Not one of these but in the champaign field
 Hath won his crown, his collar, and his spurs 90
 Not Caesar, leading through the streets of Rome
 The captive kings of conquer'd nations,
 Was in his princely triumphs honour'd more
 Than English Edward in this martial sight
 Countrymen,
 Your limbs are lost in service of the Lord,

Which is your glory and your country's fame
 For limbs you shall have living, lordships, lands,
 And be my counsellors in war's affairs
 Soldiers, sit down — Nell, sit thee by my side — 100
 These be Prince Edward's pompous treasury

[*The QUEEN MOTHER being set on the one side, and QUEEN
 ELINOR on the other, the King sits in the midst, mounted
 highest, and at his feet the ensign underneath him*]

O glorious Capitol ! beauteous senate house !
 Triumphant Edward, how, like sturdy oaks,
 Do these thy soldiers circle thee about,
 To shield and shelter thee from winter's storms !
 Display thy cross, old Aimes of the Vies
 Dub on your drums, tannèd with India's sun,
 My lusty western lads Matrevers, thou
 Sound proudly here a perfect point of war
 In honour of thy sovereign's safe return 110
 Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien venu*

[*Use drums, trumpets, and ensigns*]

O God, my God, the brightness of my day,
 How oft hast thou preserv'd thy servant safe,
 By sea and land, yea, in the gates of death !
 O God, to thee how highly am I bound
 For setting me with these on English ground !
 One of my mansion houses will I give
 To be a college for my maimèd men,
 Where every one shall have an hundred marks
 Of yearly pension to his maintenance 120
 A soldier that for Christ and country fights
 Shall want no living whilst King Edward lives
 Lords, you that love me, now be liberal,
 And give your largess to these maimèd men

Q Mother Towards this erection doth thy mother give,
 Out of her dowry, five thousand pounds of gold,

To find them surgeons to recure their wounds,
 And whilst this ancient standard bearer lives,
 He shall have foity pound of yearly fee,
 And be my beadsman, father, if you please 130

Longsh Madam, I tell you, England never bred
 A better soldier than your beadsman is,
 And that the Soldan and his army felt

Lancaster Out of the duchy of rich Lancaster,
 To find soft bedding for their bruised bones,
 Duke Edmund gives three thousand pounds

Longsh Gramercies, brother Edmund
 Happy is England under Edward's reign,
 When men are had so highly in regard
 That nobles strive who shall remunerate 140
 The soldiers' resolution with regard

My Lord of Gloucester, what is your benevolence?

Gloucester A thousand marks, an please your majesty

Longsh And yours, my Lord of Sussex?

Sussex Five hundred pound, an please your majesty

Longsh What say you, Sir David of Biecknock?

Sir David To a soldier Sir David cannot be too liberal
 yet that I may give no more than a poor knight is able,
 and not presume as a mighty earl, I give, my lord, four
 hundred, fourscore, and nineteen pounds.—And so, my
 Lord of Sussex, I am behind you an ace 151

Sussex And yet, Sir David, ye amble after apace

Longsh Well said, David! thou couldst not be a
 Camber Briton, if thou didst not love a soldier with thy
 heart Let me see now if my arithmetic will serve to
 total the particulars

Q Elmor Why, my lord, I hope you mean I shall be
 a benefactor to my fellow soldiers

Longsh And well said, Nell! what wilt thou I set
 down for thee? 160

Q Elinor Nay, my lord, I am of age to set it down for myself You will allow what I do, will you not?

Longsh That I will, madam, were it to the value of my kingdom

Q Elinor What is the sum, my lord?

Longsh Ten thousand pounds, my Nell

Q Elinor Then, Elinor, bethink thee of a gift worthy the King of England's wife and the King of Spain's daughter, and give such a largess that the chronicles of this land may crake with record of thy liberality 170

Parturunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus

[*Makes a cipher*

There, my lord, neither one, two, nor three, but a poor cipher in agrum¹, to enrich good fellows, and compound their figure in their kind

Longsh Madam, I commend your composition, an argument of your honourable disposition Sweet Nell, thou shouldst not be thyself, did not, with thy mounting mind, thy gift surmount the rest

Gloucester Call you this *ridiculus mus*? Marry, sir, this mouse would make a foul hole in a fan cheese 'Tis but a cipher in agrum, and it hath made of ten thousand pounds a hundred thousand pounds 182

Lancaster A princely gift, and worthy memory

Gloucester My gracious lord, as eist I was assigned Lieutenant to his majesty, here tender I up the crown, left in charge with me by your princely father King Henry,

Who on his death-bed still did call for you,

And dying will'd to you the diadem

Longsh Thanks, worthy lord 190

¹ Short for 'algorithm', an old name for the Arabic numerals, derived from the surname (al Khowarazmi) of the mathematician whose work first made them known in Europe 'Cipher in agrum' means the figure 0.

And seeing by doom of heavens it is decreed,
 And lawful line of our succession,
 Unworthy Edward is become your king,
 We take it as a blessing from on high,
 And will our coronation be solemniz'd
 Upon the fourteenth of December next

Q Elinor Upon the fourteenth of December next !

Alas, my lord, the time is all too short
 And sudden for so great solemnity

A year were scarce enough to set a work 200

Tailors, embroiderers, and men of rare device,

For preparation of so great estate

Trust me, sweet Ned, hardly shall I bethink me

In twenty weeks what fashion robes to wear

I pray thee, then, defer it till the spring,

That we may have our garments point-device.

I mean to send for tailors into Spain,

That shall confer of some fantastic suits

With those that be our cunning'st Englishmen

What, let me brave it now or never, Ned ! 210

Longsh Madam, contentye would that were greatest care !

You shall have garments to your heart's desire

I never read but Englishmen excell'd

For change of rare devices every way

Q Elinor Yet, pray thee, Ned, my love, my lord, and king,

My fellow soldier, and compeer in arms,

Do so much honour to thy Elinor,

To wear a suit that she shall give thy grace,

Of her own cost and workmanship perhaps

Q Mother 'Twill come by leisure, daughter, then, I fear

Thou'rt too fine finger'd to be quick at work 221

Longsh 'Twixt us a greater matter breaks no square,

So it be such, my Nell, as may beseem

The majesty and greatness of a king —

And now, my lords and loving friends,
Follow you general to the court,
After his travels, to repose him then,
There to recount with pleasure what is past
Of war's alarms, showers, and sharpest storms

[*Exeunt all except Q ELINOR and JOAN*]

Q Elinor Now, Elinor, now England's lovely queen,
Bethink thee of the greatness of thy state, 231
And how to bear thyself with royalty
Above the other queens of Christendom,
That Spain reaping renown by Elinor,
And Elinor adding renown to Spain,
Britain may her magnificence admire —
I tell thee, Joan, what time our highness sits
Under our royal canopy of state,
Glistening with pendants of the purest gold,
Like as our seat were spangled all with stars, 240
The world shall wonder at our majesty,
As if the daughter of eternal Ops,
Turn'd to the likeness of vermilion fumes,
Where from her cloudy womb the Centaurs leapt,
Were in her royal seat enthronizèd

Joan Madam, if Joan thy daughter may advise,
Let not your honour make your manners change
The people of this land are men of war,
The women courteous, mild, and debonair,
Laying their lives at princes' feet 250
That govern with familiar majesty
But if their sovereigns once 'gin swell with pride,
Disdaining commons' love, which is the strength
And sueness of the richest commonwealth,
That prince were better live a private life
Than rule with tyranny and discontent

Q Elinor Indeed, we count them headstrong English-
men,

But we shall hold them in a Spanish yoke,
 And make them know their lord and sovereign
 Come, daughter, let us home for to provide , 260
 For all the cunning workmen of this isle
 In our great chamber shall be set a work,
 And in my hall shall bountifully feed
 My king, like Phoebus, bridegroom like, shall march
 With lovely Thetis to her glassy bed,
 And all the lookers-on shall stand amaz'd
 To see King Edward and his lovely queen
 Sit royally in England's stately throne [Exeunt

*Enter the Nine Lords of Scotland, with their Nine Pages ,
 GLOUCESTER, SUSSEX, KING EDWARD LONGSHANKS in
 his suit of glass, QUEEN ELINOR, the QUEEN MOTHER,
 and JOAN the King and Queen sit under a canopy*

Longsh Nobles of Scotland, we thank you all
 For this day's gentle princely service done 270
 To Edward, England's king and Scotland's lord
 Our coronation's due solemnity
 Is ended with applause of all estates
 Now, then, let us repose and rest us here
 But specially we thank you, gentle lords,
 That you so well have govern'd your griefs,
 As, being grown unto a general jar,
 You choose King Edward by your messengers,
 To calm, to qualify, and to compound
 Th' ambitious strife of Scotland's climbing peers 280
 I have no doubt, fair lords, but you well wot
 How factions waste the richest commonwealth,
 And discord spoils the seat of mighty kings
 The barons' war, a tragic wicked wai,
 Nobles, how hath it shaken England's strength '
 Industrious, it seems to me, you have

Loyally ventur'd to prevent this shock ,
 For which, sith you have chosen me your judge,
 My lords, will you stand to what I shall award ?

Bahol Victorious Edward, to whom the Scottash kings
 Owe homage as their lord and sovereign, 291
 Amongst us nine is but one lawful king
 But might we all be judges in the case,
 Then should in Scotland be nine kings at once,
 And this contention never set or limited
 To stay these jars we jointly make appeal
 To thy imperial throne, who knows our claims
 We stand not on our titles 'fore your grace,
 But do submit ourselves to your award ,
 And whom your majesty shall name our king, 300
 To him we'll yield obedience as a king
 Thus willingly, and of her own accord,
 Doth Scotland make great England's king her judge

Longsh Then, nobles, since you all agree in one,
 That for a crown so disagree in all,
 Since what I do shall rest irrevocable,
 And, lovely England, to thy lovely queen,
 Lovely Queen Elnor, unto her turn thy eye,
 Whose honour cannot [choose] but love thee well ,
 Hold up your hands in sight, with general voice, 310
 That are content to stand to our award

[*They all hold up their hands and say 'He shall'.*
 Deliver me the golden diadem
 Lo, here I hold the goal for which ye stiv'd,
 And here behold, my worthy men at arms,
 For chivalry and worthy wisdom's praise,
 Worthy each one to wear a diadem
 Expect my doom, as erst at Ida hills
 The goddesses divine waited th' award
 Of Dardan's son Bahol, stand farthest forth

Bahol, behold, I give thee the Scottish crown 320
 Wear it with heart and with thankfulness
 Sound trumpets, and say all after me,
 God save King Bahol, the Scottish king !

[*The trumpets sound, all cry aloud, 'God save
 King Bahol, the Scottish King'*

Thus, lords, though you require no reason why,
 According to the conscience in the cause,
 I make John Bahol your anointed king
 Honour and love him, as behoves him best
 That is in peace of Scotland's crown possess'd

Bahol Thanks, royal England, for thy honour done
 This justice that hath calm'd our civil strife, 330
 Shall now be ceas'd with honourable love
 So moved of remorse and pity,
 We will erect a college of my name,
 In Oxford will I build, for memory
 Of Bahol's bounty and his gratitude,
 And let me happy days no longer see
 Than here to England loyal I shall be

Q Elinor Now, brave John Bahol, Lord of Galloway
 And King of Scots, shine with thy golden head,
 Shake thy spears, in honour of his name, 340
 Under whose royalty thou wear'st the same

King Edward sets out to conquer Wales¹ The Queen follows
 him, and the Prince of Wales is born at Carnarvon

Enter SUSSEX

Sussex May it please your majesty, here are four good
 squires of the cantreds² where they do dwell, come in the
 name of the whole country to giatulate unto your high
 ness all your good fortunes, and by me offer their most
 humble service to your young son, their prince, whom

¹ There is no division of Acts and Scenes in this play

² The Welsh equivalent of the English 'Hundred' The original
 form was *Cantref*, meaning 'a hundred towns'

they most heartily beseech God to bless with long life and honour

Longsh Well said, Sussex ! I pray, bid them come near [*Exit SUSSEX*] Sir David, trust me, this is kindly done of your countrymen 351

Sir David [*aside*] Villains, traitors to the ancient glory and renown of Cambria ! Morris Vaughan, art thou there ? And thou, proud Lord of Anglesey ?

Re enter SUSSEX with the four Barons of Wales, carrying the mantle of frieze The Barons kneel

First Baron The poor country of Cambria, by us unworthy messengers, gratulates to your majesty the birth of your young son, Prince of Wales, and in this poor present express their most zealous duty and affection, which with all humbleness we present to your highness' sweet and sacred hands 360

Longsh Gramercies, barons, for your gifts and good wills by this means my boy shall wear a mantle of his country's weaving to keep him warm, and live for England's honour and Cambria's good I shall not need, I trust, courteously to invite you, I doubt not, lords, but you will be in readiness to wait on your young prince, and do him honour at his christening 367

Sussex The whole country of Cambria round about, all well horsed and attended on, both men and women in their best array, are come down to do service of love and honour to our late born prince, your majesty's son and honey the men and women of Snowdon especially have sent in great abundance of cattle and corn, enough by computation for your highness' household a whole month and more 375

Longsh We thank them all, and will present our queen with these courtesies and presents bestowed on her young son, and greatly account you for our friends

[*Exeunt Barons*]

The Queen's tent opens

Q Elnor Who talketh there ?

Longsh A friend, madam 380

Joan Madam, it is the king

Elnor Welcome, my lord Heigh ho, what have we there ?

Longsh Madam, the country, in all kindness and duty, recommend their service and goodwill to your son, and, in token of their pure goodwill, present him by us with a mantle of frieze, richly lined to keep him warm 387

Elnor A mantle of frieze ! fie, fie ! for God's sake let me hear no more of it, an if you love me Fie, my lord ! is this the wisdom and kindness of the country ? Now I commend me to them all, and if Wales have no more wit or manners than to clothe a king's son in frieze, I have a mantle in store for my boy that shall, I trow, make him shine like the sun, and perfume the streets where he comes

Longsh In good time, madam, he is your own, lap him as you list but I promise thee, Nell, I would not for ten thousand pounds the country should take unkindness at thy words

Elnor 'Tis no marvel, sure, you have been royally received at their hands 400

No, Ned, but that thy Nell doth want her will,
Her boy should glister like the summer's sun,
In robes as rich as Jove when he triumphs
His pap should be of precious nectar made,
His food ambrosia—no earthly woman's milk,
Sweet fires of cinnamon to open¹ him by,
The Graces on his cradle should attend,
Venus should make his bed and wait on him,
And Phoebus' daughter sing him still asleep
Thus would I have my boy us'd as divine, 410
Because he is King Edward's son and mine

¹ unswathe

And do you mean to make him up in fienze ?
 For God's sake lay it up chaaily and perfume it against
 winter , it will make him a goodly warm Christmas coat

Longsh Ah, Mun,¹ my brother, dearer than my life,
 How this proud humour slays my heart with grief !—
 Sweet queen, how much I pity the effects !

This Spanish pride 'grees not with England's prince
 Mild is the mind where honour builds his bower,

And yet is earthly honour but a flower 420

Fast to those looks are all my fancies tied,
 Pleas'd with thy sweetness, angry with thy pride

The Lady Mayoress offends Queen Elnor by the state that
 she keeps Elnor murders her

Thunder and lightning Enter QUEEN ELINOR and JOAN

Q Elnor Why, Joan,
 Is this the welcome that the clouds afford ?
 How dare these disturb our thoughts, knowing
 That I am Edward's wife and England's Queen,
 Here thus on Charing-Green to threaten me ?

Joan Ah, mother, blaspheme not so !
 Your blaspheming and other wicked deeds
 Have caus'd our God to terrify your thoughts 420
 And call to mind your sinful fact committed
 Against the Mayoress here of lovely London,
 And better Mayoress London never bred,
 So full of ruth and pity to the poor
 Her have you made away,
 That London cries for vengeance on your head

Q Elnor I rid her not , I made her not away !
 By heaven I swear, traitors
 They are to Edward and to England's Queen
 That say I made away the Mayoress 440

¹ 1 e Edmund

Joan Take heed, sweet lady mother, swear not so.
A field of prize corn will not stop their mouths
That say you have made away that virtuous woman

Q Elnor Gape, earth, and swallow me, and let my soul
Sink down to hell, if I were author of
That woman's tragedy!—O Joan, help, Joan,
Thy mother sinks! [*The earth opens and swallows her up*]

*Enter the Potter's Wife and JOHN at the place called the
Potter's Hwe*¹

Potter's Wife John, come away you go as though you
slept A great knave, and be afraid of a little thundering
and lightening! Will it please you to carry the lantern
a little handsomer, and not to carry it with your hands in
your slops? 452

John Slops, quoth you! Would I had tarried at home
by the fire, and then I should not have need to put my
hands in my pockets! But I'll lay my life I know the
reason of this foul weather

Potter's Wife Do you know the reason? I pray thee,
John, tell me, and let me hear this reason 458

John I lay my life some of your gossips be cross-
legged that we came from but you are wise, mistress,
for you come now away, and will not stay a gossiping in
a dry house all night

Potter's Wife Would it please you to walk, and leave off
your knavery? [*QUEEN ELINOR rises gradually out of the
earth*] But stay, John what's that riseth out of the
ground? Jesus bless us, John! look how it riseth higher
and higher!

John By my troth, mistress, 'tis a woman Good Lord,
do women grow? I never saw none grow before 469

Potter's Wife Hold thy tongue, thou foolish knave
it is the spirit of some woman

¹ Properly 'Potter's Hithe' the old name for Queenhithe,

Q Elnor Ha, let me see, where am I? On Charing Green? Aye, on Charing Green here, hard by Westminster, where I was crowned, and Edward there made king Aye, 'tis true, so it is and therefore, Edward, kiss not me, unless you will straight perfume your lips, Edward

Potter's Wife *Ora pro nobis!* John, I pray, fall to your prayers For my life, it is the queen that chafes thus, who sunk this day on Charing Green, and now is risen up on Potter's Hive, and therefore truly, John, I'll go to her

[*Goes to Q ELINOR*

Q Elnor Welcome, good woman What place is this? sea or land? I pray show to me 482

Potter's Wife Your grace need not to fear you are on firm ground it is the Potter's Hive and therefore cheer your majesty, for I will see you safe conducted to the court, if case your highness be therewithal pleased

Q Elnor Aye, good woman, conduct me to the court, That there I may bewail my sinful life, And call to God to save my wretched soul

[*A cry of 'Westward, ho!'*

Woman, what noise is this I hear? 490

Potter's Wife An like your grace, it is the watermen that call for passengers to go westward now

Q Elnor That fits my turn, for I will straight with them To King's-town to the court, And there repose me till the king come home And therefore, sweet woman, conceal what thou hast seen, And lead me to these watermen, for here Doth Elnor droop 498

John Come, come, here's a goodly leading of you, is there not? first, you must make us afeard, and now I must be troubled in carrying of you. I would you were honestly laid in your bed, so that I were not troubled with you.

[*Exeunt*

The Queen dies penitent, confessing her sins Joan, learning that she is of base parentage, dies of grief Gloucester, to whom Joan was betrothed, enters at the moment of her death

Longsh Gloucester, thy king is partner of thy heaviness,

Although not tongue nor eyes bewray his mean ,
 For I have lost a flower as fair as thine,
 A love more dear, for Elinor is dead
 But since the heavenly ordinance decrees
 That all things change in their prefixed time,
 Be thou content, and bear it in thy breast,
 Thy swelling grief, as need is I must mine 510
 Thy Joan of Acon, and my queen deceas'd,
 Shall have that honour as beseems their state
 You peers of England, see in royal pomp
 These breathless bodies be entomb'd straight,
 With 'tired colours cover'd all with black
 Let Spanish steeds, as swift as fleeting wind,
 Convey these princes to their funeral
 Before them let a hundred mourners ride
 In every time of their enforc'd abode,
 Rear up a cross in token of their worth, 520
 Whereon fair Elinor's picture shall be plac'd
 Arriv'd at London, near our palace bounds,
 Inter my lovely Elinor, late deceas'd ,
 And, in remembrance of her royalty,
 Erect a rich and stately carved cross,
 Whereon her statue shall with glory shine,
 And henceforth see you call it Charing cross ,
 For why the charest¹ and the choicest queen,
 That ever did delight my royal eyes,
 There dwells in darkness whilst I die in grief 530

¹ Probably from *chere* See note on p 305

CHAPTER IV

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE HISTORICAL DRAMA PART II

IF Peele's *Edward I* opens the way toward the Histories of Shakespeare, Marlowe's *Edward II*, produced only a few months later, carries us to their very frontier-line¹ On all grounds it is the greatest of our pre-Shakespearean dramas, in firmness of construction, in stateliness of verse, above all in the depiction of its two principal characters, it reaches a height to which even Marlowe's earlier work had not attained

We have already suggested that Marlowe's conception of character was static rather than dynamic, and this view is well exemplified by the presentation of King Edward Throughout the entire play he is uniformly and contemptibly weak quailing before all opposition, shrinking from every crisis, capable of no higher feeling than a watery and inconstant affection He thinks less of a serious danger to the kingdom than of the pageant which is to welcome his favourite's return He speaks a few pettish words about the royal prerogative, but he allows the barons to stab Gaveston in his presence Defied and overborne by Warwick and Leicester he retaliates upon the Queen, the one person whom he believes that he can insult with impunity When he hears that Gaveston has been murdered his first words are

Oh ! shall I speak or shall I sigh and die ?

and the threat of vengeance, to which, a few lines

¹ The dates are significant Peele's *Edward I* about 1590, Marlow's *Edward II* about 1591, *Henry VI*, 1592, *Richard III* and *Richard II*, 1593

later, even his anaemic nature is stirred, closes with the appointment of a new favourite. At the outbreak of civil war he flies without striking a blow, and when captured has no thought but that he must bid farewell to 'sweet Spenser'. His abdication of the throne wavers between petulant reproaches and unmanly lamentations; at one moment he nerves himself to refuse, and when the nobles have left the presence-chamber calls them back that he may acquiesce. Nowhere in literature has the character of a coward been more trenchantly analysed. His vacillating temper, his feeble sentimentalism, his shrill insistence on a majesty which he knows that he cannot maintain, his total inability to hold any steadfast purpose or understand any public cause, these and a hundred similar qualities are painted with a mastery in which every stroke tells and every line is significant. Yet when the death-scene comes we forget all our contempt and all our resentment. Not that he rises to his fate, he sinks, if possible, to a lower level than before, but his very helplessness enhances the pathos. The sordid, squalid indignities that are heaped upon him, the savage irony of his murderer's feigned compassion, the suspense, the broken slumber, the unavailing cry for pity—it is, like the torture of a dumb animal, infinitely more painful than any tragedy of human conflict.

Isabella is an even finer psychological study, the only one in which Marlowe has clearly displayed the interaction of character and circumstance. Her first scene with Edward¹ is, we must confess, out of the picture; her submission is there too abject, and it is possible either that Marlowe wrote the scene hastily, wishing only to emphasize the contrast of situation between her and Gaveston, or,

¹ Act 1, sc. 3. It is not quoted in the accompanying selection, but should be read in the complete text of the play.

more probably, that the portrait grew under his hand. At any rate, from thenceforth to the end of the drama she presents a consistent solution of a very difficult and complex problem. In estimating it we must dismiss from our memory the 'She-wolf of France'. Marlowe's Isabella is a clinging, dependent woman with a quick brain and a hesitating will, passionately desirous of affection, wounded to the heart by scorn and neglect, subtle in plan, yet fearing the responsibilities of decision, without real strength or foresight, yet compelled by events to assume a leadership which she cannot sustain. At the outset of the play she loves her husband intensely, and with equal intensity hates the rival before whom she is humiliated. Edward lays on her the odious task of pleading for Gaveston's recall: she looks no further than the moment, obeys because obedience will please the one and endanger the other, hits upon the only argument which will effect her double purpose, and induces Mortimer to act as her spokesman. The favourite returns, the king's infatuation redoubles, but her patience is not yet exhausted, and when Gaveston is put to death by the barons she is still in hopes of a reconciliation with her husband. At that moment news arrives that Normandy is lost, and Edward, who has no leisure for affairs of state, sends her over to treat for its recovery. She has no sooner left England than he takes a new favourite, the young Spenser, and from that moment she gives him up. When, on the failure of her French mission, Prince Edward advises her to return home, she answers in hopeless despair —

Ah, boy! thou art deceived at least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned together!
No, no, we jar too far

During all this period of sorrow and disappointment her sole reliance has been on Mortimer, the

one baron who has shown her invariable respect and sympathy Her feeling for him is not yet more than a passionate gratitude the only sentence in which she confesses to herself that she could love him breaks off abruptly into plans for recovering the affection of Edward, but the frontier is dangerously near, and the present crisis drives her across it She cannot stay in France, for Valois has declared against her She cannot go back to her husband, for he is beyond reconciliation At this juncture Sir John Hainault and Mortimer come to her with the project of a rebellion against Edward's misgovernment, and she throws in her lot with them She returns to England full of misgivings, and her first words make so desperate an attempt to justify her action that Mortimer himself checks her —

Nay, madam, if you are a warrior
You must not be so passionate in speeches

Her anxieties are increased by the presence of her son, Prince Edward, love for whom is the deepest feeling that she possesses and in this clash of impulses we can see her forcing her resolution beyond the point of proof, we can watch all her movements of doubt and hesitancy If Edward is victorious she and her son are outlaws with a price upon their heads If Edward dies her son will be king and she will be free to marry Mortimer. Yet on the other hand there is the blackness of crime, the sting of dishonour, the tattered memory of an old love She is tossed by a storm of conflicting emotions, passion no longer innocent, fear that urges cruelty, pity that recoils from it at one instant she says to Mortimer —

Therefore, so the prince my son be safe
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,

at the next, hearing that Edward is lying, a broken man, in his prison, she cries, in a tone that is not wholly false —

Alas! poor soul, would I could ease his grief
Even when Edward's capture forces on her the necessity of action she still hesitates she looks to Mortimer for initiative, and the death-warrant, which she steels herself into signing, is carefully ambiguous in phrase. The murder is committed, and, the danger once removed, her overstrained courage collapses like a house of cards. Prince Edward rises in horror and indignation to denounce the murderers she makes no further resistance, no further effort, she offers one unavailing plea for Mortimer's life, and passes with bowed head to her condemnation.

A lesser dramatist might well have made her a more obvious foil to Edward, and have represented her as the fierce and treacherous woman whom history records. Marlowe, with far higher skill, derives her character, like that of her husband, from essential weakness, and places her in circumstances that can only be mastered by essential strength. She is not made for great crimes or great heroisms, she has no force, no initiative, no vigour of personality even her love for Prince Edward is concerned and fluttering, her love for Mortimer is born from her need of support. The sinister purpose which springs up in her life is, to quote Goethe's image, like a tree planted in a flower-vase, and the expansion of its growth shatters her to pieces.

NOTE Three other historical plays of this period are worth mentioning *The Troublesome Reign of King John* and *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, both of which were used by Shakespeare, and *Edward III*, a fine drama of anonymous authorship, which was long attributed to him. The historical plays of the early seventeenth century are few in number, and, with the exception of *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Henry VIII*, and *Perkin Warbeck*, are of comparatively little account.

EDWARD II

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING EDWARD THE SECOND	BISHOP OF COVENTRY
PRINCE EDWARD, his Son, afterwards King Edward the Third	BISHOP OF WINCHESTER
EARL OF KENT, Brother of King Edward the Second	BALDOCK
GAVESTON	BEAUMONT
WARWICK	TRUSSEL
LANCASTER	GURNEY
PEMBROKE	MATREVIS
ARUNDEL	LIGHTBORN
LEICESTER	SIR JOHN OF HAINAULT
BERKELEY	LEVUNE
MORTIMER, the elder	RICE AP HOWEL
MORTIMER, the younger, his Nephew	Abbot, Monks, Herald, Lords, Poor Men, James, Mower, Champion, Messengers, Sol diers, and Attendants
SPENSER, the elder	QUEEN ISABELLA, Wife of King Edward the Second
SPENSER, the younger, his Son	Niece to King Edward the Second, daughter of the Duke of Gloucester
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTER BURY	Ladies

On the death of Edward I, Gaveston, whom he had banished,
is recalled by Edward II

ACT I SCENE I

Enter KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, the Elder MORTIMER,
Young MORTIMER, KENT, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and
Attendants GAVESTON *concealed*

K Edw Lancaster!

Lan My lord

Gav That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor [Aside

K Edw Will you not grant me this? In spite of them
I'll have my will, and these two Mortimers,

That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased [*Aside*

E Mor If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston

Gav That villain Mortimer ! I'll be his death [*Aside*

Y Mor Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself,

Were sworn to your father at his death, 10

That he should ne'er return into the realm

And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,

This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,

Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,

And underneath thy banners march who will,

For Mortimer will hang his armour up

Gav Mort Dieu !

[*Aside*

K Edw Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king ?

Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster ? 20

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,

And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff

I will have Gaveston, and you shall know

What danger 'tis to stand against your king

Gav Well done, Ned !

[*Aside*

Lan My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,

That naturally would love and honour you

But for that base and obscure Gaveston ?

Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—

Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester,— 30

These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,

Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm,

Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight

Kent Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute,

But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope

I do remember, in my father's days,

Lord Percy of the north, being highly moved,

Braved Mowbray in presence of the king,

For which, had not his highness loved him well,

He should have lost his head , but with his look 40
 The undaunted spirit of Percy was appeased,
 And Mouberry and he were reconciled
 Yet dare you brave the king unto his face —
 Brother, revenge it, and let these their heads
 Preach upon poles for trespass of their tongues

War Oh, our heads !

K Edw Aye, yours , and therefore I would wish you
 grant—

War Biddle thy angel, gentle Mortimer

Y Mor I cannot, nor I will not , I must speak —
 Cousin, our hands, I hope, shall fence our heads, 50
 And strike off his that makes you threaten us
 Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
 And henceforth parley with our naked swords

E Mor Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads

War All Warwickshire will love him for my sake

Ian And northward Lancaster hath many friends —
 Adieu, my lord , and either change your mind,
 Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
 To float in blood , and at thy wanton head,
 The glozing head of thy base minion thrown 60

[*Exeunt all except KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON and Attendants*]

K Edw I cannot brook these haughty menaces ,
 Am I a king, and must be overruled ?—
 Brother, display my ensigns in the field ;
 I'll bandy with the barons and the earls,
 And either die or live with Gaveston

Gav I can no longer keep me from my lord

[*Comes forward*]

K Edw What, Gaveston ! welcome !—Kiss not my
 hand—

Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee

Why shouldst thou kneel ? know'st thou not who I am ?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston ' 70

Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile

Gav And since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston

K Edw I know it — Brother, welcome home my friend
Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high minded Earl of Lancaster
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight ,
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence 80
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man

Gav My lord, these titles far exceed my worth

Kent Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston

K Edw Cease, brother for I cannot brook these
words

Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts,
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart ,
If for these dignities thou be envied, 90
I'll give thee more , for, but to honour thee,
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment
Fear'st thou thy person ? thou shalt have a guard
Wantest thou gold ? go to my treasury
Wouldst thou be loved and feared ? receive my seal ,
Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind affects, or fancy likes

Gav It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Caesar riding in the Roman street, 100
With captive kings at his triumphant car

Enter the BISHOP of COVENTRY

K Edw Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast ?

B of Cov To celebrate your father's exequies
But is that wicked Gaveston returned ?

K Edw Aye, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile

Gav 'Tis true, and but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place

B of Cov I did no more than I was bound to do,
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed, 110
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France

Gav Saving your reverence, you must pardon me

K Edw Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel¹ christen him anew

Kent Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him !
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome

Gav Let him complain unto the see of hell,
I'll be revenged on him for my exile

K Edw No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods
Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents, 121
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain
I give him thee—here, use him as thou wilt

Gav He shall to prison, and there die in bolts

K Edw Aye, to the Tower, the Fleet, or where thou wilt

B of Cov For this offence, be thou accurst of God !

K Edw Who's there ? Convey this priest to the Tower

B of Cov True, true.

K Edw But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods 130
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again

Gav What should a priest do with so fair a house ?
A priest may best beseem his holiness [Exeunt

¹ i.e. kennel of the street

ACT I SCENE II

*Enter on one side the two MORTIMERS, on the other,
WARWICK and LANCASTER*

War 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston

Lan What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursèd Gaveston!
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless sepulchre or mine

Y Mor Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him
sure,
Unless his breast be sword proof he shall die

E Mor How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster?

Y Mor Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent? 10

Lan That villain Gaveston is made an earl

E Mor An earl!

War Aye, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man

E Mor We may not, nor we will not suffer this

Y Mor Why post we not from hence to levy men?

Lan 'My Lord of Cornwall,' now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march 20
Nay more, the guard upon his lordship waits,
And all the court begins to flatter him

War Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass

E Mor Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

Lan All stomach him, but none dare speak a word

Y Mor Ah, that bewrays their baseness, Lancaster!
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,

And at the court gate hang the peasant up, 30
 Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
 Will be the ruin of the realm and us

War Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace

Lan His countenance bewrays he is displeased

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY and an
 Attendant*

A of Cant First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
 Then laid they violent hands upon him, next
 Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized
 This certify the Pope,—away, take horse [*Exit Attend*

Lan My lord, will you take arms against the king?

A of Cant What need I? God himself is up in arms
 When violence is offered to the church 41

Y Mor Then will you join with us, that be his peers,
 To banish or behead that Gaveston?

A of Cant What else, my lords? for it concerns me
 near,—
 The bishopric of Coventry is his

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA

Y Mor Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast?

Q Isab Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
 To live in grief and baleful discontent,
 For now, my lord, the king regards me not,
 But doats upon the love of Gaveston 50
 He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
 Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears,
 And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
 'Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston'

E Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitched?

Y Mor Madam, return unto the court again
 That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
 Or lose our lives, and yet, ere that day come,

The king shall lose his crown , for we have power,
And courage too, to be revenged at full 60

Q Isab But yet lift not your swords against the king

Lan No , but we will lift Gaveston from hence

War And war must be the means, or he'll stay still

Q Isab Then let him stay, for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed with civil mutinies,

I will endure a melancholy life,

And let him frolic with his minion

A of Cant Mylords, to ease all this, but hear me speak —

We and the rest, that are his counsellors,

Will meet, and with a general consent 70

Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals

Lan What we confirm the king will frustrate

Y Mor Then may we lawfully revolt from him

War But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be ?

A of Cant At the New Temple

Y Mor Content

A of Cant And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me

Lan Come then, let's away

Y Mor Madam, farewell ! 80

Q Isab Farewell, sweet Mortimer , and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king

Y Mor Aye, if words will serve , if not, I must

[*Exeunt*]

The barons demand Gaveston's banishment Edward resists at first, but is overpowered by them and finally gives way. Isabella, anxious at all hazards to win back her husband's love, pleads with Mortimer for Gaveston's recall After some debate the barons agree, on the ground that he may be a greater danger in Ireland than in England, but their acquiescence only strengthens their feeling of enmity against him.

ACT II SCENE II

Enter KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA, KENT, LANCASTER,
Young MORTIMER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, and Atten-
dants

K Edw The wind is good, I wonder why he stays,
I fear me he is wrecked upon the sea

Q Isab Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is,
And still his mind runs on his minion'

Lan My lord,—

K Edw How now! what news? is Gaveston arrived?

Y Mor Nothing but Gaveston! what means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon,
The King of France sets foot in Normandy

K Edw A trifle! we'll expel him when we please 10
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y Mor A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling

K Edw Pray thee let me know it

Y Mor But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is
A lofty cedar tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all
The motto, *Aeque tandem* ¹

20

K Edw And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

Lan My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's
Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it, this fish, my lord, I bear,
The motto this *Undique mors est* ²

¹ 'Level at last'

² 'Death is on every hand'

Kent Proud Mortimer ' ungente Lancaster '
 Is this the love you bear your sovereign ? 30
 Is this the fruit your reconciliation bears ?
 Can you in words make show of amity,
 And in your shields display your rancorous minds '
 What call you this but private libelling
 Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother ?

Q Isab Sweet husband, be content, they all love you

K Edw They love me not that hate my Gaveston
 I am that cedar, shake me not too much ,
 And you the eagles , soar ye ne'er so high,
 I have the jesses that will pull you down , 40
 And *Aeque tandem* shall that canker cry
 Unto the proudest peer of Britany
 Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
 And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
 'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea,
 Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him

Y Mor If in his absence thus he favours him,
 What will he do whenas he shall be present ?

Lan That shall we see , look where his lordship comes

Enter GAVESTON

K Edw My Gaveston ' 50
 Welcome to Tynemouth ' welcome to thy friend '
 Thy absence made me droop and pine away ,
 For, as the lovers of fair Danae,
 When she was locked up in a brazen tower,
 Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,
 So did it fare with me . and now thy sight
 Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence
 Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart

Gav Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth
 mine,

Yet have I words left to express my joy 60
 The shepherd nipt with biting winter's rage
 Frolics not more to see the painted spring,
 Than I do to behold your majesty

K Edw Will none of you salute my Gaveston ?

Lan Salute him ? yes, welcome, Lord Chamberlain !

Y Mor Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall !

War Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man !

Pem Welcome, Master Secretary !

Kent Brother, do you hear them ?

K Edw Still will these earls and barons use me thus

Gav My lord, I cannot brook these injuries 71

Q Isab Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar

[*Aside*

K Edw Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant

Gav Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,

Go sit at home and eat your tenant's beef,

And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,

Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low

As to bestow a look on such as you

Lan Yet I disdain not to do this for you

[*Draws his sword and offers to stab* GAVESTON

K Edw Treason ! treason ! where 's the traitor ? 80

Pem Here ! here !

K Edw Convey hence Gaveston, they'll murder him

Gav The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace

Y Mor Villain ! thy life, unless I miss mine aim

[*Wounds* GAVESTON

Q Isab Ah ! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done ?

Y Mor No more than I would answer, were he slain

[*Exit* GAVESTON with Attendants,

K Edw Yes, more than thou canst answer, though
 he live,

Dear shall you both abide this notorious deed

Out of my presence ! come not near the court
Y Mor I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston 90
Lan We'll hale him by the ears unto the block
K Edw Look to your own heads , his is sure enough
War. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus
Kent Warwick, these words do ill beseeem thy years
K Edw Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus ,
But if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away and levy men,
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride

[*Exeunt* KING EDWARD, QUEEN ISABELLA,
and KENT

War Let's to our castles, for the king is moved 100
Y Mor Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath !
Lan Cousin, it is no dealing with him now,
He means to make us stoop by force of aims ,
And therefore let us jointly here protest,
To peisecute that Gaveston to the death
Y Mor By heaven, the abject villain shall not live !
War I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it
Pem The like oath Pembroke takes
Lan And so doth Lancaster
Now send our heralds to defy the king , 110
And make the people swear to put him down

ACT II. SCENE IV

Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, YOUNG MORTIMER,
and others *Alarums within.*

Lan I wonder how he 'scaped !
Y Mor Who's this ? the queen !
Q Isab Aye, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted

These hands are tied with haling of my lord
 From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston,
 And all in vain, for, when I speak him fair,
 He turns away, and smiles upon his minion

Y Mor Cease to lament, and tell us where's the king?

Q Isab What would you with the king? is't him you
 seek? 11

Lan No, madam, but that cursèd Gaveston
 Fae be it from the thought of Lancaster
 To offer violence to his sovereign
 We would but rid the realm of Gaveston
 Tell us where he remains, and he shall die

Q Isab He's gone by water unto Scarborough,
 Pursue him quickly, and he cannot 'scape,
 The king hath left him, and his train is small 19

War Foreslow no time, sweet Lancaster, let's march

Y Mor How comes it that the king and he is parted?

Q Isab That thus your army, going several ways,
 Might be of lesser force and with the power
 That he intendeth presently to raise,
 Be easily suppressed, therefore be gone

Y Mor Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy,
 Let's all aboard, and follow him amain

Lan The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails,
 Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing

Y Mor Madam, stay you within this castle here 30

Q Isab No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king

Y Mor Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough

Q Isab You know the king is so suspicious,
 As if he hear I have but talked with you,
 Mine honour will be called in question,
 And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone

Y Mor Madam, I cannot stay to answer you,
 But think of Mortimer as he deserves

[*Exeunt all except QUEEN ISABELLA*]

Q Isab So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever 40
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessed day be slain [Exit

ACT III SCENE II

*Enter KING EDWARD and Young SPENCER, BALDOCK, and
Nobles of the KING's side, and Soldiers with drums
and fifes*

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, and LEVUNE

K Edw Madam, what news?

Q Isab News of dishonour, lord, and discontent
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
Because your highness hath been slack in homage,
Hath seized Normandy into his hands
These be the letters, this the messenger

K Edw Welcome, Levune Tush, Sir, if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again — 10
But to my Gaveston, shall I never see,
Never behold thee now?—Madam, in this matter,
We will employ you and your little son,
You shall go parley with the King of France —
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty

P Edw Commit not to my youth things of more weight

Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
 And fear not, lord and father, Heaven's great beams
 On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe 20
 Than shall your charge committed to my trust

Q Isab. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother
 fear

Thou art not marked to many days on earth
K Edw Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,
 And this our son, Levune shall follow you
 With all the haste we can dispatch him hence
 Choose of our lords to bear you company,
 And go in peace, leave us in wars at home

Q Isab Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their
 king,
 God end them once! My lord, I take my leave, 30
 To make my preparation for France

[*Exit with PRINCE EDWARD*]

Enter ARUNDEL

K Edw What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?

Arun Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead

K Edw Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?
 Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
 Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?

Arun Neither, my lord, for as he was surprised,
 Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
 I did your highness' message to them all,
 Demanding him of them, entreating rather, 40
 And said, upon the honour of my name,
 That I would undertake to carry him
 Unto your highness, and to bring him back

K Edw And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?

Y Spen Proud recreants!

K Edw Yea, Spencer, traitors all

Arun I found them at the first inexorable,
 The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing,
 Mortimer hardly, Pembroke and Lancaster
 Spake least and when they flatly had denied, 50
 Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
 The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake,
 'My lords, because our sovereign sends for him,
 And promiseth he shall be safe returned,
 I will this undertake, to have him hence,
 And see him re delivered to your hands'

K Edw Well, and how fortunes it that he came not?

Y Spen Some treason, or some villany, was the cause

Arun The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way,
 For being delivered unto Pembroke's men, 60
 Their lord rode home thinking his prisoner safe,
 But ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
 And bare him to his death, and in a trench
 Strake off his head, and marched unto the camp

Y Spen A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms'

K Edw Oh, shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die'

Y Spen My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
 Upon these barons, hearten up your men,
 Let them not unrevenged murder your friends'
 Advance your standard, Edward, in the field, 70
 And march to fire them from their starting holes

K Edw [*kneeling*] By earth, the common mother of
 us all,

By Heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof,
 By this right hand, and by my father's sword,
 And all the honours 'longing to my crown,
 I will have heads, and lives for him, as many
 As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!— [*Rises*
 Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
 If I be England's king, in lakes of gore

You headless trunks, you bodies will I trail, 80
 That you may drink your fill, and quaff in blood,
 And stain my royal standard with the same,
 That so my bloody colours may suggest
 Remembrance of revenge immortally
 On your accursed traitorous progeny,
 You villains, that have slain my Gaveston '
 And in this place of honour and of trust,
 Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here
 And merely of our love we do create thee
 Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain, 90
 Despite of times, despite of enemies
Y Spen My lord, here's a messenger from the barons
 Desires access unto your majesty
K Edw Admit him near

Enter the Herald, with his coat of arms

Her Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord '
K Edw So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither
 Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices,
 A ranker rout of rebels never was
 Well, say thy message
Her The barons up in arms by me salute 100
 Your highness with long life and happiness,
 And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
 That if without effusion of blood
 You will this grief have ease and remedy,
 That from your princely person you remove
 This Spencer, as a putrifying branch,
 That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
 Empale your princely head, your diadem,
 Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
 Say they, and lovingly advise your grace, 110
 To cherish virtue and nobility,

And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers
This granted, they, their honours, and their lives,
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate

Y Spen Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?

K Edw Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce

120

[*Embraces* SPENCER

Spencer from me — Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston, hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels

[*Exit* Herald

My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop
Away!

[*Exeunt*

The Queen's mission to France fails, and in desperation she joins Mortimer and the barons who have determined to rebel. Edward flies without striking a blow, but is soon captured, and the Queen, at Mortimer's instigation, consents to sign his death warrant.

ACT V SCENE IV

Enter Young MORTIMER

Y Mor The king must die, or Mortimer goes down,
The commons now begin to pity him
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age,
And therefore will I do it cunningly
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life

[*Reads*

'Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est,
 Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die '
 But read it thus, and that's another sense 10
'Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est,
 Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst
 Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
 That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
 Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
 And we be quit that caused it to be done
 Within this room is locked the messenger
 That shall convey it and perform the rest
 And by a secret token that he bears
 Shall he be murdered when the deed is done — 20
 Lightborn, come forth !

Enter LIGHTBORN

Art thou so resolute as thou wast ?

Light What else, my lord ? and far more resolute

Y Mor And hast thou cast how to accomplish it ?

Light Aye, aye, and none shall know which way he
died

Y Mor But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent

Light Relent ! ha, ha ! I use much to relent

Y Mor Well, do it bravely, and be secret

Light You shall not need to give instructions ,
 'Tis not the first time I have killed a man 30
 I learned in Naples how to poison flowers ,
 To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat ,
 To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point ,
 Or whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
 And blow a little powder in his ears
 Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
 And yet I have a braver way than these
Y Mor What's that ? ,

Light Nay, you shall pardon me, none shall know
my tricks

Y Mor I care not how it is, so it be not spied 40
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis [*Gives letter*
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse
Take this, [*Gives money*] away! and never see me more
Light No!

Y Mor No,
Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death
Light, That will I quickly do Farewell, my lord
[*Exit*

Y Mor The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
And with a lowly conge to the ground
The proudest lords salute me as I pass, 50
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will
Feared am I more than loved,—let me be feared,
And when I frown, make all the court look pale
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I deserve
While at the council table, grave enough,
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility, 60
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*,¹
Till being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*² as they term it,
And to conclude, I am Protector now
Now is all sure the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king, and none rules us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance,
And what I list command who dare control?

¹ The heaviest of burdens

² I have undertaken that office

Maior sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere ¹

And that this be the coronation day, 70
It pleaseth me, and Isabel the queen [*Trumpets within*
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, QUEEN ISABELLA, the
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Champion, and Nobles

A of Cant Long live King Edward, by the grace of
God,

King of England and Lord of Ireland ¹

Cham If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dare but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him

Y Mor None comes, sound trumpets

[*Trumpets sound*

K Edw Thrd Champion, here's to thee 80

[*Gives a purse*

Q Isab Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge

Enter Soldiers, with KENT prisoner

Y Mor What traitor have we there with blades and
bills?

Sol Edmund, the Earl of Kent

K Edw Thrd What hath he done?

Sol 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth

Y Mor Did you attempt his rescue, Edmund? speak

Kent Mortimer, I did, he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown 89

Y Mor Strike off his head! he shall have martial law

Kent Strike off my head! base traitor, I defy thee!

K Edw Thrd My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live

Y Mor My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die

¹ I am too great for fortune to injure

Kent Stay, villains !

K Edw Thrd Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life

Q Isab Son, be content , I dare not speak a word

K Edw Thrd Nor I, and yet methinks I should
command ,

But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him—

My lord, if you will let my uncle live, 100

I will requite it when I come to age

Y Mor 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the
realm's —

How often shall I bid you bear him hence ?

Kent Art thou king ? must I die at thy command ?

Y Mor At our command — Once more away with
him

Kent Let me but stay and speak , I will not go

Either my brother or his son is king,

And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood

And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me ?

[Soldiers hale KENT away, to be beheaded]

K Edw Thrd What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus ? 111

Q Isab Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy
foes ,

Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death

Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park

K Edw Thrd And shall my uncle Edmund ride
with us ?

Q Isab He is a traitor , think not on him , come

[*Exeunt*]

ACT V SCENE V,

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY

Mat Guiney, I wonder the king dies not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water,

To which the channels of the castle run,
 From whence a damp continually ariseth,
 That were enough to poison any man,
 Much more a king brought up so tenderly

Gur And so do I, Matrevis yesternight
 I opened but the door to throw him meat,
 And I was almost stifled with the savour

Mat He hath a body able to endure 10
 More than we can inflict and therefore now
 Let us assail his mind another while

Gur Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.

Mat But stay, who's this

Enter LIGHTBORN

Light My Lord Protector greets you [*Gives letter*

Gur What's here? I know not how to construe it

Mat Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce,

'*Edwardum occidere nolite timere,*'

That's his meaning 19

Light. Know ye this token? I must have the king

[*Gives token*

Mat Aye, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight

This villain's sent to make away the king [*Aside*

Gur I thought as much [*Aside*

Mat And when the murder's done,

See how he must be handled for his labour

Pereat iste! Let him have the king [*Aside*

What else? here is the key, this is the lock,

Do as you are commanded by my lord

Light I know what I must do Get you away

Yet be not far off, I shall need your help, 30

See that in the next room I have a fire,

And get me a spit, and let it be red hot

Mat Very well.

Gur Need you anything besides ?

Light What else ? A table and a feather-bed

Gur That 's all ?

Light Aye, aye , so, when I call you, bring it in

Mat Fear not thou that

Gur Here 's a light, to go into the dungeon

[*Gives a light, and then exit with MATREVIS*]

Light So now

40

Must I about this gear , ne'er was there any

So finely handled as this king shall be

Foh, here 's a place indeed, with all my heart !

K Edw Who 's there ? what light is that ? wherefore
com'st thou ?

Light To comfort you, and bring you joyful news

K Edw Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy
looks

Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me

Light To murder you, my most gracious lord !

Far is it from my heart to do you harm

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

50

For she relents at this your misery

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears

To see a king in this most piteous state ?

K Edw Weep'st thou already ? list awhile to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's is,

Or as Matievis', hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale

This dungeon where they keep me is the sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light O villains !

60

K Edw And there in mire and puddle have I stood

This ten days' space , and, lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum

* They give me bread and water, being a king ,

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind 's distempered, and my body 's numbed,
 And whether I have limbs or no I know not
 Oh, would my blood dripped out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tattered robes
 Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus 70
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
 And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont

Light Oh, speak no more, my lord ' this breaks my
 heart

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile

K Edw These looks of thine can harbour nought but
 death

I see my tragedy written in thy blows
 Yet stay , awhile forbear thy bloody hand,
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,
 That even then when I shall lose my life
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God 80

Light What means your highness to mistrust me thus ?

K Edw What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

Light These hands were never stained with innocent
 blood,

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's .

K Edw Forgive my thought for having such a
 thought

One jewel have I left , receive thou this [*Giving jewel*
 Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee
 Oh, if thou harbourest murder in thy heart,
 Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul 90
 Know that I am a king Oh, at that name
 I feel a hell of grief ' where is my crown ?
 Gone, gone ! and do I still remain alive ?

Light You're overwatched, my lord , lie down and *
 rest

K. Edw But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep,

For not these ten days have these eye lids closed

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again Oh, wherefore sitt'st thou here?

Light If you mistrust me, I'll begone, my lord 99

K. Edw No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again, and therefore stay [*Sleeps*

Light He sleeps

K. Edw [*waking*] Oh, let me not die yet! Oh, stay a while!

Light How now, my lord?

K. Edw Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake,

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus

And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?

Light To rid thee of thy life — Matrevis, come!

Enter MATREVIS and GURNEY

K. Edw I am too weak and feeble to resist — 110
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!

Light Run for the table

K. Edw Oh, spare me, or dispatch me in a trice

[*MATREVIS brings in a table*

Light So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body

[*KING EDWARD is murdered*

Mat I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.

Light Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?

Gur. Excellent well take this for thy reward

[*GURNEY stabs LIGHTBORN, who dies*

Come, let us cast the body in the moat, 120

And bear the king's to Mortimer, our lord

Away!

[*Exeunt with the bodies*

Prince Edward arraigns Mortimer for the murder, and sends him to execution.

ACT V SCENE VI

EDWARD III, QUEEN ISABELLA, Lords, *and* Attendants

Q Isab As thou receiv'dst thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer !

K Edw Thrd This argues that you spilt my father's
blood.

Else you would not entreat for Mortimer

Q Isab I spill his blood! No

K Edw Aye, madam, you for so the rumour runs

Q Isab. That rumour is untrue for loving thee
Is this report rais'd on poor Isabel

K Edw I do not think her so unnatural.

Sec Lord My lord, I fear me it will prove too true 10

K Edw Mother, you are suspected for his death,
And therefore we commit you to the Tower
Till further trial may be made thereof
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
You shall not find me slack or pitiful

Q *Isab* Nay, to my death , for too long have I lived
Whereas my son thinks to abridge my days

K Edw Away with her! her words enforce these tears.

And I shall pity her if she speak again

Q Isab Shall I not mourn for my beloved lord, 20
And with the rest accompany him to his grave ?

Sec Lord Thus, madam, tis the king's will you shall hence

Q Isab He hath forgotten me stay, I am his mother

Sec Lord That boots not, therefore, gentle madam, go

Q *Isab* Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this
grief! [*Exit attended*

CHAPTER V

A COUNTERBLAST TO SHAKESPEARE

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, Lord Cobham, was born in Herefordshire about the year 1378. His youth, if we may trust a statement extorted from him under confession,¹ was wild and dissipated, but as early as 1401 he was holding office in the Welsh marches, and in 1404 he sat for his native county in Parliament. Early in the fifteenth century he became known for his Lollard opinions, but for a time he was protected from accusation by his friendship with Prince Hal, and in 1411 he was sent to France by the king on an important political embassy. The accession of Henry V brought about a sudden change in his fortunes. He was abruptly dismissed from the court, tried as a heretic before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and committed to the Tower. Shortly afterwards he escaped, but while in hiding was suspected, on imperfect evidence, of complicity in two successive plots against the king's life. He was again apprehended, tried on a foregone conclusion, and in 1417 cruelly executed as a traitor.

There can be no doubt that the conception of Falstaff—'my old lad of the castle', as Prince Hal calls him²—was taken from some builesque and distorted version of this career. Oldcastle, like Falstaff, was brought up as a page to the Duke of Norfolk. The anonymous play of *Henry V*, which Shakespeare knew and quoted, opens with a robbery committed by the prince and his roistering companions, among whom is 'a fat knight called Sir John Oldcastle'. The populace identified the two

¹ It is given in Bale's *Life of Oldcastle*, p. 26.

² *Henry IV*, Part I, Act I. sc. 2.

characters so readily that it refused to accept Shakespeare's disclaimer,¹ and as late as 1618 was still attributing to Oldcastle one of Falstaff's most characteristic speeches² It is not of course conceivable that Shakespeare had any intention of offending religious susceptibilities He did not misrepresent Oldcastle as Bale had misrepresented King John, or even as Peele had misrepresented Elinor, but simply took a farcical sketch out of an extant play and without thought of portraiture turned it into the central figure of all comedy At the same time it was natural that the identification, when once made, should have aroused a strong feeling of antagonism The Protestant³ cause was indignant at what it held to be a travesty of its hero, and in 1600, three years after the production of *Henry IV*, a group of Henslowe's dramatists were employed to collaborate on a Historical play which should clear Oldcastle's memory and set his character in its proper light

The play of *Sir John Oldcastle*, like that of *Henry IV*, was designed in two parts but of these the first alone survives We have thus no real climax we expect to end with Lord Cobham's martyrdom, and stop half-way with his acquittal on an irrelevant charge of murder But the torso is well wrought and well proportioned The two conspiracies, for example, are skilfully contrasted, and full advantage is taken of the fact that they occur in the right dramatic order The action throughout is stirring and vigorous, the style, in the more serious portions, is uniformly sustained, and the comic scenes, if

¹ Epilogue to *Henry IV*, Part II 'For Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man' The disclaimer itself is an interesting piece of evidence

² The speech about Honour, *Henry IV*, Part I, Act V sc 1 See Payne Collier, vol iii p 69

³ In *Sir John Oldcastle*, Act I sc 2, the name Protestant is pointedly and emphatically applied to the Lollards

somewhat ill polished, have a good deal of humour in the conception. Critics have widely differed as to the delineation of the hero. Hazlitt thought ill of it. Dr Ward dismisses it as the description of 'an injured innocent'¹, Schlegel, who attributed the play to Shakespeare,² considered it a model of biographical truth, and with this latter judgement we are disposed to agree. Oldcastle is not a mere victim, passive under the assaults of malice and bigotry: he is intensely and lovably human, and the trouble through which he is made to pass involves not only our compassion but our sympathy.

ANTHONY MUNDAY (1553-1633) was the son of Christopher Munday, a diaper, and was born in London. He had little education, except what could be gained from two years' apprenticeship to a stationer, in 1578 he broke his articles and started for Rome, perhaps as a Protestant spy. On his return he obtained some meagre political employment, mainly against the Catholics, but soon gave up this form of public life for the stage. Between 1584 and 1602 he was concerned in some eighteen plays, of which only four now survive — *John a Kent and John a Cumber* (1595 or earlier), the *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, written in 1598 and revised by Chettle next year, the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, written with Chettle about 1600, and the *Life of Sir John Oldcastle*, written in 1600 with Drayton, Hathway, and Wilson. He was an industrious and prolific author, who made his mark in lyric, ballad, pageant, and romance, as well as in drama.

For MICHAEL DRAYTON, see vol 1, p 348.

RICHARD HATHWAY (fl 1602) was probably a native of Warwickshire, and possibly a relative of Shakespeare's wife. At the end of the sixteenth century he was one of the struggling dramatists in the pay of Philip Henslowe, and is known to have had a share in some fifteen plays, of which *Sir John Oldcastle* is the only one now extant.

¹ Dr Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, vol 1 pp 434-5.

² The first edition, by error or imposture, bore Shakespeare's name on the title-page.

ROBERT WILSON (1579-1610) was probably the son of Robert Wilson, actor and writer of comedies, and was born in London. Like Hathway he gained his livelihood as one of Philip Henslowe's drudges, and his reputation now rests entirely on the part which he took in the composition of *Sir John Oldcastle*.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING HENRY THE FIFTH		SHERIFF OF HEREFORD
SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, Lord Cobham		SHIRL
LORD HERBERT		SIR JOHN, the Parson of Wiotham
LORD POWIS		LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER
DUKE OF SUFFOLK		MAYOR OF ST ALBANS
EARL OF HUNTINGTON		GAOLER OF ST ALBANS
EARL OF CAM- BRIDGE	} Conspirators against the King	A KENTISH CONSTABLE, and an Ale man
LORD SCROOPE		DICK and TOM, Servants to Munley
SIR THOMAS		AN IRISHMAN
GREY		HARPOOL, Servant to Lord Cobham
SIR ROGER ACTON	} Rebels	GOUGH, Servant to Lord Hei bert
SIR RICHARD LEE		OWEN and DAVY, Servants to Lord Powis
MASTER BOURN		CLUN, Sumner to the Bishop of Rochester
MASTER BEVER LEY		LADY COBHAM
MURLEY, a Brewer of Dunstable		LADY POWIS
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER		DOLL
TWO JUDGES OF ASSIZE		KATE, the Carrier's Daughter
LORD WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS		An Host, Ostler, Carrier, Soldiers, Beggarmen, Con stables, Wardens of the Tower, Bailiffs, Messengers, and other Attendants.
MR BUTLER, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber		
CHARTRES, a French Agent		
CROMER, Sheriff of Kent		
MAYOR OF HEREFORD		

[Scene England]

The Duke of Suffolk and the Bishop of Rochester accuse Sir John Oldcastle of heresy. King Henry seems at first inclined to protect him, and the Bishop, at the instigation of Sir John of Wiotham, determines to send a sumner of his own to serve a process on him.

ACT I SCENE III

Kent An outer Court before LORD COBHAM'S House A Public Road leading to it, and an Alehouse appearing at a little distance

Enter two OLD MEN, and two SOLDIERS

1 *Sold* God help, God help! there's law for punishing,
But there's no law for our necessity
There be more stocks to set poor soldiers in
Than there be houses to relieve them at

1 *Old M* Aye, housekeeping decays in every place,
Even as Saint Peter writ, still worse and worse

2 *Old M* Master mayor of Rochester has given command that none shall go abroad out of the parish, and has set down an order, forsooth, what every poor household must give for our relief, where there be some 'sessed, I may say to you, had almost as much need to beg as we 12

1 *Old M* It is a hard world the while

2 *Old M* If a poor man ask at the door for God's sake, they ask him for a licence, or a certificate from a justice

1 *Sold* 'Faith, we have none but what we bear upon our bodies, our maim'd limbs, God help us!

2 *Sold* And yet, as lame as I am, I'll with the king into France, if I can but crawl a shipboard. I had rather be slain in France than starve in England 21

1 *Old M* Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at Shrews

bury battle, I would not do as I do —but we are now come to the good Lord Cobham's, the best man to the poor in all Kent

2 *Old M* God bless him ! there be but few such

Enter LORD COBHAM and HARPOOL

Cob Thou peevish, froward man, what wouldst thou have ?

Har This pride, this pride, brings all to beggary
I served your father, and your grandfather,
Show me such two men now no, no ! your backs, 30
Your backs, the devil and pride, has cut the throat
Of all good house-keeping, they were the best
Yeomen's masters that ever were in England

Cob Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy knaves
And sturdy rogues, still feeding at my gate,
There is no hospitality with thee

Har They may sit at the gate well enough, but the
devil of anything you give them, except they'll eat
stones

Cob 'Tis long then of such hungry knaves as you 40
Yea, Sir, here's your retinue, your guests be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you

1 *Old M* God bless your honour ! God save the good
Lord Cobham, and all his house !

1 *Sold* Good your honour, bestow your blessed alms
upon poor men

Cob Now, Sir, here be your alms-knights now are you
as safe as the emperor 48

Har My alms knights ? Nay, they're yours it is
a shame for you, and I'll stand to't, your foolish alms
maintains more vagabonds than all the noblemen in Kent
beside Out, you rogues, you knaves, work for your
livings Alas, poor men [*aside*], they may beg their

saits out, there's no more charity among men than
among so many mastiff dogs What make you here, you
redy knaves ? Away, away, you villains

Sold I beseech you, Sir, be good to us

Cob Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think
that all the beggars in this land are thy
acquaintance go bestow your alms, none will
control you, Sir 60

Har What should I give them? you are grown so
greedily that you can scarce give a bit of bread at your
door You talk of your religion so long that you have
washed charity from you A man may make a flax-
op in your kitchen chimneys for any fire there is
burning

Cob If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence
that they not stand here starving in the cold 69

Har Who ! I drive them hence ? If I drive poor men
from the door, I'll be hang'd I know not what I may
do to myself God help ye, poor knaves, ye see the
world Well, you had a mother, O God be with thee,
good lady, thy soul's at rest ! She gave more in shirts
and smocks to poor children than you spend in your
use, and yet you live a beggar too

[To LORD COBHAM

Cob Even the worst deed that e'er my mother did
was in relieving such a fool as thou

Har Aye, I am a fool still with all your wit you'll die
a beggar, go to 80

Cob Go, you old fool, give the poor people something
to eat, poor men, into the inner court,
and take such alms as there is to be had

Sold God bless your honour !

Har Hang you, rogues, hang you, there's nothing but
scurvy amongst you, you fear no law, you

2 *Old M* God bless you, good master Ralph, God save
your life, you are good to the poor still

[*Ereunt HARPOOL, OLD MEN, and SOLDIERS*

Enter LORD POWIS disguised

Cob What fellow's yonder comes along the grove?
Few passengers there be that know this way 90
Methinks he stops, as though he stay'd for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the bushes
I know, the clergy hates me to the death,
And my religion gets me many foes
And this may be some desperate rogue, suborn'd
To work me mischief —as it pleaseth God
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,
Be he but one man, whatsoe'er he be

[*LORD POWIS advances*

I have been well acquainted with that face
Pow Well met, my honourable lord and friend 100

Cob You are very welcome, Sir, whate'er you be,
But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you

Pow I am one that wisheth well unto your honour,
My name is Powis, an old friend of yours

Cob My honourable lord, and worthy friend,
What makes your lordship thus alone in Kent?
And thus disguised in this strange attire?

Pow My lord, an unexpected accident
Hath at this time enforced me to these parts,
And thus it happ'd Not yet full five days since, 110
Now at the last assize at Hereford,
It chanced that the Lord Herbert and myself,
'Mongst other things, discoursing at the table,
Did fall in speech about some certain points
Of Wickliff's doctrine, 'gainst the papacy
And the religion Catholic maintain'd

Through the most part of Europe at this day
This wilful testy lord stuck not to say
That Wickliff was a knave, a schismatic,
His doctrine devilish, and heretical , 120
And whatsoe'er he was maintain'd the same,
Was traitor both to God and to his country
Being moved at his peremptory speech,
I told him some maintained those opinions,
Men, and true subjects than Lord Herbert was
And he replying in comparisons,
Your name was urged, my lord, against his challenge,
To be a perfect favourer of the truth
And, to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our servants and our tenants taking parts ,— 130
Many on both sides hurt , and for an hour
The broil by no means could be pacified ,
Until the judges, rising from the bench,
Were in their persons forced to part the fray
Cob I hope no man was violently slain
Pow 'Faith none, I trust, but the Lord Herbert's self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt
As it is doubted he can hardly scape
Cob I am sorry, my good lord, for these ill news
Pow This is the cause that drives me into Kent, 140
To shroud myself with you, so good a friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home
Cob Your lordship is most welcome unto Cobham ,
But I am very sorry, my good lord,
My name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many enemies,
That threaten malice and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing
But you are welcome, and repose your lordship,
And keep yourself here secret in my house, 150
Until we hear how the Lord Herbert speeds

ACT II SCENE I — *The same**Enter a SUMNER*

Sum I have the law to warrant what I do , and though the Lord Cobham be a nobleman, that dispenses not with law I dare serve a process, were he five noblemen Well, this is Lord Cobham's house , if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my citation upon his door , so my lord of Rochester bade me but methinks here comes one of his men

Enter HARPOOL

Har Welcome, good fellow, welcome , whom wouldst thou speak with ?

Sum With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his men 11

Har Yes, I am one of his men but thou canst not speak with my lord

Sum May I send to him then ?

Har I'll tell thee that when I know thy errand

Sum I will not tell my errand to thee

Har Then keep it to thyself, and walk like a knave as thou cam'st

Sum I tell thee, my lord keeps no knaves, sirrah

Har Then thou servest him not, I believe What lord is thy master ? 21

Sum My lord of Rochester

Har In good time and what wouldst thou have with my Lord Cobham ?

Sum I come, by virtue of a process, to cite him to appear before my lord in the court at Rochester

Har [*aside*] Well, God grant me patience ! I could eat this conger My lord is not at home , therefore it were good, sumner, you carried your process back

Sum Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here, and see you he take knowledge of it 31

[*Exeunt a citation on the gate*]

Har Zounds, you slave, do you set up your bills here? Go to, take it down again Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a process?

Sum Yes, marry do I, on Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham

Har I am glad thou knowest him yet And sirrah, dost thou not know that the Lord Cobham is a brave lord, that keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at his gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows? 41

Sum What's that to my process?

Har Marry, this, Sir, is this process parchment?

Sum Yes, marry is it

Har And this seal wax?

Sum It is so

Har If this be parchment, and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax Sirrah, sumner, dispatch, devour, sirrah, devour 50

Sum I am my lord of Rochester's sumner, I come to do my office, and thou shalt answer it

Har Sirrah, no railing, but betake yourself to your teeth Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring'st with thee Thou bring'st it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself?

Sum Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat

Har Oh, do you *Sir* me now? All's one for that, I'll make you eat it for bringing it

Sum I cannot eat it 60

Har Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a stomach

o

[*Beats him*]

Sum Oh, hold, hold, good master servingman, I will eat it

Har Be champing, be chewing, Sir, or I'll chew you, you rogue Tough wax is the purest honey

Sum The purest honey!—O Lord, Sir! Oh! oh!

[*Eats*

Har Feed, feed, 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome Cannot you, like an honest sumner, walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process? If thy seal were as broad as the lead that covers Rochester church, thou shouldst eat it

73

Sum Oh, I am almost choked, I am almost choked

Har Who's within there? will you shame my lord? is there no beer in the house? Butler, I say

Enter BUTLER

But Here, here

Har Give him beer There, tough old sheep skin's but dry meat

[*The SUMNER drinks*

Sum O Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my word

Har Yea, marry, Sir, I mean you shall eat more than your own word, for I'll make you eat all the words in the process I'll cite you—A cup of sack for the sumner

But Here, Sir, here

84

Har Here, slave, I drink to thee

Sum I thank you, Sir

Har Now, if thou find'st thy stomach well, because thou shalt see my lord keeps meat in his house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt have a piece of beef to thy breakfast

Sum No, I am very well, good master servingman, I thank you, very well, Sir

91

Har I am glad on't then be walking towards Rochester to keep your stomach warm

Sum God be wi' you, master servingman

[*Exit SUMNER*]

Har Farewell, sumner

Sir Roger Acton, Bouin, Beverley, and Muiley, leaders among the Lollaids, conspire against the King There is a false report that Cobham is supporting them

ACT II SCENE III

An Audience chamber in the Palace at Eltham

Enter KING HENRY, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, BUTLER, and

LORD COBHAM He kneels to the King

K Henry 'Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to submit,
You must forsake your gross opinion
The bishops find themselves much injured,
And though, for some good service you have done,
We for our part are pleased to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfied

Cob My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
Next unto my God, I do owe my life,
And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service 10
But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
I owe him none, nor shall his shaveling priests
That are in England alter my belief
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
My conscience may not be encroach'd upon

K Henry We would be loath to press our subjects'
bodies,
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part 20
Of Him that is the ruler of us all.

Yet let me counsel you, that might command

Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
 Nor suffer any meetings to be had
 Within your house, but to the uttermost
 Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect

Cob My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
 And say my life in any of these points
 Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
 Here stand I, craving no remorse at all, 30
 But even the utmost rigour may be shown

K Henry Let it suffice we know your loyalty
 What have you there ?

Cob A deed of clemency,
 Your highness' pardon for Lord Powis' life,
 Which I did beg, and you, my noble lord,
 Of gracious favour did vouchsafe to grant

K Henry But yet it is not signed with our hand

Cob Not yet, my liege

K Henry The fact you say was done 40
 Not of pretended malice, but by chance

Cob Upon mine honour so, no otherwise

K Henry There is his pardon, bid him make amends,

[Signs the pardon

And cleanse his soul to God for his offence •
 What we remit is but the body's scourge
 How now, lord bishop ?

Enter BISHOP OF ROCHESTER

Roch Justice, dread sovereign
 As thou art king, so grant I may have justice

K Henry What means this exclamation ? let us know

Roch Ah, my good lord, the state is much abused, 50
 And our decrees most shamefully profaned

K Henry How ? or by whom ?

Roch Even by this heretic,

This Jew, this traitor to your majesty

Cob Prelate, thou liest, even in thy greasy maw,
Or whosoever twits me with the name
Of either traitor or of heretic

K Henry Forbear, I say and bishop, show the cause
From whence this late abuse hath been derived

Roch Thus, mighty king By general consent 60
A messenger was sent to cite this lord
To make appearance in the consistory,
And coming to his house, a ruffian slave,
One of his daily followers, met the man,
Who, knowing him to be a paritor,
Assaults him first, and after, in contempt
Of us and our proceedings, makes him eat
The written process, parchment, seal and all,
Whereby his master neither was brought forth,
Nor we but scorn'd for our authority 70

K Henry When was this done?

Roch At six o'clock this morning

K Henry And when came you to court?

Cob Last night, my liege

K Henry By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong to accuse him so

Roch But it was done, my lord, by his appointment,
Or else his man durst not have been so bold

K Henry Or else you durst not be bold to interrupt
And fill our ears with frivolous complaints 80
Is this the duty you do bear to us?

Was't not sufficient we did pass our word
To send for him, but you, misdoubting it,
Or, which is worse, intending to forestall
Our regal power, must likewise summon him?
This savours of ambition, not of zeal,
And rather proves you marke his estate,

Than any way that he offends the law,
 Go to, we like it not, and he your officer
 Had his desert for being insolent, 90
 That was employ'd so much amiss herein
 So, Cobham, when you please, you may depart
Cob I humbly bid farewell unto my liege

[*Exit* COBHAM]

Enter HUNTINGTON

K Henry Farewell What is the news by Huntington?
Hun Sir Roger Acton, and a crew, my lord,
 Of bold seditious rebels, are in arms,
 Intending reformation of religion,
 And with their army they intend to pitch
 In Ficket field, unless they be repulsed 99

K Henry So near our presence? Dare they be so bold?
 And will proud war and eager thirst of blood,
 Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
 Press forth upon us in our native bounds?
 Must we be forced to handsel our sharp blades
 In England here, which we prepared for France?
 Well, in God's name be it What's their number, say,
 Or who's the chief commander of this rout?

Hun Their number is not known as yet, my lord,
 But, 'tis reported, Sir John Oldcastle
 Is the chief man on whom they do depend. 110

K Henry How! the Lord Cobham?

Hun Yes, my gracious lord

Roch I could have told your majesty as much
 Before he went, but that I saw your grace
 Was too much blinded by his flattery

Suf Send post, my lord, to fetch him back again

But Traitor unto his country, how he smooth'd,
 And seem'd as innocent as truth itself!

K Henry I cannot think it yet he would be false,

But if he be, no matter, —let him go, 120
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, SUFFOLK, HUNTINGTON, and
BUTLER

Roch This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this heretic die in a rope [Exit

The Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroope, Sir Thomas Grey, and
Charles conspire against the king, and try to persuade Cobham
to join them. Cobham, after some remonstrance, pretends
complicity in order to reveal the plot to the King

Sir Roger Acton and his associates are defeated and hanged
Cobham is taken by the Bishop of Rochester and sent to the
Tower, but manages to escape

ACT V SCENE II — *A High Road near St Albans*

*Enter an IRISHMAN with his dead Master. He lays him
down, and rifles him*

Irishm Alas, poor master, Sir Richard Lee, be Saint
Patrick, I see rob and cut thy trothe, for thy shain, and thy
mony, and thy gold ring. Be me truly, I see love thee well,
but now do we be kill, do we be shotten knave

[Enter SIR JOHN and DOLL

S John Stand, sirrah, what art thou?

Irishm Be Saint Patrick, master, I see poor Irishman,
I see a lefter¹

S John Sirrah, sirrah, you're a rogue, you have
killed a man here, and rifled him of all that he has
'Sblood, you rogue, deliver, or I'll not leave you so much
as a hair above your shoulders, you Irish dog [Robs him

Irishm We's me! by Saint Patrick, I see kill my master
for his shain and his ring, and now I see be rob of all
Me's undo 14

¹ Perhaps the same as leuteler, 'a tramp'

S John Avaunt, you rascal go sirrah, be walking
Come, Doll, the devil laughs when one thief robs another
Come, wench, we'll to St Albans

Doll Oh, thou art old Sir John, when all's done, I' faith
[*Exeunt*]

ACT V SCENE IV — *St Albans A room in the Carrier's Inn*

Enter HOST, LORD COBHAM, and HARPOOL

Host Sir, you're welcome to this house, to such as
is here, with all my heart, but I fear your lodging will
be the worst I have but two beds, and they are both
in a chamber, and the carrier and his daughter lies in
the one, and you and your wife must lie in the other

Cob Faith, Sir, for myself I do not greatly pass
My wife is weary, and would be at rest,
For we have travell'd very far to day,
We must be content with such as you have

Host But I cannot tell what to do with your man 10

Har What? hast thou never an empty room in thy
house for me?

Host Not a bed, in troth There came a poor Irish
man, and I lodged him in the barn, where he has fair
straw, although he have nothing else

Har Well, mine host, I pray thee help me to a pair
of clean sheets, and I'll go lodge with him

Host By the mass, that thou shalt, a good pair of
hempen sheets were ne'er lain in come [*Exeunt*]

ACT V SCENE V — *The same A Street*

Enter MAYOR, CONSTABLE, and WATCH

Mayor What? have you search'd the town?

Con All the town, Sir, we have not left a house
unsearch'd that uses to lodge *

Mayor Surely, my lord of Rochester was then deceived,
 Or ill inform'd of Sir John Oldcastle,
 Or if he came this way, he's past the town
 He could not else have scaped you in the search

Con The privy watch hath been abroad all night,
 And not a stranger lodgeth in the town
 But he is known, only a lusty priest 10
 We found in bed out yonder at the Sheais
 But we hath charged the host with his forthcoming
 To morrow morning

Mayor What think you best to do?

Con 'Faith, master mayor, here's a few straggling
 houses beyond the bridge, and a little inn where car-
 riers used to lodge, although I think surely he would
 ne'er lodge there but we'll go search, and the rather
 because there came notice to the town the last night of
 an Irishman, that had done a murther, whom we are
 to make search for 21

Mayor Come then, I pray you, and be circumspect
 [*Exeunt* MAYOR, CONSTABLE, &c]

ACT V SCENE VI — *The same Before the Carrier's Inn*

Enter WATCH

1 *Watch* First beset the house, before you begin to
 search

2 *Watch* Content, every man take a several place
 [*A noise within*

Keep, keep, strike him down there, down with him

ACT V SCENE VII — *The same The Yard of the Inn*

Enter LORD COBHAM in his night gown

Cob Halpool, Harpool, I hear a marvellous noise
 About the house God warrant us, I fear
 We are pursued What, Halpool?

Har [*from the barn*] Who calls there?

Cob 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a noise about the house?

Har [*from the barn*] Yes, marry, do I Zounds, I cannot find

My hose This Irish rascal, that lodged with me
All night, hath stolen my apparel, and
Has left me nothing but a lousy mantle
And a pair of brogues Get up, get up, and, if 10
The carrier and his wench be yet asleep
Change you with him, as he hath done with me,
And see if we can scape [*Exit* LORD COBHAM

ACT V SCENE VIII — *The same*

A noise about the house for some time Then enter HARPOOL in the Irishman's apparel, the MAYOR, CONSTABLE, and WATCH of St Albans meeting him

Con Stand close, here comes the Irishman that did the murder, by all tokens this is he

Mayor And perceiving the house beset, would get away Stand, sirrah

Har What art thou that bidd'st me stand?

Con I am the officer, and am come to search for an Irishman, such a villain as thyself, thou hast murdered a man this last night by the high way

Har 'Sblood, constable, art thou mad? am I an Irishman?

Mayor Sirrah, we'll find you an Irishman before we part, 10
Lay hold upon him

Con Make him fast Oh, thou bloody rogue!

Enter LORD and LADY COBHAM, *in the apparel of the Carrier and his daughter*

Cob What, will these ostlers sleep all day? Good

morrow, good morrow Come wench, come Saddle, saddle, now afore God two fair days, ha ?

Con Who goes there ?

Mayor Oh, 'tis Lancashire carrier, let them pass

Cob What, will nobody ope the gates here ?

Come, let's in to stable, to look to our capuls¹

[*Exeunt* LORD and LADY COBHAM

Car [*within*] Host Why, ostler ? Ostler, ostler 20

Enter OSTLER

Ostl Who calls there ? what would you have ?

Car [*within*] Zooks, do you rob your guests ?

Do you lodge rogues, and slaves, and scoundrels, ha ?

They ha' stolen our clothes here Why, ostler

Ostl A muilian choke you, what a bawling you keep !

Enter Host

Host How now ? what would the carrier have ?

Look up there

Ostl They say that the man and woman that lay by them have stolen their clothes

Host What, are the strange folks up, that came in yesternight ? 30

Con What, mine host, up so early ?

Host What, master mayor, and master constable ?

Mayor We are come to seek for some suspected persons

And such as here we found have apprehended

Enter CARRIER and KATE, in LORD and LADY COBHAM'S clothes

Con Who comes here ?

Car Who comes here ? a plague 'found 'em 'You bawl,' quoth a, ods heart, I'll forswear your house,

¹ From the Latin *caballus*, French *cheval*

you lodged a fellow and his wife by us, that ha' run away
with our 'parel, and left us such gew g'aws here — Come,
Kate, come to me, thou's dizeard¹ i' faith 40

Mayor Mine host, know you this man ?

Host Yes, master mayoi, I'll give my word for him
Why, neighbour Club, how comes this gear about ?

Kate Now, a foul on't, I cannot make this gew gaw
stand on my head

Mayor How came this man and woman thus attired ?

Host Here came a man and woman hither this last
night,

Which I did take for substantial people,
And lodged all in one chamber by these folks,
Methinks they have been so bold to change apparel, 50
And gone away this morning ere they rose

Mayor That was that traitor Oldcastle that thus
Escaped us Make hue and cry yet after him,
Keep fast that traitorous rebel his servant there
Farewell, mine host [Exit MAYOR

Car Come, Kate Owdham, thou and I's tiumly dizard

Kate I' faith, Gaff Club, Ise wot ne'er what to do,
Ise be so flouted and so shouted at, but, by the Mass,
Ise cry

[*Exeunt* CARRIER and his DAUGHTER, HOST, HARPOOL,
CONSTABLES, &c

ACT V SCENE IX

Loid and Lady Cobham escape to a wood, and fall asleep
there

Enter SIR RICHARD LEE, and his Servants

S Rich A murder closely done ? and in my ground ?
Search carefully, if anywhere it were,
This obscure thicket is the likeliest place

[*Exit a Servant*

¹ Dressed, of 'bedizened'

Re enter SERVANT, bearing a dead Body

Ser Sir, I have found the body stiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many wounds

S Rich Look, if thou know'st him, turn his body up
Alack, it is my son, my son and heir,
Whom two years since I sent to Ireland,
To practise there the discipline of war,
And coming home (for so he wrote to me), 10
Some savage heart, some bloody devilish hand,
Either in hate, or thrusting for his coin,
Hath here sluiced out his blood Unhappy hour!
Accursed place! but most inconstant fate,
That had'st reserved him from the bullet's fire,
And suffer'd him to scape the wood kerns' fury,
Didst here ordain the treasure of his life,
Even here within the arms of tender peace
To be consumed by treason's wasteful hand!
And, which is most afflicting to my soul, 20
That this his death and murder should be wrought
Without the knowledge by whose means 'twas done

2 Ser Not so, Sir, I have found the authors of it
See where they sit, and in their bloody fists
The fatal instruments of death and sin

S Rich Just judgement of that power, whose gracious eye,
Loathing the sight of such a heinous fact,
Dazzled their senses with benumbing sleep,
Till their unhallow'd treachery was known
Awake, ye monsters, murderers, awake, 30
Tremble for horror, blush, you cannot choose,
Beholding this unhuman deed of yours

Cob What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary souls,
And interrupt us of our quiet sleep?

S Rich O devilish! can you boast unto yourselves
Of quiet sleep, having within your hearts

The guilt of muider waking, that with eies
 Deafs the loud thunder, and solicits heaven
 With more than mandrakes' shrieks for your offence ?

L Cob What murder ? You upbraid us wrongfully

S Rich Can you deny the fact ? see you not here 41
 The body of my son, by you misdone ?

Look on his wounds, look on his purple hue

Do we not find you where the deed was done ?

Were not your knives fast closed in your hands ?

Is not this cloth an argument beside,

Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent blood ?

These speaking characters, were there nothing else

To plead against you, would convict you both

To Heitford with them, where the 'sides now 50

Are kept, then lives shall answer for my son's

Lost life

Cob As we are innocent, so may we speed

S Rich As I am wrong'd, so may the law proceed

[*Exeunt*

ACT V SCENE X — *St Albans*

*Enter the BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, CONSTABLE of St Albans,
 with SIR JOHN and DOLL, and the IRISHMAN in HARPOOL'S
 apparel*

Roch What intricate confusion have we here ?

Not two hours since we apprehended one

In habit Irish, but in speech not so,

And now you bring another, that in speech

Is Irish, but in habit English yea,

And more than so, the servant of that heretic

Lord Cobham

Irishm Fain, me be no servant of de Lord Cobham ! me
 be Mack Shane, of Ulster

Roch Otherwise call'd Harpool, of Kent, go to, Sir, 10
 You cannot blind us with your broken Irish

S John Trust me, lord bishop, whether Irish or English,

Harpool or not Harpool, that I leave to the trial
But sure I am this man, by face and speech,
Is he that murder'd young Sir Richard Lee
(I met him presently upon the fact),
And that he slew his master for that gold,
Those jewels, and that chain, I took from him

Roch Well, our affairs do call us back to London,
So that we cannot prosecute the cause, 20
As we desire to do, therefore we leave
The charge with you, to see they be convey'd

[*To the Constable*

To Hertford 'sizes both this counterfeit,
And you, Sir John of Wrotham,
For you are culpable as well as they
Though not for murder, yet for felony
But since you are the means to bring to light
This graceless murder, you shall bear with you
Our letters to the judges of the bench,
To be your friends in what they lawful may 20

S John I thank your lordship [Exit

ACT V SCENE XI — *Hertford A Hall of Justice*

Enter GAOLER and his Servant, bringing forth LORD COBHAM in irons The JUDGE of Assize, and JUSTICES, the MAYOR of St Albans, LORD and LADY POWIS, and SIR RICHARD LEE The JUDGE and JUSTICES take their places on the Bench

Judge Now, master Mayor, what gentleman is that
You bring with you before us to the bench?

Mayor The Lord Powis, an if it like your honour,
And this his lady travelling towards Wales,
Who, for they lodged last night within my house,

And my lord bishop did lay wait for such,
 Were very willing to come on with me,
 Lest, for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong

Judge We cry your honour mercy, good my lord,
 Will't please you take your place Madam, your ladyship
 May here, or where you will, repose yourself, 11
 Until this business now in hand be past

L Pow I will withdraw into some other room,
 So that your lordship and the rest be pleased

Judge With all our hearts attend the lady there

Pow Wife, I have eyed yon prisoners all this while,
 And my conceit doth tell me, 'tis our friend

The noble Cobham, and his virtuous lady [*Aside*

L Pow I think no less are they suspected for this
 murder?

Pow What it means 20

I cannot tell, but we shall know anon

Meantime, as you pass by them, ask the question,

But do it secretly, that you be not seen,

And make some sign, that I may know your mind

[*She passes over the stage by them*

L Pow My Lord Cobham! Madam!

Cob No Cobham now, nor madam, as you love us,
 But John of Lancashire, and Joan his wife

L Pow O tell, what is it that our love can do
 To pleasure you, for we are bound to you?

Cob Nothing but this, that you conceal our names, 20
 So, gentle lady, pass, for being spied—

L Pow My heart I leave, to bear part of your grief

[*Exit LADY POWIS*

Judge Call the prisoners to the bar Sir Richard Lee,
 What evidence can you bring against these people,
 To prove them guilty of the murder done? *

S Rich This bloody towel; and these naked knives

Beside, we found them sitting by the place
Where the dead body lay within a hush

Judge What answer you, why law should not proceed,
According to this evidence given in, 40
To tax you with the penalty of death ?

Cob That we are free from murder's very thought,
And know not how the gentleman was slain

1 *Just* How came this linen cloth so bloody then ?

L Cob My husband, hot with travelling, my lord,
His nose gush'd out a bleeding that was it

2 *Just* But how came your sharp edged knives un-
sheath'd ?

L Cob To cut such simple victual as we had

Judge Say we admit this answer to those articles,
What made you in so private a dark nook, 50
So far remote from any common path,
As was the thick where the dead corpse was thrown ?

Cob Journeying, my lord, from London, from the team,
Down into Lancashire, where we do dwell,
And what with age and travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other passengers ,
And so we stray'd into that secret corner

Judge These are but ambages¹ to drive off time,
And linger justice from her purposed end 60

Enter CONSTABLE, with the IRISHMAN, SIR JOHN, and DOLL
But who are these ?

Con Stay judgement, and release those innocents ,
For here is he whose hand hath done the deed
For which they stand indicted at the bar ,
This savage villain, this rude Irish slave
His tongue already hath confess'd the fact,

¹ Subterfuges

You stand attainted here of felony

S John Oh, but, my lord, Sir John repents, and he will mend

Judge In hope thereof, together with the favour
My lord of Rochester entreats for you, 100
We are contented that you shall be proved

S John I thank your lordship

Judge These other, falsely here
Accused, and brought in peril wrongfully,
We in like sort do set at liberty

S Rich And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few crowns

Judge Your kindness merits praise, Sir Richard Lee
So let us hence [*Exeunt all except POWIS and COBHAM*]

Pow But POWIS still must stay 111

There yet remains a part of that true love
He owes his noble friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your lordship's safe delivery,
And then entreat, that since unlook'd for thus
We here are met, your honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to Wales, where, to my power,
Though not to quittance those great benefits
I have received of you, yet both my house, 120
My purse, my servants, and what else I have,
Are all at your command Deny me not
I know the bishop's hate pursues you so,
As there's no safety in abiding here

Cob 'Tis true, my lord, and God forgive him for it

Pow Then let us hence You shall be straight provided
Of lusty geldings and once enter'd Wales,
Well may the bishop hunt, but, spite his face,
He never more shall have the game in chase [*Exeunt,*

CHAPTER VI

AN AFTERPIECE

It usually happens that the end of an artistic period is marked by a decadence of invention. Sometimes it becomes erudite, like the Alexandrine poets, sometimes it grows rhetorical and magniloquent, like the age of the Caracci, not infrequently, like some recent developments of modern music, it wastes its substance on riotous living. Traces of this tendency may be observed at the close of the Elizabethan drama. In the later plays of Webster and Fletcher, for example, the invention is beginning to lose touch with great ideas: its comedy overpasses the reticences of good taste, its tragedy, instead of ennobling, only frightens and repels. The desire of beauty no longer animates the play as a whole, but is concentrated on single passages or episodes, the workmanship is unequal and often careless, the appeals to pity and terror, because isolated, are forced with undue emphasis and insistence. Under this censure the romantic tragedies of John Ford must be allowed to fall. They are often admirable in point of technical skill, they often glow with a sombre and lurid passion, but they choose what Hazlitt called 'unfair subjects', and in presenting these they are often unscrupulous as to the means that they employ.¹ It is therefore the more interesting to find, at the extreme close of our period, a historical drama which is not unworthy of its best days, which is great in conception and dignified in treatment, which has true humour and true pathos,

¹ See, for example, the scene of Ithocles' murder in the *Broken Heart*.

which draws its characters with a firm hand and places them upon the canvas with an unerring mastery. The glow, which was dying out, revives once more into pure flame, and for a moment lights up a fading art with something of its old splendour.

In the preface to *Perkin Warbeck* Ford apologizes for adopting a dramatic form which had long grown unfashionable. For twenty years no play of any importance had taken a subject from English history, and the popular taste, full fed on broad comedy and romantic sensationalism, required some coaxing before it would accept this simple fare. From any such unworthy appeal the action is wholly free, but it shows its date by the spirit of romance which is almost unconsciously present throughout. The interest is personal rather than political, the rebellion seems to us a small matter beside the fortunes of Warbeck and of Lady Katherine Gordon and the most unsympathetic figure is the victorious king. The two principal characters are admirably delineated. Warbeck is as gay and captivating as Prince Charlie, Lady Katherine is the very embodiment of sweet and devoted womanhood, and round them is grouped a whole company of living people. Huntley bluff and honest, James as majestic in presence as he is fickle in policy, the sorry conspirators Heron and Astley, Frion the diplomatic and John-à-Water the cautious. The tone of the play is full of a certain chivalry and courtliness, the tragic issue is maintained at its highest level, the comedy is frank and clean, hovering on the edge of burlesque, but never descending to farce or buffoonery. When we remember Ford's previous work, when we realize the surroundings among which he wrought, we can only the more regret that he never repeated the experiment through which his genius found its noblest opportunity of utterance.

JOHN FORD (1586-? 1640) was born at Ilington in Devonshire, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford. On leaving the University, in 1602, he entered at the Middle Temple, and began his literary career in 1606 with an Elegy on the Earl of Devonshire. His first known play, a comedy entitled *An Ill Beginning has a Good End*, was acted at the Cockpit in 1613, and from thenceforward till 1639 he maintained an intermittent connexion with the theatre. *The Lovers' Melancholy* was acted at the Blackfriars in 1629, in 1633 appeared his two most famous tragedies, *Love's Sacrifice* and *The Broken Heart*, in 1634 followed *The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck*, in 1638 a comedy called *The Ladies' Trial*. Beside the works which he wrote single handed he collaborated with Dekker, Rowley, and Webster with the first of whom he wrote, about 1621, that remarkable tragi-comedy *The Witch of Edmonton*. Of his later years nothing is known, though we have some tradition that about 1639 he retired to Devonshire, with a competency gained by his professional practice, and there ended his days.

PERKIN WARBECK

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HENRY VII	MARCHMONT, a Herald
LORD DAWBENEY	PERKIN WARBECK
SIR WILLIAM STANLEY, Lord Chamberlain	STEPHEN FRION, his Secretary
EARL OF OXFORD	JOHN A WATER, Mayor of Cork
EARL OF SURREY	HERON, a Mercer
FOX, Bishop of Durham	SKELTON, a Tailor
URSWICK, Chaplain to the King	ASTLEY, a Scrivener
SIR ROBERT CLIFFORD	Sheriff, Constable, Officers, Messenger, Guards, Soldiers, Masquers, and Attendants
LAMBERT SIMNEL	LADY KATHERINE GORDON
HIALAS, a Spanish Agent	COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD
JAMES IV, King of Scotland	JANE DOUGLAS, Lady Katherine's attendant
EARL OF HUNTLEY	
EARL OF CRAWFORD	
LORD DALYELL	

Scene Partly in England, partly in Scotland

Perkin Warbeck, instigated by the Duchess of Burgundy, claims the English throne. He lands in Ireland, where he is at once supported by Stephen Fion, late French Secretary to King Henry VII, John a Water, sometime Mayor of Cork, and a few rebel leaders of low degree, such as Heron, Skelton, Astley, and others. Later he is joined by Sir William Stanley, the Lord Chamberlain, and by several English nobles and ecclesiastics, while the Cornish take the opportunity to rise in revolt. Warbeck goes to Scotland, and is kindly received by King James, who accepts his pretensions and proposes that he should marry Lady Katherine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntley.

ACT II SCENE III — *Edinburgh An Apartment in the Palace*

Enter EARL OF CRAWFORD *and* LORD DALYELL

Craw 'Tis more than strange, my reason cannot answer

Such argument of fine imposture, couched
In witchcraft of persuasion, that it fashions
Impossibilities, as if appearance
Could cozen truth itself this dukeling mushroom
Nath doubtless charmed the king

Dal He courts the ladies,
As if his strength of language chained attention
By power of prerogative

Craw It maddened
My very soul to hear our master's motion
What surety both of amity and honour 10
Must of necessity ensue upon
A match betwixt some noble of our nation
And this brave prince, forsooth !

Dal 'Twill prove too fatal,
Wise Huntley fears the threatening Bless the lady
From such a ruin !

Craw How the counsel pry
Of this young Phaethon do sciew their faces
Into a gravity their trades, good people,
Were never guilty of ' the meanest of 'em
Dreams of at least an office in the state

Dal Sure, not the hangman's , 'tis bespoke already 20
For service to their roguiships—Silence '

Enter KING JAMES and EARL OF HUNTLEY

K Ja Do not
Argue against our will , we have descended
Somewhat—as we may term it—too familiarly
From justice of our birthright, to examine
The force of your allegiance,—sir, we have,—
But find it short of duty

Hunt Break my heart,
Do, do, king ! Have my services, my loyalty,—
Heaven knows untainted ever,—drawn upon me
Contempt now in mine age, when I but wanted
A minute of a peace not to be troubled, 30
My last, my long one ? Let me be a dotard,
A bedlam, a poor sot, or what you please
To have me, so you will not stain your blood,
Your own blood, royal sir, though mixed with mine,
By marriage of this girl to a straggler
Take, take my head, sir , whilst my tongue can wag,
It cannot name him other

K Ja Kings are counterfeits
In your repute, grave oracle, not presently
Set on their thrones with sceptres in their fists
But use your own detraction , 'tis our pleasure 40
To give our cousin York for wife our kinswoman,
The Lady Katherine instinct of sovereignty
Designs the honour, though her peevish father
Usurps our resolution

Hunt Oh, 'tis well,
 Exceeding well ! I never was ambitious
 Of using congees¹ to my daughter queen—
 A queen ! perhaps a quean !—Forgive me, Dalyell,
 Thou honourable gentleman,—none here
 Dare speak one word of comfort ?

Dal Cruel misery ! 49

Craw The lady, gracious prince, maybe hath settled
 Affection on some former choice

Dal Enforcement
 Would prove but tyranny

Hunt I thank ye heartily
 Let any yeoman of our nation challenge
 An interest in the gul, then the king
 May add a jointure of ascent in titles,
 Worthy a free consent, now he pulls down
 What old desert hath builded

K Ja Cease persuasions
 I violate no pawns of faith, intrude not
 On private loves that I have played the orator
 For kingly York to virtuous Kate, her grant 60
 Can justify, referring her contents
 To our provision The Welsh Harry henceforth
 Shall therefore know, and tremble to acknowledge,
 That not the painted idol of his policy
 Shall fright the lawful owner from a kingdom
 We are resolved

Hunt Some of thy subjects' hearts,
 King James, will bleed for this

K Ja Then shall their bloods
 Be nobly spent No more disputes, he is not
 Our friend who contradicts us

Hunt Farewell, daughter !

¹ Paying reverence

My care by one is lessened, thank the king for 't 70
I and my griefs will dance now

Enter PERKIN WARBECK, *leading, and complimenting with,*
LADY KATHERINE, COUNTESS OF CRAWFORD, JANE
DOUGLAS, FRION, JOHN A WATER, ASTLEY, HERON,
and SKELTON

Look, lords, look,

Here's hand in hand already'

K Ja

Peace, old frenzy'—

How like a king he looks' Lords, but observe

The confidence of his aspect, dross cannot

Cleave to so pure a metal—loyal youth'

Plantagenet undoubted'

Hunt [Aside]

Ho, brave'—Youth,

But no Plantagenet, by'r lady, yet,

By red rose or by white

War

An union this way

Settles possession in a monarchy

Established rightly, as is my inheritance

80

Acknowledge me but sovereign of this kingdom,

Your heart, fair princess, and the hand of providence

Shall crown you queen of me and my best fortunes

Kath Where my obedience is, my lord, a duty

Love owes true service

War

Shall I?—

K Ja

Cousin, yes,

Enjoy her, from my hand accept your bride,

[He joins their hands]

And may they live at enmity with comfort

Who grieve at such an equal pledge of troths'

You are the prince's wife now

Kath

By your gift, sir

War Thus I take seizure of mine own

Kath I miss yet 90
 A father's blessing Let me find it,—humbly
 Upon my knees I seek it

Hunt I am Huntley,
 Old Alexander Gordon, a plain subject,
 Not more nor less, and, lady, if you wish for
 A blessing, you must bend your knees to Heaven,
 For Heaven did give me you Alas, alas,
 What would you have me say? May all the happiness
 My prayers ever sued to fall upon you
 Preserve you in your virtues!—Prithee, Dalyell,
 Come with me, for I feel thy griefs as full 100
 As mine, let's steal away, and cry together

Dal My hopes are in their ruins

[*Exeunt* EARL OF HUNTLEY and LORD DALYELL

K Ja Good, kind Huntley
 Is overjoyed a fit solemnity
 Shall perfect these delights—Clawford, attend
 Our order for the preparation

[*Exeunt all but* FRION, HERON, SKELTON,

JOHN A WATER, and ASTLEY

• *Fr* Now, worthy gentlemen, have I not followed
 My undertakings with success? Here's entrance
 Into a certainty above a hope

Her Hopes are but hopes, I was ever confident,
 when I traded but in remnants, that my stars had re-
 served me to the title of a viscount at least honour is
 honour, though cut out of any stuffs 112

Skel My brother Heron hath right wisely delivered
 his opinion, for he that threads his needle with the
 sharp eyes of industry shall in time go through stitch
 with the new suit of preferment

Ast Spoken to the purpose, my fine witted brother
 Skelton, for as no indenture but has its counterpane, no

Novemint but his condition or defeasance¹, so no right but may have claim, no claim but may have possession, any Act of Parliament to the contrary notwithstanding 121

Fr You are all read in mysteries of state,
And quick of apprehension, deep in judgement,
Active in resolution, and 'tis pity
Such counsel should lie buried in obscurity
But why, in such a time and cause of triumph,
Stands the judicious Mayor of Cork so silent?
Believe it, sir, as English Richard prospers,
You must not miss employment of high nature 129

J a Wat If men may be credited in their mortality,
which I dare not peremptorily aver but they may or not
be, presumptions by this marriage are then, in sooth,
of fruitful expectation. Or else I must not justify other
men's belief, more than other should rely on mine

Fr Pith of experience! those that have borne office
Weigh every word before it can drop from them
But, noble counsellors, since now the present
Requies in point of honour,—pray, mistake not,—
Some service to our lord, 'tis fit the Scots
Should not engross all glory to themselves 140
At this so grand and eminent solemnity

Shel The Scots! the motion is defied. I had rather,
for my part, without trial of my country, suffer perse-
cution under the pressing-stone of reproach, or let my
skin be punched full of eyelet-holes with the bodkin of
derision

As I will sooner lose both my ears on the pillow of
forgery

¹ Indenture is a form of legal agreement, counterpane a copy (or counterpart) held by the other party. *Novemint* is the first word of the opening formula of an Act, and is here put for the Act itself. defeasance is a condition the fulfilment of which would render the Act void

Her Let me first live a bankrupt, and die of hunger,
without compounding for sixpence in the pound 150

J a Wat If men fail not in their expectations, there
may be spirits also that digest no rude affronts, Master
Secretary Frion, or I am cozened, which is possible,
I grant

Fr Resolved like men of knowledge at this feast,
then,

In honour of the bride, the Scots, I know,
Will in some show, some masque, or some device,
Prefer their duties now it were uncomely
That we be found less forward for our prince
Than they are for their lady, and by how much 160
We outshine them in persons of account,
By so much more will our endeavours meet with
A livelier applause Great emperors
Have for their recreations undertook
Such kind of pastimes as for the conceit,
Refer it to my study, the performance
You all shall share a thanks in 'twill be grateful

Her The motion is allowed I have stole to a dancing
school when I was a prentice

Ast There have been Irish hubbubs, when I have
made one too 171

Skel For fashioning of shapes and cutting a cross
caper, turn me off to my trade again

J a Wat Surely there is, if I be not deceived, a kind
of gravity in merriment, as there is, or perhaps ought to
be, respect of persons in the quality of carriage, which is
as is construed, either so and so

Fr Still you come home to me, upon occasion
I find you relish courtship with discretion,
And such are fit for statesmen of your merits 180
Pray ye wait the prince, and in his ear acquaint him

With this design , I'll follow and direct ye

[*Exeunt all but FRION*

Oh, the toil

Of humouring this abject scum of mankind,

Muddy brained peasants ! princes feel a misery

Beyond impartial sufferance, whose extremes

Must yield to such abettors !—yet our tide

Runs smoothly, without adverse winds run on !

Flow to a full sea ! time alone debates

Quairels forewritten in the book of fates [*Exit* 190

ACT III SCENE I — *Westminster The Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, with his gorget on, his sword, plume
of feathers, and truncheon, followed by URSWICK*

K Hen How runs the time of day ?

Urs Past ten, my lord

K Hen A bloody hour will it prove to some,
Whose disobedience, like the sons o' the earth,
Throws a defiance 'gainst the face of heaven
Oxford, with Essex and stout De la Pole,
Have quieted the Londoners, I hope,
And set them safe from fear

Urs They are all silent

K Hen From their own battlements they may behold
Saint George's fields o'erspread with armed men ,
Amongst whom our own royal standard threatens 10
Confusion to opposers we must learn
To practise war again in time of peace,
Or lay our crown before our subjects' feet ,
Ha, Urswick, must we not ?

Urs The powers who seated

King Henry on his lawful throne will ever
Rise up in his defence

K Hen Rage shall not fright
The bosom of our confidence in Kent
Our Cornish rebels, cozened of their hopes,
Met brave resistance by that country's earl,
George Abergeny, Cobham, Poynings, Guilford, 20
And other loyal hearts, now, if Blackheath
Must be reserved the fatal tomb to swallow
Such stiff-necked objects as with weary marches
Have travelled from their homes, their wives, and
children.

To pay, instead of subsidies, their lives,
 We may continue sovereign Yet, U1swick,
 We'll not abate one penny what in Parliament
 Hath freely been contributed, we must not,
 Money gives soul to action Our competitor,
 The Flemish counterfeit, with James of Scotland, 30
 Will prove what courage need and want can nourish,
 Without the food of fit supplies —but, U1swick,
 I have a charm in secret that shall loose
 The witchcraft wherewith young King James is bound,
 And free it at my pleasure without bloodshed

Urs Your majesty's a wise king, sent from heaven,
Protector of the just

K Hen Let dinner cheeifully
Be served in, this day of the week is ours,
Our day of providence, for Saturday
Yet never failed in all my undertakings 40
To yield me rest at night [*A flourish*]—What means
this warning?
Good fate, speak peace to Henry!

Enter LORD DAWBENEY, EARL OF OXFORD, *and* Attendants

Daw Live the king,
Triumphant in the ruin of his enemies !

Oxf The head of strong rebellion is cut off,
The body hewed in pieces

K Hen Dawbeney, Oxford,
Minions to noblest fortunes, how yet stands
The comfort of your wishes ?

Daw Briefly thus
The Cornish under Audley, disappointed
Of flattered expectation, from the Kentish—
Your majesty's right-trusty liegemen—flew, 50
Feathered by rage and heartened by presumption,
To take the field even at your palace-gates,
And face you in your chamber royal arrogance
Improved their ignorance, for they, supposing,
Misled by rumour, that the day of battle
Should fall on Monday, rather braved your forces
Than doubted any onset, yet this morning,
When in the dawning I, by your direction,
Strove to get Deptford-strand bridge, there I found
Such a resistance as might show what strength 60
Could make here arrows hailed in showers upon us
A full yard long at least, but we prevailed
My lord of Oxford, with his fellow peers
Envioning the hill, fell fiercely on them
On the one side, I on the other, till, great sir,—
Pardon the oversight,—eager of doing
Some memorable act, I was engaged
Almost a prisoner, but was freed as soon
As sensible of danger now the fight
Began in heat, which quenched in the blood of 70
Two thousand rebels, and as many more
Reserved to try your mercy, have returned
A victory with safety

K Hen Have we lost
An equal number with them ?

Oxf In the total
 Scarce four hundred Audley, Flammock, Joseph,
 The ringleaders of this commotion,
 Railed in ropes, fit ornaments for traitors,
 Wait your determinations

K Hen We must pay
 Our thanks where they are only due Oh, lords,
 Here is no victory, nor shall our people 80
 Conceive that we can triumph in their falls
 Alas, poor souls ! let such as are escaped
 Steal to the country back without pursuit
 There's not a drop of blood spilt but hath drawn
 As much of mine, their swords could have wrought
 wonders

On their king's part, who faintly were unsheathed
 Against their prince, but wounded their own breasts
 Lords, we are debtors to your care, our payment
 Shall be both sure and fitting your deserts 89
Daw Sir, will you please to see those rebels, heads
 Of this wild monster-multitude ?

K Hen Dear friend,
 My faithful Dawbeney, no, on them our justice
 Must frown in terror, I will not vouchsafe
 An eye of pity to them Let false Audley
 Be drawn upon an hurdle from the Newgate
 To Tower hill in his own coat of arms
 Painted on paper, with the arms reversed,
 Defaced and torn, there let him lose his head
 The lawyer and the blacksmith shall be hanged,
 Quartered, their quarters into Cornwall sent 100
 Examples to the rest, whom we are pleased
 To pardon and dismiss from further quest —
 My Lord of Oxford, see it done

Oxf I shall, sir

K Hen Urswick !

Urs My lord ?

K Hen To Dinham, our high treasurer,
Say, we command commissions be new granted
For the collection of our subsidies
Through all the west, and that speedily —
Lords, we acknowledge our engagements due
For your most constant services

Daw Your soldiers
Have manfully and faithfully acquitted 110
Their several duties

K Hen For it we will throw
A largess free amongst them, which shall hearken
And cherish up their loyalties More yet
Remains of like employment, not a man
Can be dismissed, till enemies abroad,
More dangerous than these at home, have felt
The puissance of our arms Oh, happy kings
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects' hearts !

[*Exeunt*

James and Warbeck invade England and attack the Castle of
Norham

ACT III SCENE IV — *Before the Castle of Norham*

Enter KING JAMES, PERKIN WARBECK, EARL OF CRAW-
FORD, LORD DALYELL, HERON, ASTLEY, JOHN A-
WATER, SKELTON, *and* Soldiers

K Ja We trifle time against these castle walls,
The English prelate will not yield once more
Give him a summons [A *parley* is sounded

*Enter on the walls the BISHOP OF DURHAM, armed,
a truncheon in his hand, with Soldiers*

War See, the jolly clerk
Appears, tumbled like a ruffian !

K Ja Bishop, yet
 Set ope the ports, and to your lawful sovereign,
 Richard of York, surrender up this castle,
 And he will take thee to his grace, else Tweed
 Shall overflow his banks with English blood,
 And wash the sand that cements those hard stones
 From their foundation

Dur Warlike King of Scotland, 10
 Vouchsafe a few words from a man enforced
 To lay his book aside, and clap on arms
 Unsuitable to my age or my profession
 Courageous prince, consider on what grounds
 You rend the face of peace, and break a league
 With a confederate king that courts your amity,
 For whom too ? for a vagabond, a straggler,
 Not noted in the world by birth or name,
 An obscure peasant, by the rage of hell
 Loosed from his chains to set great kings at strife 20
 What nobleman, what common man of note,
 What ordinary subject hath come in,
 Since first you footed on our territories,
 To only feign a welcome ? Children laugh at
 Your proclamations, and the wiser pity
 So great a potentate's abuse by one
 Who juggles merely with the fawns and youth
 Of an instructed compliment such spoils,
 Such slaughters as the rapine of your soldiers
 Already have committed, is enough 30
 To show your zeal in a concerted justice
 Yet, great king, wake not yet my master's vengeance,
 But shake that viper off which gnaws your entrails
 I and my fellow subjects are resolved,
 If you persist, to stand your utmost fury,
 Till our last blood drop from us

War Oh, sir, lend
 No ear to this traducer of my honour!—
 What shall I call thee, thou grey bearded scandal,
 That kick'st against the sovereignty to which
 Thou ow'st allegiance?—Treason is bold faced 40
 And eloquent in mischief sacred king,
 Be deaf to his known malice

Dur Rather yield
 Unto those holy motions which inspire
 The sacred heart of an anointed body
 It is the surest policy in princes
 To govern well their own than seek encroachment
 Upon another's right

Craw The king is serious,
 Deep in his meditations

Dal Lift them up
 To Heaven, his better genius!

War Can you study
 While such a devil raves? Oh, sir!

K Ja Well, bishop, 50
 You'll not be drawn to mercy?

Dur Construe me
 In like case by a subject of your own
 My resolution's fixed King James, be counselled,
 A greater fate waits on thee

*[Exeunt BISHOP OF DURHAM and Soldiers
 from the walls]*

K Ja Forage through
 The country, spare no prey of life or goods

War Oh, sir, then give me leave to yield to nature.
 I am most miserable had I been
 Born what this clergyman would by defame
 Baffle belief with, I had never sought
 The truth of mine inheritance with rapes 60

Of women or of infants murdered, virgins
 Deflowered, old men butchered, dwellings fired,
 My land depopulated, and my people
 Afflicted with a kingdom's devastation
 Show more remorse, great king, or I shall never
 Endure to see such havoc with dry eyes,
 Spare, spare, my dear, dear England !

K Ja You fool your piety
 Ridiculously careful of an interest
 Another man possesseth Where's your faction ?
 Shrewdly the bishop guessed of your adherents, 70
 When not a petty buiness of some town,
 No, not a villager hath yet appeared
 In your assistance that should make ye whine,
 And not your country's sufferance, as you term it

Dal The king is angry
Craw And the passionate duke
 Effeminately dolent

War The experience
 In former trials, sir, both of mine own
 On other princes cast out of their thrones,
 Have so acquainted me how misery
 Is destitute of friends or of relief, 80
 That I can easily submit to taste
 Lowest reproof without contempt or words

K Ja An humble minded man !

Enter FRION

Now, what intelligence
 Speaks Master Secretary Frion ?

Fr Henry
 Of England hath in open field o'erthrown
 The armies who opposed him in the right
 Of this young prince

K Ja His subsidies, you mean —
More, if you have it ?

Fr Howard, Earl of Surrey,
Backed by twelve earls and barons of the north,
An hundred knights and gentlemen of name, 90
And twenty thousand soldiers, is at hand
To raise your siege Brooke, with a goodly navy,
Is admiral at sea, and Dawbeney follows
With an unbroken army for a second

War 'Tis false ! they come to side with us

K Ja Retreat
We shall not find them stones and walls to cope with —
Yet, Duke of York, for such thou sayst thou art,
I'll try thy fortune to the height to Surrey,
By Marchmont, I will send a brave defiance
For single combat, once a king will venture 100
His person to an earl, with condition
Of spilling lesser blood Surrey is bold,
And James resolved

War Oh, rather, gracious sir,
Create me to this glory, since my cause
Doth interest this fair quarrel, valued least,
I am his equal

K Ja I will be the man —
March softly off where victory can reap
A harvest crowned with triumph, toil is cheap

[*Exeunt*

James is induced, for reasons of state, to make peace with Henry, and asks Warbeck to find a refuge elsewhere Warbeck escapes with his wife to Cornwall, where he collects an army, marches to Taunton, and then flies, without giving battle, at the approach of the royal troops He is apprehended and is carried to London, whither also Lady Katherine is taken under safe conduct

ACT V SCENE III —*London The Tower-hill*

Enter CONSTABLE and Officers, PERKIN WARBECK, URSWICK, and LAMBERT SIMNEL as a Falconer, followed by the rabble

Const Make room there ! keep off, I require ye, and none come within twelve foot of his majesty's new stocks, upon pain of displeasure —Bring forward the malefactors —Friend, you must to this gear, no remedy —Open the hole, and in with his legs, just in the middle hole, there, that hole [*WARBECK is put in the stocks*] —Keep off, or I'll commit you all shall not a man in authority be obeyed !—So, so, there, 'tis as it should be put on the padlock, and give me the key —Off, I say, keep off !

Urs Yet, Warbeck, clear thy conscience thou hast tasted 10

King Henry's mercy liberally, the law
Has forfeited thy life, an equal jury
Have doomed thee to the gallows, twice most wickedly,
Most desperately, hast thou escaped the Tower,
Inveigling to thy party with thy witchcraft
Young Edward Earl of Warwick, son to Clarence,
Whose head must pay the price of that attempt,
Poor gentleman, unhappy in his fate,
And ruined by thy cunning ! so a mongrel
May pluck the true stag down Yet, yet, confess 20
Thy parentage, for yet the king has mercy

Simn You would be Dick the Fourth, very likely !
Your pedigree is published, you are known
For Osbeck's son of Tournay, a loose runagate,
A landloper, your father was a Jew,
Turned Christian merely to repair his miseries
Where's now your kingship ?

War Baited to my death ?
 Intolerable cruelty ! I laugh at
 The Duke of Richmond's practice on my fortunes
 Possession of a crown ne'er wanted heralds 30
Simn You will not know who I am ?

Urs Lambert Simnel,
 Your predecessor in a dangerous uproar,
 But, on submission, not alone received
 To grace, but by the king vouchsafed his service

Simn I would be Earl of Warwick, toiled and ruffled
 Against my master, leaped to catch the moon,
 Vaunted my name Plantagenet, as you do,
 An earl, forsooth ! whenas in truth I was,
 As you are, a mere rascal yet his majesty,
 A prince composed of sweetness,—Heaven protect him !—
 Forgave me all my villanies, reprieved 41

The sentence of a shameful end, admitted
 My surety of obedience to his service,
 And I am now his falconer, live plenteously,
 Eat from the king's purse, and enjoy the sweetness
 Of liberty and favour, sleep securely
 And is not this, now, better than to buffet
 The hangman's clutches, or to brave the cordage
 Of a tough halter which will break your neck ?
 So, then, the gallant totters !—prithee, Perkin, 50
 Let my example lead thee, be no longer
 A counterfeit, confess, and hope for pardon

War For pardon ! hold, my heart stings, whiles
 contempt
 Of injuries, in scorn, may bid defiance
 To this base man's foul language !—Thou poor vermin,
 How dar'st thou creep so near me ? thou an earl !
 Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
 As all the swing of slight ambition flew at

A dunghill was thy cradle So a puddle,
 By virtue of the sunbeams, breathes a vapour 60
 T' infect the purer air, which driops again
 Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it
 Bread and a slavish ease, with some assurance
 From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes
 But, surah, ran there in thy veins one drop
 Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
 Thou wouldst not change condition, to be second
 In England's state, without the crown itself
 Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence
 But let the world, as all to whom I am 70
 This day a spectacle, time to deliver,
 And by tradition fix posterity
 Without another chronicle than truth,
 How constantly my resolution suffered
 A martyrdom of majesty

Simn

He's past

Recovery, a Bedlam cannot cure him

Us Away, inform the king of his behaviour*Simn* Perkin, beware the rope! the hangman's coming[*Exit*

Us• If yet thou hast no pity of thy body,
 Pity thy soul!

Enter LADY KATHERINE, JANE, LORD DALYELL, and
 EARL OF OXFORD

Jane

Dear lady!

Oxf

Whither will ye,

80

Without respect of shame?

Kath

Forbear me, sir,

And trouble not the current of my duty —

Oh, my loved lord! can any scorn be yours

In which I have no interest — Some kind hand

Lend me assistance, that I may partake
 The infliction of this penance — My life's dearest,
 Forgive me, I have stayed too long from tendering
 Attendance on reproach, yet bid me welcome

War Great miracle of constancy ! my miseries
 Were never bankrupt of their confidence 90
 In worst afflictions, till this, now I feel them
 Report and thy deserts, thou best of creatures,
 Might to eternity have stood a pattern
 For every virtuous wife without this conquest
 Thou hast outdone belief, yet may thou ruin
 In after marriages be never pitied,
 To whom thy story shall appear a fable !
 Why wouldst thou prove so much unkind to greatness
 To glorify thy vows by such a servitude ?
 I cannot weep, but trust me, dear, my heart 100
 Is liberal of passion — Harry Richmond,
 A woman's faith hath robbed thy fame of triumph
Oxf Sirrah, leave off your juggling, and tie up
 The devil that ranges in your tongue

Urs Thus witches,
 Possessed, even to their deaths deluded, say
 They have been wolves and dogs, and sailed in egg shells
 Over the sea, and rid on fiery dragons,
 Passed in the air more than a thousand miles,
 All in a night — the enemy of mankind
 Is powerful, but false, and falsehood confident 110

Oxf Remember, lady, who you are, come from
 That impudent impostor

Kath You abuse us
 For when the holy churchman joined our hands,
 Our vows were real then, the ceremony
 Was not in apparition, but in act —
 Be what these people term thee, I am certain

Thou art my husband, no divorce in Heaven
Has been sued out between us, 'tis injustice
For any earthly power to divide us
Or we will live or let us die together
There is a cruel mercy

War
Spite of tyranny
We reign in our affections, blessed woman !
Read in my destiny the wreck of honour ,
Point out, in my contempt of death, to memory
Some miserable happiness , since herein,
Even when I fell, I stood enthroned a monarch
Of one chaste wife's loth pure and uncorrupted
Fair angel of perfection, immortality
Shall raise thy name up to an adoration,
Court every rich opinion of true merit,
And saint it in the calendar of Virtue,
When I am turned into the self same dust
Of which I was first formed

Oxf The lord ambassador,
Huntley, your father, madam, should he look on
Your strange subjection in a gaze so public,
Would blush on your behalf, and wish his country
Unleft for entertainment to such sorrow

Kath Why art thou angry, Oxford? I must be
More peremptory in my duty—Sir,
Impute it not unto immodesty
That I presume to press you to a legacy
Before we part for ever

War Let it be, then,
 My heart, the rich remains of all my fortunes
Kath Confirm it with a kiss, pray
War Oh, with that
 I wish to breathe my last ' upon thy lips,
 Those equal twins of comeliness, I seal

The testament of honourable vows [*Kisses her*]
 Whoever be that man that shall unkiss
 This sacred print next, may he prove more thrifty
 In this world's just applause, not more deservful ' 150

Kath By this sweet pledge of both our souls, I swear
 To die a faithful widow to thy bed ,
 Not to be forced or won Oh, never, never !

Enter EARLS OF SURREY, HUNTLEY, and CRAWFORD, and
 LORD DAWBENEY

Daw Free the condemn'd person , quickly free him !
 What has he yet confessed ?

[*PERKIN WARBECK is taken out of the stocks*]

Urs Nothing to purpose ,
 But still he will be king

Sur Prepare your journey
 To a new kingdom, then, unhappy madman,
 Wilfully foolish !—See, my lord ambassador,
 Your lady daughter will not leave the counterfeit
 In this disgrace of fate

Hunt I never pointed 160
 Thy marriage, girl , but yet, being married,
 Enjoy thy duty to a husband freely
 The griefs are mine I glory in thy constancy ,
 And must not say I wished that I had missed
 Some partage in these trials of a patience

Kath. You will forgive me, noble sir ?

Hunt Yes, yes ,
 In every duty of a wife and daughter
 I dare not disavow thee To your husband,—
 For such you are, sir,—I impart a farewell
 Of manly pity , what your life has passed through, 170
 The dangers of your end will make apparent ,
 And I can add, for comfort to your sufferance,

No cordial, but the wonder of your frailty,
Which keeps so firm a station We are parted

War We are A crown of peace renew thy age,
Most honourable Huntley!—Worthy Crawford!

We may embrace, I never thought thee injury

Craw Nor was I ever guilty of neglect
Which might procure such thought I take my leave, sir

War To you, Lord Dalryell,—what? accept a sigh,
'Tis hearty and in earnest

Dal I want utterance, 181
My silence is my farewell

Kath Oh, Oh!

Jane Sweet madam,
What do you mean?—My lord, your hand [*To DALRYELL*]

Dal Dear lady,
Be pleased that I may wait ye to your lodging

[*Exeunt LORD DALRYELL and JANE, supporting*
LADY KATHERINE]

Enter Sheriff and Officers with SKELTON, ASTLEY, HERON,
and JOHN A WATER, with halters about their necks

Oxf Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
I'll wait on ye in death!

War Why, peers of England,
We'll lead 'em on courageously I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads—Faint not in the moment
Of victory! our ends, and Warwick's head, 190
Innocent Warwick's head,—for we are prologue
But to his tragedy,—conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears, and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets, determines
In this last issue male, Heaven be obeyed!
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends,

And we will prove as trusty in our payments
 As prodigal to nature in our debts
 Death? pish! 'tis but a sound, a name of an,
 A minute's storm, or not so much to tumble 200
 From bed to bed, be massacred alive
 By some physicians, for a month or two,
 In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
 Might stagger manhood, here the pain is past
 Ere sensibly 'tis felt Be men of spirit!
 Spurn coward passion! so illustrious mention
 Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er Death

Daw Away, impostor beyond precedent!

[Exit Sheriff and Officers with the Prisoners]

No chronicle records his fellow

Hunt

I have

Not thoughts left 'tis sufficient in such cases 210
 Just laws ought to proceed

Enter KING HENRY, the BISHOP OF DURHAM, and

HALAS

K Hen We are resolved
 Your business, noble lords, shall find success
 Such as your king importunes

Hunt

You are gracious

K Hen Perkin, we are informed, is armed to die,
 In that we'll honour him Our lords shall follow
 To see the execution, and from hence
 We gather this fit use,—that public states,
 As our particular bodies, taste most good
 In health when purged of corrupted blood *[Exit*

INDEX

The names of Dramatis Personæ are not included unless they are mentioned in the Introductions

- Abraham* (Hicotswith), 3
Abraham and Isaac, 16-21,
 56
 Actors, status of, 1, 10, 11,
 12
Aeschylus, 1
Aguecheek, Sir Andrew,
 200
Ajax, 38
Alexander and Campaspe,
 177-98
 Algorism, 318
 Alleyn, 12
Antichristus, 6, 15
Apelles, 176
Appus and Virginia (Anon),
 38
Appus and Virginia (Web-
 ster), 122
 Ariosto, 302
Aristophanes, 35, 162
Arruntius, 87
Augustine, Saint, 2
Autolycus, 9

Bach, 88
Bacon, Roger, 34
Bale, 7, 36, 164, 295-8,
 357, 358
 Impostures of Thomas a
 Becket, 297
 John the Baptist, 297
 King John, 7, 86, 296-301
 Upon both Marriages of the
 King, 297
Barnabas, 23
Barriers, 184
Bartholomew Fair, 9
Beaumont, 175, 192
 List of Works, 254, 257-
 8
 Maid's Tragedy, 122
 Philaster, 253-84
 See *Fletcher*

Bellarino, 254
Beverley Plays, 5
Blackfriars Theatre, 12,
 388
Bobadill, 200
Boethius, 34
Bossuet, 11
Brachiano, 118-20
Britomart, 60
Brome Play, 17
Bruges, 6
Bullen, Mr., 254, 305
Burbage, 12, 122
Bussy d'Ambois, 122

Calhois, 5
Caligula, 1
Calisto and Meliboea, 162
Callimachus, 3
Calvin, 39
Calyphas, 59
Cambyzes, 16, 36, 38
Camillo, 118
Cantred, 818
Castle of Perseverance, 7
Cathine (Gosson), 39
 — (Jonson), 89
Caxton, 34
Celebinus, 59
Celtes, Coniad, 3
Chambers, Mr E K., 3, 4,
 7, 10, 164, 287, 290
Chapman, 86, 122, 253
Charing Cross, 305
Chaucer, 89, 296
Chester Plays, 5, 8, 17
Chettle, 359
Chrysus, 176
Cipher in agum, 818
Classical Plays, 35, 86
Clytemnestra, 117
Cobham, Lord, 357-9
Coleridge, 258
Colet, 34

Colin, 256
Conversion of Ser Jonathan, 15
Cooper, 297
Corneille, 26
Cornelia, 118, 121
Cornish Drama, 8
Counterpane, 394
Coventry Plays, 5, 17
Cianmer, 39, 295, 297
Cromwell, 297
Crusado, 130
Cunedagus, 49
Curtain, The, 12, 122
Custance, Dame, 163

Dahlia, 23, 25
Danaus, 145
Dekker, 12, 59, 122, 229-
 52
 Bellman of London, 280
 Gull's Hornbook, 12
 Seven Deadly Sins of London,
 230
 Shoemaker's Holiday, 229-
 52
 Virgin Martyr, 122
 Witch of Edmonton, 388
Diogenes, 176
Douglas, Gawin, 34
Drayton, 359
Drummond of Hawthorn-
den, 86
Dryden, 255-6
Dulcitius, 3
Durindana, 214
Dyce, 257

Edward II, 325-9
Edward III, 329
Edwards, 11
Elnor, Queen, 304-5,
 358
Erasmus, 34
Eulalia, 23

- Euripides, 306
Everyman, 23
Excalibur, 214

 Falstaff, 36, 199, 307
Farce de Pathelin, 153
Farce du Cuivier, 153
 Farquhar, 258
 Ferrex, 37
 Firk, 230
 Fisher, 295
 Flammeo, 118-21
 Fletcher, 175, 192, 253-84
 List of Works, 254, 257-8
 King and no King, 256
 Knight of the Burning Pestle, 256
 Little French Lawyer, 255
 Maid's Tragedy, 112, 256
 Philaster, 253-84
 Spanish Curate, 255
 Wild Goose Chase, 256
 Flood, The, 15
 Ford, 122, 329, 386-412
 An Ill Beginning has a Good End, 388
 Broken Heart, 122, 386, 388
 Ladies Trial, 388
 Lovers' Melancholy, 388
 Perkin Warbeck, 329, 386-412
 Witch of Edmonton, 388
 Fortune, The, 12
Four P's, 161
 Fion, 387

Gammer Gurton's Needle, 11, 162
 Gascoigne, 24, 38
 Gaveston, 325, 327
 Geoffrey of Monmouth, 37, 49
 Gill, 153-4
 Globe, The, 12
 Goethe, 60, 129
 Gorduc, 11, 36, 40 5
 Gordon, Lady Katherine, 387
 Gosson, Stephen, 39
 Gower, 6, 89

 Greene, 60, 177, 253, 304
 Gregory the Great, 2
 Griselidis, 7
 Guild Plays, 5, 8

 Hainault, Sir John, 328
 Hales, Professor, 164
 Hardy, 26
 Haroo, 156
 Hathway, 359
 Haydn, 302
 Hazlitt, 359, 386
 Henry V (Anon.), 329, 357
 Henry VIII, 258, 329
 Henslowe, 12, 358, 359
 Herbert, George, 295
 Herman, Guillaume, 6
 Hermione, 253
 Heion, 387
 Heywood, Jasper, 35, 39
 Heywood, John, 161, 296
 Heywood, Thomas, 112, 229, 257
 Higden, Ranulph, 8
 Hilarius, 8
 Historical Drama, 302
 Hone, 9, 149, 287
 Horberry, 157
 Hrotswith, 3, 6
 Hugh, Saint, 238
 Huntley, 387
 Hypermetestias, 145

 Imogen, 253
 Iniquity, 23, 25
 Innocent III, 295
Inns of Court Masque, 254
 Intelludes, 10
Iphigenia, 38
 Isabella (Marlowe), 326
 — (Webster), 119
 Ishmael, 23, 25
 Isidore of Seville, 2
 Ithamore, 59
 Ithocles, 386

Jack Juggler, 162
James IV, 304, 387
Joan of Arc, 7
Jocasta, 38
 John & Water, 307

 Johnson, 124
 Jonson, 25, 57, 60, 86-116, 199-228, 253, 256
 List of Works, 89-90
 Alchemist, 257
 Bartholomew Fair, 257
 Every Man in his Humour, 199-228
 Sejanus, 90-116
 Silent Woman, 256
 Volpone, 257
 Joudain, M., 199
 Juvenal, 1

King Darius, 38
King John (Bale), 7, 56, 296-301
King John (Anon.), 329
 Kirchmayer, 295
 Klopstock, 26
 Knowell, E., 200
 Kyd, 16, 55

 Lacy, 230
 Lamb, Charles, 255, 257
 Lancel knight, 206
 Langland, 9, 161
 Langton, Stephen, 6, 295
 Lee, Mr Sidney, 164
 Lessing, 26
 Linacre, 34
 Liturgical Drama, 4, 8, 15
 Lollards, 357, 358
 Lombards, 2
 Lydgate, 6, 89, 101
 Lyly, 176-98, 221

 Magnin, 3
 Mak, 153-4
Mankind, 34
 Manly, 4, 287
 Marcello, 118
 Marlowe, 24, 55-85, 88, 305, 325-56
 Dido, 60
 Edward II, 58, 59, 60, 325-56
 Faustus, 59, 60
 Hero and Leander, 60
 Jew of Malta, 59, 60
 Tamburlaine, 55-86, 805

- Marriott, M., 8, 9
 Maiston, 86, 122
 Martin Mu Pielate, 296
 Misque, 89, 254, 258
 Massingei, 112, 257, 258
 Matachin, 145
 Matthew, 200
 May Game, 287
Menachmi, 35
 Middleton, 25, 229, 257, 258
 Millamant, 25
 Milton, 57, 58
Mind, Will, and Understand ing, 6
 Miracle Plays, 6, 8, 15-21, 24
 Miranda, 253
 Moralities, 6, 7, 10, 22-33, 34, 289, 294
 Moie, Sir T., 35, 295
 Morgan, 49
 Morgray, 214
 Morris Dance, 287
 Mortimer, 327-9
 Motions, 9
Mucus Scaevola, 89
 Mumming Plays, 9, 287-94
 Munday, 359
 Mysteries, 6, 7, 10, 22-33, 34, 289, 294
 Nashe, 38
 Nashe, 55, 60
 Nero, 1
Nice Wanton, 10, 26-33
 Norton, 36, 38, 39
 Oocleve, 6
Oldcastle, Sir John, 329, 357-85
 Orcanes, 59
 Orestes, 88
 Ostrogoths, 2
 Ovid, 60, 145
Palamon and Arcite, 11
Pammachus, 295
Pandulphus, 296
Paris, 38
Paris, Arraignement of, 55
Parnassus Plays, 229
Passionate Pilgrim, 60
 Paternoster Plays, 6
 Payne Collier, 4, 10, 12, 17, 24, 358
 Peele, 24, 55, 175, 177, 229, 303-24, 358
 List of Works, 306
 Arraignement of Paris, 55
 Edward I, 303-24
Perkin Warbeck, 161
 Peisepolis, 56
 Phormio, 35
 Pickering, 38
Piers Ploughman, 161
 Pisano, 253
 Pistol, 57
 Plautus, 1, 35, 162-3
Plutus, The, 35
 Porrex, 37
 Preston, 36
 Priscian, 35
Processus Prophetarum, 15
Promus and Cassandra, 58
 Prospero, 253
 Puppet Shows, 9
 Queenhithe, 305
 Quickly, Mrs., 57
Quintus Fabius, 39
Ralph Roister Doister, 164-74, 232
 Rastell, 26
 Ravius, 36, 162
Robert of Sicily, 7
 Robin Hood, 287
 Rowley, 258, 388
 Sackville, 24, 36, 38, 39-54
Sapientia, 4, 6
 Schlegel, 359
Scipio Africanus, 39
 Scott, 9, 124
Secunda Pastorum, 15, 153-60, 161
 Sejanus, 37
 Seneca, 1, 35, 37
 Shakespeare, 12, 22, 24-6, 57, 58, 60, 86, 88, 117, 122, 199, 253-6, 258, 305, 357-9
All's Well that Ends Well, 201, 253
As You Like It, 253
Coriolanus, 303
Cymbeline, 253, 254
Hamlet, 304
Henry IV, 36, 57, 187, 201, 303, 357, 358
Henry V, 201, 303
Henry VI, 325
Henry VIII, 258, 329
King John, 304
Julius Caesar, 86, 87, 122
Love's Labour's Lost, 177, 239
Macbeth, 129, 303
Measure for Measure, 253
Merchant of Venice, 25
Merry Wives of Windsor, 201
Much Ado about Nothing, 175
Othello, 303, 304
Richard II, 304, 325
Richard III, 325
Romeo and Juliet, 303
Tempest, 253
Twelfth Night, 7, 201, 254
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 175, 185
Winter's Tale, 9, 253
 Sheridan, 25
 Shuley, 175, 258
 Shylock, 25
 Simon of Swinstead, 296
 Sisamnes, 38
 Sophocles, 1
South Cerney Mumming Play, 287-94
Spanish Tragedy, 16
 Spenser, 59, 60, 89
 Stephen, Master, 200
 Stevenson, W., 162
 Still, John, 162
 Surrey, 38
 Swinburne, Mr., 55, 89, 201, 255
 Tacitus, 87, 88
Temptation, The, 15
 Terence, 1, 35, 162, 230

- Tertullian, 2
 Theatres, 2, 11, 12
 Theïdamas, 56, 59
Thersites, 162
 Thieme, D1, 305
 Tiberius, 87-8
 Toledo, 148
 Toulmin Smith, Miss, 17
 Tourneau, 122
 Towneley Plays, 5, 8, 17, 153-4
 Typhoeus, 114
 Udall, 24, 163-74
 Unities, the dramatic, 302-8
 Vice, the, 7, 34, 36, 289
 Videna, 37
 Viola, 254
Virgin Martyr, 122
 Vittoria Corombona, 117-20
 Wakefield, 5, 154
 Wilsingham, 39
 Ward, Dr A W, 6, 359
 Webster, 117 50, 388
 Appius and Virginia, 122
 Caesar's Fall, 122
 Duchess of Malfi, 122
 Malcontent, 122
 Northward Ho, 122
 Vittoria Corombona, 123-50
 Westward Ho, 122
 Wentworth, Lord, 297
 Wenyand, 155
Westward Ho (Jonson), 86
 Whetstone, 58
 Wiclif, 9
 Wilson, R, 359
 Wilson, T, 164
 Winterfeld, 3
Woman Hater, 254
Woman Killed with Kindness, 122
 Woodkirk, 154
 Worldly Shame, 23, 25
 Wycheiley, 25
 Xantippe, 23
 York Plays, 5
 Zenocrate, 56, 59